THE BOOKMAN

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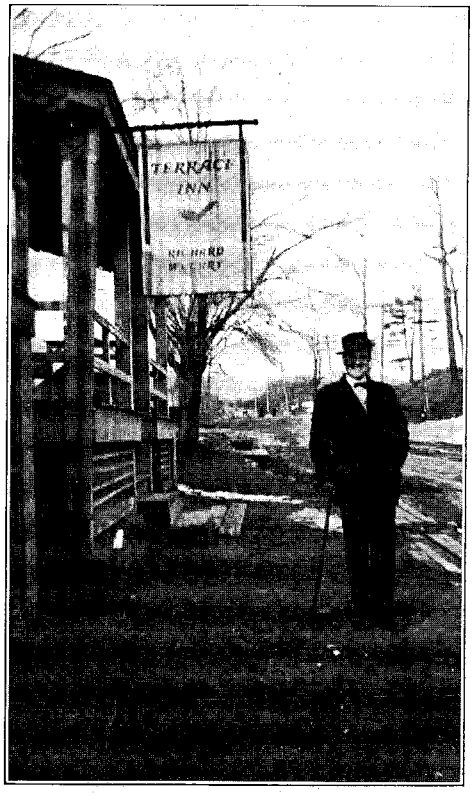
CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

General Grant and Colonel Roosevelt

First of all, we must begin by a little sermon on the half-knowledge and extremely short memory of Americans as a people. No one has ever accounted for this, and it seems not to have been seriously taken into account in estimating our national qualities. Before we begin, however, we should give an illustration or two of what we mean. The other day, two persons who were well dressed and apparently educated, were gazing at a large picture entitled "Waterloo" exhibited in a very large New York shop. These persons looked at it a long while, and then one of them said in a hesitating sort of fashion: "Waterloo? Let me see—didn't Napoleon have something to do with that?" Only a day or two ago, a woman of thirty, refined, and generally intelligent, like all American women, was told that General Grant in his tour around the world had received the highest possible honours from monarchs and princes everywhere. The young woman looked dazed for a while. She had heard of General Grant, but evidently in a very casual sort of way. Consequently, the person who was talking with her, thought to aid her memory by saying that General Grant was so received because of his great military exploits in the Civil War. Whereupon a still deeper haze settled down upon the lady's mind, and she could only mutter feebly: "Civil War? Civil War?" She had evidently never heard of the Civil War!

This ignorance is peculiar to our people. There are more half-educated people in the United States than in any other country, but there are fewer persons who are wholly educated. Nowhere here will you find the stolid ignorance of the French peasant or the Russian *moujik;* but on the other hand, nowhere else in ordinarily good society will you hear so much miscellaneous misinformation and fatuous



MONTAGUE GLASS

Very few among our present short-story writers have found quicker appreciation than Mr. Glass. His tales of Jewish commercial life appearing in the "Saturday Evening Post" have had a wide circle of readers

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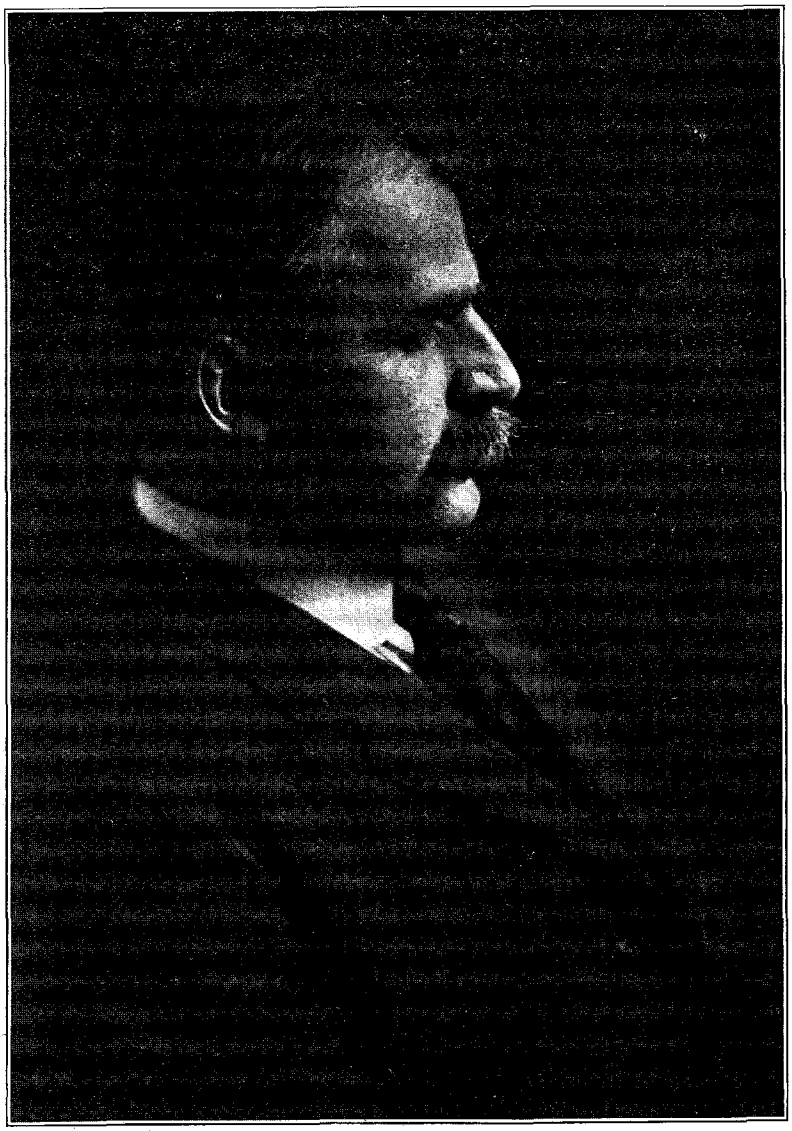
half-grasping at ordinary facts. One may urge in reply, that half-knowledge is better than no knowledge at all; but when you come to look at it, half knowledge is rather the more dangerous of the two. It leads persons to imagine that they know something, whereas in fact, their minds are in a perpetual mirage; and if they have to say anything or if they have to decide upon anything, they are no better off than if they had no knowledge whatsoever; for it is several chances to one that they will say and decide according to the thing that is not. The other trait which is a national one with us is the trait of rapidly forgetting. This may not seem to be of any particular consequence, and yet it strikes at the very root of our institutions and of the enforcement of our laws. Thus, we may become extremely angry at the moment over a huge piece of graft, or the misdeeds of a public man; or we may, on the other hand, admire something that has been well and



HAMLIN GARLAND

From his latest portrait

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ably done. But five years afterward (or less) every one will have forgotten the graft and the names of the grafters. The public officials will have retired into temporary seclusion, and then, after a little while, they will emerge to be hailed with admiration by thousands of men and women who are themselves quite free from guilt or guile, but who have just forgotten. So the benefactor must let virtue be its own reward. His name will not remain in the minds of any one. As a people, we live from day to day, meeting its problems well and skilfully; but when the problems of to-day are entangled with the problems of the past, we act like fools or children. Thus, we are robbed and pillaged and insulted, and we do not even know it. In this respect we are far below the level even of the French peasant or of the Russian *moujik*. What they grasp, they hold tenaciously and transmit to their children and their children's children.

A curious and quite harmless illustration of our national shortness of memory is to be found in the popular view of the triumphal progress of Colonel Roosevelt. Readers of the newspapers as well as editors of the newspapers believe that no ex-President ever received so enthusiastic and warm a welcome in foreign lands. But why should they have forgotten the journey of General Grant around the world in 1877-79? The United States at that time was not, in our modern sense, a "world power"; it had defeated no foreign nation of importance; its diplomacy had not become involved with that of Europe and Asia. It had no big fleets, and its presidents were quiet, sober men. And yet no American, no foreign monarch even, was ever so magnificently greeted as was General Grant. We ought to remember this because of our own national self-respect; but it was only yesterday that we mentioned this to a colleague and he said rather dubiously:

"Oh, yes, Grant. Wasn't he made to sleep in an outbuilding or something of that sort, and generally turned down?"

Just because such a view is prevalent, it seems to us worth while briefly to recall here the honours which were paid to the great, grim, silent soldier, who ended a four years' war in which any one of a hundred skirmishes was more sanguinary than all the battles of the Spanish War put together, and who commanded more soldiers in the field than any other American general has ever done.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAIT OF MR. GARLAND AND HIS TWO LITTLE DAUGHTERS

Taken on the lawn of his summer house at West Salem, Wisconsin. Mr. Garland's new novel, "Cavanagh: Forest Ranger," is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

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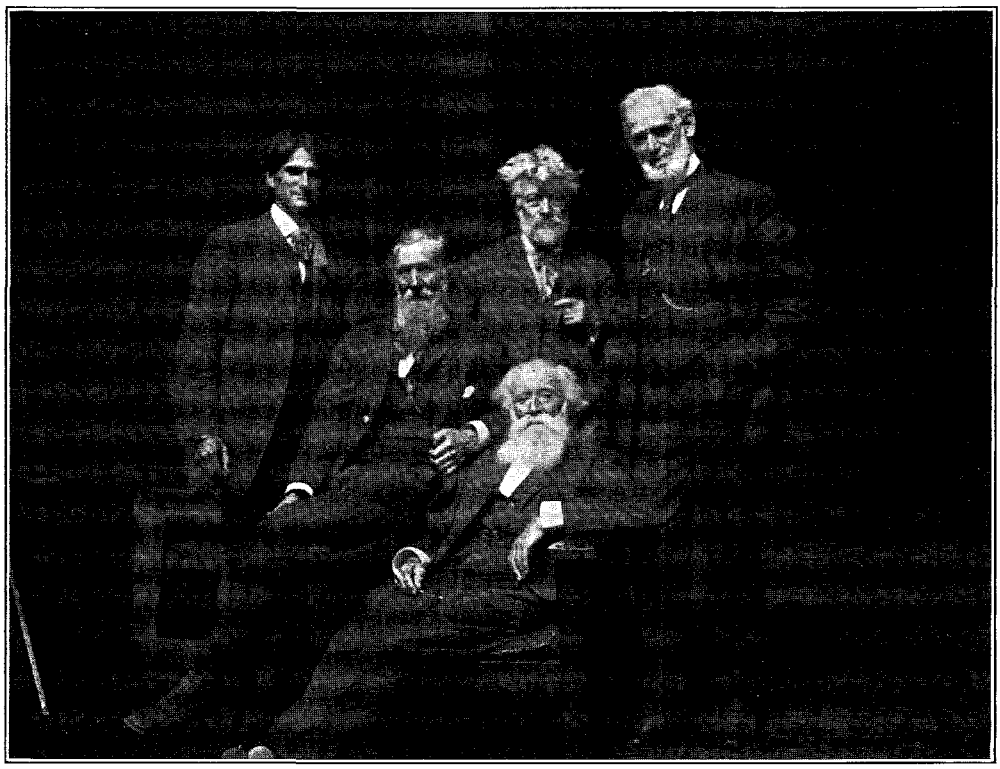

THE TWO SEATED FIGURES ARE JOHN MUIR AND JOHN BURROUGHS, THE THREE STANDING (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) ARE CHARLES KEELER, THE SAN FRANCISCO WRITER, WILLIAM KEITH, THE CALIFORNIAN PAINTER, AND FRANCIS F. BROWNE, THE EDITOR OF THE "DIAL." THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN LAST SPRING IN MR. KEITH'S STUDIO

It was on the seventeenth of May, 1877, that ex-President Grant sailed down the Delaware from Philadelphia on the steamship *Indiana*. Reaching England, he received the freedom of the city of Liverpool, and in London he accompanied the Prince of Wales to the Epsom races, dined with the Duke of Wellington, and the Duke of Devonshire, received the freedom of the city of London, met all the great English statesmen, and visited and spent the night at Windsor Castle by invitation of the Queen, although the Court was in mourning. Then, going to Belgium, he was the guest of the King. Thence he proceeded rapidly to Switzerland, where the whole country turned out to see him. At Paris, official honours were heaped upon him from the moment that he set foot within the city, and he was entertained many times by President MacMahon, whose bluff soldierly character resembled that of the ex-President himself. When he reached Egypt, the Khedive placed a palace at his disposal, a special guard of honour, and a steamer to be always at his service. He and Mrs. Grant visited the Khedive. After travelling in the near East, where he was everywhere greeted with an Oriental magnificence, he returned, and the King and Queen of Greece received him at an unusually brilliant function. Arriving at Rome, his Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., passed much time with him (General Grant, by the way, was a Methodist), and the King of Italy also entertained him with banquets and spectacles of various sorts. The King of Holland welcomed him; in Berlin the aged Kaiser was too ill for the personal entertainment of visitors, but Bismarck spent hours in conversation with him, as did other German statesmen and soldiers, among them the Crown Prince Frederick, who was afterward Emperor. Bayard Taylor preserved the glasses out

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of which the Iron Chancellor and General Grant drank some schnapps together.

In the free city of Hamburg, the Senate especially honoured Grant; the King of Sweden pressed invitations upon him to visit his Majesty at the superb palace of Drottningholm. In Russia the General was received by the Prime Minister, and an imperial yacht was placed at his disposal, while royal salutes were fired whenever he appeared. A grand audience was arranged for the ex-President by the Emperor Alexander in St. Petersburg. A like function was arranged for him in Vienna by the Emperor Francis Joseph. King Alfonso (father of the present king) gave him a truly Spanish welcome in Madrid; and when General Grant reached Lisbon, the King of Portugal, putting aside all etiquette, came to meet him. The two had many other meetings, punctuated with receptions and banquets. From Europe and Africa, the General proceeded to India, where he was entertained by the Viceroy and by countless Maharajahs. In Siam, the King eagerly invited him to the palace, where a State dinner was given and the royal elephants were displayed. In China, almost more than anywhere else, was he the recipient of extraordinary honours from viceroys, princes, and statesmen, including Li Hung Chang; while in Japan the imperial Cabinet and the Emperor met him and gave him a sight of a military review at a time when few people were aware of Japan's growing power in war. The most picturesque festivals and popular fêtes crowded his days in Tokio, where the Emperor at the imperial palace gave him a personal farewell. Thence the General returned across the Pacific to San Francisco, where all California seemed to have assembled in his honour. We cannot go into these things in detail; but it is not likely that any American ex-President will ever receive so wonderful and universal a greeting as that which was given General Grant almost a quarter of a century ago.

We extend cordial congratulations to our contemporary, *The Dial*, of Chicago, which has just been celebrating its thirtieth anniversary. *The Dial* of the Transcendentalists—of Margaret Fuller, Emerson, Channing, Parker and Thoreau—was established at Boston in 1840 and lasted four years. It was a quarterly, and a complete set of its sixteen numbers are to be found only among the rarest treasures of a few public and private libraries. The new *Dial* was begun in May, 1880, with Mr. Francis F. Browne as editor and chief contributor. For twelve years it was issued as a monthly and since then as a fortnightly.

An Anniversary

While we are congratulating *The Dial* we must not forget to say a word of friendly farewell to another esteemed contemporary. In the April issue of *Putnam's Magazine* the publishers make the announcement that the periodical has been incorporated with the *Atlantic Monthly*. First as *Putnam's Magazine*, then as *The Critic*, and again as *Putnam's Magazine* it has long enjoyed a distinguished career and exerted a dignified influence upon American letters.

Putnam's Passes

A New York paper quotes Mr. Howells as endorsing highly the work of several contemporary English writers of fiction, among them one "Bett Ridge." That rather puzzled us for a time. Can the paper have meant Mr. W. Pett Ridge?

W. Pett Ridge?

Mr. Howells is further quoted as saying that "we are too prone to be imposed on by big names—those of Dickens, Thackeray, Reade, and Collins are dead and no one reads them now." On another page in the same paper there is an article on "Books with Large Sales." Here is one paragraph:

> There are those who say that Dickens is not generally read any more, but the record of sales shows that he is bought, nevertheless. For more than seventy years *Pickwick Papers* has headed the list for humorous fiction up to the present day, and *David Copperfield* has held its own as well.

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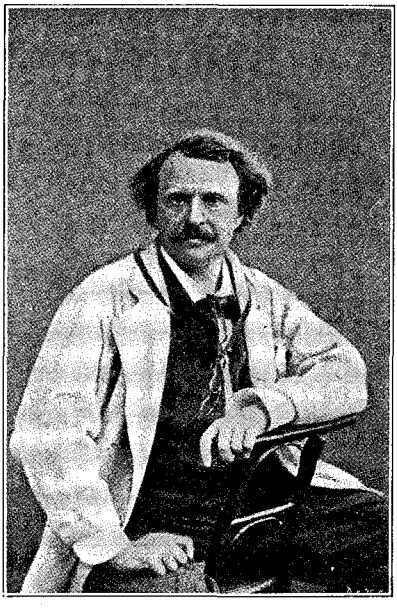
A Cry for Empire

The French Republic seems to be moving along in a fairly successful fashion; yet no one can speak with a Frenchman of the upper classes without finding that he is deeply pessimistic. He may be an Orleanist, or a Bourbon, or a Radical, or an ordinary Republican; but when you really get down to his innermost thoughts he will tell you that the only hope for France lies in a restoration of the Empire, modified by the *plébiscite*—that is to say, the Empire as it was in the early years of



GASPARD FELIX TOURNACHON (NADAR)

M. Tournachon, better known as Nadar, the famous caricaturist of the Second Empire, recently died in Paris

Napoleon III. There is no more chance for a kingdom; the Republic is confessedly unstable because it is so torn by different parties and so swamped by mediocre men. But the Empire—yes! A single head, a single policy, a firm hand, and back of it all an occasional referendum to the nation—these things will once more set France at the head of Europe, ready for attack or for defence, and with a coherent and intelligent diplomacy. We are not concerned in these pages with the political aspect of such a policy, but we cannot help looking at it in its relation to contemporary literature. It is not merely that the historians, such as Masson, have patiently sought out the most minute details concerning the great Emperor who raised France to the acme of glory. There has been gathered together a mass of Napoleonic literature every page of which Napoleon has in some way touched with his brilliant personality. This, of course, has been true ever since his death at St. Helena. It is much more true since the humiliation of France in 1871. The nation hides the anguish of its heart; yet it does not forget; and, as has well been said: "This spirit of waiting and of being ready, literature has unconsciously or consciously fostered for a generation. The splendid songs of Paul Déroulède still rouse barracks and camps, and reverberate upon the night air through masses of men at the time of annual manœuvres." France is not dead. It is not decadent. It is merely waiting. Among recent writers who illustrate the undercurrent of French feeling and make it explicable, none is more remarkable than M. Georges d'Esparbès. He seems to be inspired by the Napoleonic spirit as it was in 1808, when all Europe crouched at the great Emperor's feet. M. d'Esparbès might well be the incarnation of one of those *vieux grognards* who cared nothing for kings and princes, who littered their horses in palaces and cathedrals all over the Continent, but who, even while they spoke to Napoleon as "thou," did so with a frantic, almost furious, adoration such as few men feel even for their God. M. d'Esparbès wrote, some time ago, a collection of twenty-one Napoleonic tales which he grouped under the single title, *La Légende de l'Aigle*. These stories have been read far and wide in France, and it is odd that, so far as we know, none of them has yet been translated into English. Each is brief, yet it blazes and burns like a red-hot coal. Some portions of the book have been reprinted in the original by Dr. Guyot Cameron, lately professor in Princeton, and he has eloquently described the author's inimitable force.

Inasmuch as in another part of this number we publish a translation of one

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of these tales, we venture to quote a little from what Dr. Cameron has written about M. d'Esparbès, whom Adolphe Brisson called "the poet of the Empire." Speaking of the *Légende,* he says:

Four names brilliantly illustrate the movements of French literature that are evolved from the love of military glory or from provincial patriotism. M. Georges d'Esparbès has felt and fixed the fury of the Napoleonic fever in pages glowing with the heat of struggle and gleaming with the flash of arms. They are written under the inspiration of symbols. The Sign of the Sphinx, the riddle of humanity, the great Emperor, has become flesh. The imperial Eagle, resurrected to renew a modern Roman dominion of sword and stone, triumphantly screams in the heavens lit by flashes from the furnace of battle. The Walhalla of war opens, and its mustered heroes are incarnated in new generations of valour. And after the blackening flame has died out, in the crash of a ruined country and the embers of a continent in conflagration, a phantom passes, alternately a gruesome spectre and a prophetic leader, the rush of whose vision makes men breathless with awe, and enkindles the immortality of courage. This spirit M. d'Esparbès has caught in his twenty-one Napoleonic tales which compose *La Légende de l'Aigle.* Napoleon stalks through it, dominating by an unseen presence the multitudes of superbly marshalled and splendidly accoutred men, the armies of centaurs, where man and horse were as one mind; interpreted by the admiration or the love of superstitious soldiers, to whom he seems to speak in the storm, blasphemously deified as an avenging agent of God; granting the petitions presented on the points of bayonets, as there defiled before him the ranks of gigantic grenadiers of the Guard to the small and sturdy soldiers of the line, or as he silently appeared beside the camp-fires. And around him echo the roll of drums, the blare of music, and the clanking trot of cuirassiers, while the dolmans of hussars and dragoons wave in great splashes of colour like the flags of red devils. . . .

It is for this that the name of M. d'Esparbès has been coupled with that of Victor Hugo. A flood of force hurries one impetuously through his pages. As with the great master, something monstrous disengages itself from the seething torrents and looms like an immaterial mist concealing gigantic outlines above the fields worn by the tempests of men charging over them. Brutality, blood, and battles; impossible combats of one against a thousand; armies of soldiers and hosts of horses swallowed by the smoke whence torrents of flame and shot and shell pour the War that is Hell; bravery, action, glory, all gleam here.

We advise our readers to make themselves familiar with the writings of M. d'Esparbès, since he is a prose-poet whose influence among his countrymen is enormous; and we advise them also to read Dr. Cameron's vivid introduction to his book entitled *Tales of France.*

GEORGES D'ESPARBÈS

Pierre Loti

A month or two ago we printed a few paragraphs about the "Order of Minerva," in which we endeavoured to explain our position in the matter of portraits of literary persons of more or less distinction. To the confession that very often we have published portraits of men and women who were not exactly of the first rank, we might have added that in the course of the

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fifteen years and three months that THE BOOKMAN has been in existence we have presented the lineaments of practically every real literary personage of the last half century. Yet that statement would not be literally true. Every now and then we find, to our great surprise, that in the index of our portrait gallery there is missing some very obvious name. For example, this is the first portrait in THE BOOKMAN of M. Viaud of the French navy, better known as Pierre Loti.

PIERRE LOTI

There is, as may well be imagined, much to wound the delicate sensibilities of a Loti in the land of the Lotus under modern English domination. The latest book of the roving ex-lieutenant, *La Mort de Philæ,* or plain *Egypt,* as it appears in the English translation, is one long threnody over the ruin that has been wrought, not by Time, but by the base utilitarianism of its insular occupants, and by the hand of the tourist. English critics were most concerned when the volume first appeared by the author's attack on the impounding of the waters of the Nile at Assouan, which, so M. Loti claims, has completely changed the climate of the country, and now threatens Egypt with a plague of fever. But the most amusing passages are those in which are recorded the visitor's impressions of the English tourist, male and female, as

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organised under the efficient generalship of "Thomas Cook and Son (Egypt Ltd.)." The Khedive is reported to have said on one occasion that the first man in Egypt was Lord Cromer, the second was Lord Cook, and that he himself was but the third. Loti is far from taking so good-natured a view of the situation. For him the omnipresent tourist and the evidences of the enterprising activity of the London agency are a perpetual insult in the land of the Pharaohs, and they release in him an illimitable spleen. There is an element of true pathos in his sufferings as he seeks to avoid this twentieth century plague of locusts and is, at every turn, confronted by its depredations. Cairo, of course, is impossible. It is becoming merely a more vulgar Nice or Interlaken, and the mosques are invaded by Teutonic hordes whose shouts and laughter profane the silence of the sanctuary. But even when the august sentimental traveller begins to ascend the Nile and to penetrate the interior, he finds the most remote and sacred places of his pilgrimage profaned, and himself forestalled, by unwelcome presences. One day he visits Abydos in a peculiarly exalted mood. He approaches the temple reared to Osiris, the mysterious Prince of the Other World, by King Seti, with distinctly other-worldly sensations, and the memories of two thousand years heavy upon him. But hark!

What is this noise in the sanctuary? It seems to be full of people. There, sure enough, beyond a second row of columns, is quite a little crowd talking loudly in English. I fancy that I can hear the clinking of glasses and the tapping of knives and forks. Oh! poor, poor temple, to what strange uses are you come. . . . This excess of grotesqueness in profanation is more insulting surely than to be sacked by barbarians! Behold a table set for some thirty guests, and the guests themselves—of both sexes—merry and lighthearted, belong to that special type of humanity which patronises Thomas Cook and Son (Egypt, Ltd.). They wear cork helmets and the classic green spectacles; drink whiskey and soda, and eat voraciously sandwiches and other viands out of greasy paper, which now litters the floor. And the women! Heavens! what scarecrows they are! . . . Let us escape quickly, if possible, before the sight shall have become graven on our memory.

But already it is too late; the day has been spoiled for Loti beyond repair.

Alas! even when we are outside, alone again on the expanse of dazzling sands, we can no longer take things seriously. Abydos and the desert have ceased to exist. The faces of those women remain to haunt us, their faces and their hats, and those looks which they vouchsafed us over their solar spectacles.

Later he looks back from the portico of another fane:

"And what is now happening in the holy neighbourhood of unhappy Osiris?" he cries. A

JEAN MORÉAS

troupe of donkeys, belaboured by Bedouin drivers, is being driven in the direction of the adjacent temple, dedicated to the god by Seti! The luncheon no doubt is over and the band about to depart, sharp to the appointed hour of the programme. Let us watch them from a prudent distance. To be brief, they all mount into their saddles, these Cooks and Cookesses, and opening, not without a conscious air of majesty, their white cotton parasols, take themselves off in the direction of the Nile.

In Jean Moréas, whose "masque" by Vallotton, from Rémy de Gourmont's first *Livre des Masques,* we reproduce, Paris literary society loses one of its most pic-

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turesque figures. A poet, M. Moréas, who was an Athenian Greek of good family, and whose real name was Papadiamantopoulos, gained recognition in the eighties as one of the leaders of that group known first as "décadents," and later as "symbolists." He was one of the earliest to pay court to Verlaine after that poet's return to Paris from England, and like many of his fellows, he adopted certain of Verlaine's less reprehensible habits. Thus, he made the boulevard his home, and the café his workshop, living the poetic life full in the public eye. A friend has given the following picture of him in those days: "One commonly comes across M. Jean Moréas on the Boulevard Saint-Michel, if it is winter, in the cafés that are hospitable to the din of poets, if summer, on the terraces, nonchalantly exposed to the curiosity of the passer-by. At whatever hour you meet him, he is working, by which I mean that he makes verses or recites them. With a fine deep-throated voice, which accentuates the mute syllables in a bizarre fashion, he gives a new gravity to the strophes of Ronsard and La Fontaine, of Thibaut de Champagne and Alfred de Vigny; and, by the peaceful quiver of his lip, every one understands that M. Moréas feels perfectly happy. He has found the sovereign good." Another observer, less sympathetic, portrays him in a similar posture but with an added touch of vanity, praising his own verses as he declaims them, and comparing them favourably with Verlaine's, while, occasionally, refreshing himself with a sip of absinthe, he glances with unaffected admiration at his own reflection in the café mirror, and gives voice to an enraptured *"Ah, que je suis beau!"*

Jean Moréas

Moréas had for a time another idol besides himself and Verlaine. This was Mallarmé. It was Mallarmé who said to him after his first attempts in the new style of poetry in which the Greek oddly sought to revive the traditions of mediæval and Renaissance poetry in France: *"Monsieur, vous trichez avec les siècles."* In founding the "école romane," which was the expression of this wish to restore the past, Moréas broke with many of his early friends who remained in the symbolist camp and regarded him as a traitor to the cause. Chief among these was Gustave Kahn, who has indulged in more than one fling at his old comrade and at his *chansons romans,* which even well-disposed critics had to admit were often so filled with archaisms of thought, language, and expression as to be unintelligible save to the scholar. But Moréas had a surprising way of changing his base, and was constantly establishing new schools on new principles that suggested themselves to his fertile mind. Hence no one line of attack was effective against him for long, and when he was seized by a new conviction, he would himself repudiate with charming candour the works composed under the previous critical obsession, or rather, he would re-edit these, and would add them to the catalogue of his "œuvres de jeunesse"—another milestone in his "passionate pilgrimage" through life. In later years he lost many of his eccentricities, adopted most of the conventions in poetry against which he had ardently rebelled, ceased to announce schools and to publish manifestoes; and, interviewed in the course of one of those *"enquêtes literaires"* inaugurated from time to time by enterprising Parisian journalists, he summed up his mature creed in the single phrase: *"Il faut être bon ouvrier."*

The Kipling paper which we quote below has recently been reprinted in the London *Spectator* à propos of the anarchist outrages in India. It was published originally in the *Pioneer* of January 11, 1888. Its application to present conditions in India is obvious, and it leaves no doubt that Kipling, who was then only twenty-three, saw further into the state of affairs than many of the wiseacres of the time. Its real interest, however, lies as much in the manner as in the matter. The style is that of Kipling in his maturity, neither better nor worse than in many passages that may be found in some of his most admired writings. Even in the pages of *Kim* you find the same ironic note of

Kipling as Prophet

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patronage toward modes of thought with which he does not agree. It has been called a "know-it-all" manner and "swagger." George Moore once said it consisted in whispering to the reader between the lines, "I know a trick worth two of that." George Moore seemed almost morbid on this subject. He said he could not read anything of Kipling's without hearing "I know a trick worth two of that." The paper is not in the best vein of the mature Kipling, but it is certainly better than a good many things that are bound up in his complete works. It suggests at least the question that if the *American Notes* are worth a binding, why are not these other contributions to the Indian press on subjects with which Kipling was familiar?

A LITTLE MORALITY

Morality, heavenly link,
It is to thee that I drink!
I'm awfully fond
Of that heavenly bond
Morality, heavenly link!—*Bab Ballads.*

The Government of India woke up with a start. The air was full of flippant language. "Bless our Souls," said the Government of India, "this is painful! They are actually getting irreverent. We must do something." They called up all the Secretaries and took their opinions, and the Secretaries said with one voice that there was nothing like Morality. "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control," murmured all the Secretaries, because they had read Tennyson in the six-shilling edition and had ideas on governing India. "The fact of the matter is," said the Government of India impressively, "something has gone wrong somewhere. We don't quite know what it is, but we are determined to set it right." And all the Secretaries murmured applausively: "Set it right. By all means, set it right."

And really, the state of affairs demanded some sort of correction. The Government of India was in the habit of giving little boys four rupees a month to sit still and load themselves up with Spenser's *Faery Queen,* pp. 1 to 131, inclusive, and Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* and Colenso as far as Decimal Fractions, and Fawcett's *Political Economy,* and *Hypatia,* and the *Elements of Logic,* and whole pages of *Chaucer,* besides unlimited quantities of History, and things of that nature. On the strength of his four rupees a month, the boy took a wife, and by the time that his subsistence allowance came to an end he was usually the owner of two children, in addition to a mass of mixed information regarding Magna Charta, Deucalion, Empedocles on Etna, "Let us take a walk down Fleet Street," "Wilkes and Number 45," Colonel Olcott's lectures and the back numbers of the *Theosophist.* Just as he was comfortably settling down, and had brought his wife's widowed sister and a younger brother or two to share his wealth, the Government was in the habit of withdrawing the subsistence allowance, and saying cheerfully: "Now we've given you a first-class education. Please walk about a little and get a living. We regret to say that our offices are full." Then that boy would go away very sorrowfully, because he was a married man with an indifferent constitution and a large experience of life, and would curse the Government of India by all his own gods and a host of new ones borrowed from the *Rape of the Lock,* and the Logic books, and *King Lear,* and all Macaulay, including the *Lays of Ancient Rome.* At first the Government of India used to listen smirkfully and pat him on the head and say to every one: "Hear him swear! All those bad words are out of our primers. Isn't he fluent? That's intellectual activity, that is! You wait a few years, and you'll see the poets and the novelists, and the historians and the eminent manufacturers, and the clear-headed engineers, just jostling each other through the length and breadth of the Empire." So the Universe lit a cheroot and waited for the procession of proficients. But the boy who was also a married man—the child who was a father—did not want to be a poet, or any of those unremunerative things. He had his children to look after, and, because he was an old man at thirty-five and generally died at forty-five, he wanted to do his work quickly. His fathers had an extensive literature of proverbs which said nothing about going away from home and carving out careers, but a good deal about the necessity of enjoying a great man's protection, and climbing over other men's shoulders to authority. Some of the proverbs said: "A mahout is as strong as the elephant when he is on its neck," and others that "It is better to be the foot-servant of a king than a chief of two villages." The boy believed these proverbs, because they were drilled into him in his home life, which was as entirely distinct

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from his school life as anything you could well conceive. At school he spoke one language; at home another; at school he dressed in one fashion; at home in another; at school he sat in one fashion; at home in another; at school he thought in one groove; at home in another; and so on, because he came of a very, very old stock.

Later on he discovered how to print the thoughts that filled his poor brain, and he mixed up the teachings of the *purohits* with Fawcett and Mill, and tangled the *Shasters* with Spencer, and strung *Kalidasa* and *Cleopatra* in alternate lumps. The Government of India was immensely pleased, and said: "Now you'll see! This is the beginning of a National Literature. Observe the fireworks!" But the National Literature had been written by the boy's forefathers ages and ages ago in their own way; and ages and ages ago the clear-headed engineers had done the national monuments, also in their own way. The stock was an old, worn-out stock, and, as has been said, Death came early to the boy and those like him. Some of his writings were peculiar and not exactly what the Government of India has expected. They had sown Carlyle and there came up anything but *Hero Worship*. It rather resembled the *French Revolution*. But the Government of India said: "For goodness' sake don't interfere with it. It will settle down and leave the National Literature and the Legitimate Political Aspiration." The German read a few pages of the stuff and said dreamily: "Mine Gott! You haf missed der soul-life-drift of dese people. Dey haf der power of defining afrydings, but dey haf not de power of understanding what is der meaning of der definition. I tell you dey are de soul-mit-ancient - clouds-encumbered - double-life-bejointed people, and you haf dreated dem as dough dey was into-der-tendency-of-politic-scope-seeing Teutons. Dere will be, as you Englanders say, Helltobay!" But nobody attended to the German, partly because no one could understand him, and partly because every one was so busy copying the pattern of his *Pickelhaube*. The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders and said: *"Mon Dieu!* I have known you English for fools these eight hundred years. But you are to-day such fools as I have never seen. No, never." The Frenchman was volatile, and had made such a mess of a place called Tonquin that no one attended to him.

The boy went on in his wonderful way, his poor head swimming with the things he had picked up in the days of his subsistence allowance, and at last created the "New English." Everybody laughed at it, but it was all his own—unique and unapproachable. And the Government of India shook its head, for the "New English" seemed a poor distillation from the strong wine poured out so lavishly. Then the boy found his *métier*, poor fellow. You must understand that his mother-tongue was almost inconceivably rich in terms of abuse, and the language of his home life bristled with peculiar terms and strange twists of expression which would have deeply shocked the Government of India had it heard them. But, as the Government of India was nervously anxious not to penetrate into the sacredness of his domestic life or to upset his religious prejudices, it missed the wonderful language which the boy would use toward his wife, or his mother, when the one had been misbehaving herself or the other had slapped one of his children. When to the immense natural resources of the country were added some Emerson, Carlyle, Swift and Johnson, the result even in temperate hands would have been fine. But the boy was, by heredity and national temperament, devoid of any sense of proportion, and constitutionally prone to exaggeration. The style and composition of the old-time histories might have convinced the Government of India of this; but they never cared to look.

So the boy found his *métier*, which was to abuse the Government of India; and here everything was in his favour. By the irony of Destiny he abused it, not for half-poisoning him and giving him indigestion, but for not poisoning him half quickly enough. The New English was a flexible tongue and the boy was an apt copyist; albeit he had no notion of the value of words. This was curious, because for generations and generations words had been things to his people. He turned up his books and abused it as the French peasantry abused the aristocracy before the Revolution; then he abused it in the Ciceronian style beginning: *Quousque tandem*, etc.; then he cursed it in the Swiftian manner, which was rather more vitriolic than the others; then he pulverised it on paper in Macaulay periods, and, when he was nearly exhausted, a cynical Fate put the *Pall Mall Gazette* and some American papers in his way. He copied everything and made no doubt but that he was doing well; and the cry of his torment, for he was nearly dead

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with the terrible indigestion of half-bolted studies, was heart-rending. But over and above, and through and under, the Swiftian, Ciceronian and Steadish invective could be heard the winged words of the *bazaars* in which he had been brought up. It was a pitiful, a pathetic thing; and the worst of it was that the boy did not know what was the matter with him, any more than does a baby suffering from colic. To its eternal credit be it written, the Government of India did not add a fresh mistake to its original sin. Any other Government on hearing the language the boy used would have imprisoned him. *One* Government would have hanged him as high as Haman. The Indian Government felt dimly that it had done him a great wrong, and appointed a Commission to soothe him. But his trouble was not curable by Commissions, though he himself said it was. He had mixed up the proverbs about climbing over other men's shoulders to employment with Smiles on Self-Help and the curious teachings he had learned at his mother's knee. He drank, so to speak, brandy and curds, heady port and *arrack,* together, and the natural indigestive result was extreme discomfort. Then said the Government of India, who had been lavishing lakhs and lakhs and lakhs on subsistence allowances in order to make him what he was: "He is irreverent! We must seriously consider the matter. His language is really shocking." And so it was!

The Conference of the Secretaries held itself, and unanimously resolved that Morality was what he lacked. The boy had three hundred and thirty-three million, three hundred and thirty-three thousand, three hundred and thirty-three gods of his own; but the Secretaries thought that he might endure yet one more—a colourless and abstract sort of god, carefully arranged so as not to hurt his religious feelings. When they were all settled down, the Military Secretary drifted in, booted and spurred, on his way to the race-course. "Irreverence is it?" said he. "Morality be dashed. When I did anything wrong at school I was flogged to bring me to my bearings, and so were you." He departed tempestuously, while a Secretary murmured: "You can't flog a married man—boy—what is it?" A Lieutenant-Governor said: "Hang it, no. They'd make a Dacca schoolboy's case out of it!" And that was the stumbling-block. The boy was not only a married man, but also claimed to be the People of the country. In England a future Prime Minister can be birched till he bleeds and no one says anything. In India a future anybody cannot be touched without serious discussion; and this, too, is the fault of the Government of India. "Make prefects," said a Secretary. "No end of good in prefects. I was a prefect once." Another Secretary exploded with a cackle and said: "They'd take bribes." But the recommendation was written down. Then a brilliant genius said: "Give 'em a primer to teach 'em Morality," and Lord Cross, seven thousand miles away, in a London fog and all among the Societies for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, the Protection of Aborigines, the Lying-in Hospitals and the Missions to Fallen Women, sent some sample primers across the sea to the boy who was, on one side, as old as all Asia, as wise as all Asia, and, on the other, younger than the youngest puppy that was ever born, dying of indigestion in the spirit, and dead in the flesh before its fiftieth year. He knew rather more about Morality than any of his examiners, for many, many years ago his forefathers had walked through Morality and come out on the other side. His complaint was indigestion—acute mental dyspepsia, and for *that* the Government of India gave him a fresh book to swallow.

Just as the Great Morality Manifesto had been drafted, the Secretary in the Revenue and Agricultural Department entered. He had lost his way to his office in a fit of absence of mind, and there was a light of deep thought in his far-away eyes. "Oh! you here!" said he. "By the way, what's the best thing for a cow that has gorged herself with clover?" The question had nothing to do with the Educational Department, and it remained for the Military Secretary, fresh from his morning gallop, to answer it. "You can't do anything," he said, "but *if* she recovers keep her on dry diet."

The Great Morality Manifesto went forth to the World.

And the World laughed.

Speaking of Kipling, we recently met an Englishman who claimed to have known the real Namgay Doola. We do not think that any real lover of Kipling will have to pause long before recalling this tale and its setting. There, "between the tail of a heaven-climbing glacier and a dark birch forest," is the little opéra-bouffe kingdom four miles square (but

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most of the miles stood on end) and the royal elephant which ate up the revenue, and the standing army of five, and the king himself, who would not imprison, because, having been once bedridden he "perceived the nature of the punishment," nor burn a rebel out, "because a hut is a hut and it holds the life of a man." Then Namgay Doola himself red-headed, blue-eyed, wild Irish from top to toe, with his red-headed offspring standing in a semi-circle before the little oil lamp and the worn crucifix crooning their plaintive hymn:

Dir hané mard-i-yemen dir to weeree ala gee,

which is all that the years have left of

They're hanging men and women, too, for the wearing of the green.

The story of Namgay Doola was written in the early nineties. The Sikkim campaign took place in the summer of 1889. The Englishman who told us the story relates that among the prisoners taken at the battle of the Jelap was a Thibetan, who had been badly wounded while defending a stone wall that had been thrown up to impede the British advance. The man was fair, with blue eyes and red hair. Though manifestly Thibetan in dirt, speech, habits and ways of thought, he was obviously of European extraction. His name was Namgay Doola and he could tell but little of himself except that his father, Timlay Doola, had had much the same physical characteristics. As the prisoner's wound healed he picked up English phrases with extraordinary facility. The case aroused much interest among Europeans, with the result that inquiry of one of the Lamas at the Pemeancha Monastery extracted the story of Timlay Doola which, to use Kipling's words, "was Tim Doolan gone very far wrong indeed."

Back in the fifties a batch of invalids had been sent to the capital Convalescent Depot at Jalapahar. Among them was a wild harum-scarum red-headed Irishman named Timothy Doolan, whose constitution had been shattered by fever and strong liquor. Tim became smitten by a good-looking Lepchani, and speedily grew careless and dirty in his habits, and was frequently late at roll-call. It was at last decided to send him back to his regiment, and he received his marching orders. The next day, however, he could not be found. It was learned that the woman and her family had left for Sikkim and a party of sappers was sent in pursuit. Three or four days later the party returned and reported that they had come up with the deserter and the Lepchas beyond Runjeet, but the soldier, who had taken all his arms with him, had fired upon the pursuers and driven them back. This was the last seen of Tim Doolan, who probably settled down as Timlay Doola to a comfortable loafer's life. Further evidence as to the identity of the deserter with Namgay Doola's father was furnished by a messenger who brought from Namgay's house in Thibet an old brass breastplate, used formerly for fastening a soldier's cross belts, with the number of the regiment on it, a small well-worn brass crucifix and an old tobacco-stopper.

A Defender of Culture

Professor Grant Showerman in his volume of essays entitled *With the Professor,* has many a sneer at the "practical" American's indifference to "Culture." The "professor" is a teacher of the classics in a Western State college, and his monologues, which make up the successive chapters of the book, are all written from the point of view of a "cultured" person on the defensive, among the rough, overmastering Philistinism of every-day life. His weapons are irony and mock humility, and he employs them for the most part against the sort of man who asks, What is the use of literature? He also has his opinion of those college professors who are teaching "every practical thing under the sun—from the care and feeding of babies to the construction of a steam engine." Verily they have their reward, but forsooth and forsooth!

Of course, it goes without saying that the Professor was too modest to claim any such glory for himself and his colleagues in the academic department. Their aims were not practical. All they were doing was to send out into the society of the State cultivated

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ladies and gentlemen, and every one knew that nothing could be more impractical or have less to do with life. But then, they were not representative. . . . When people spoke of college professors now, they meant men and women who made things and did things.

In his inspired moments the Professor asks the sordid utilitarian spirit of the times such questions as these—

Look here: tell me, if you can, what are the only things which have lasted through the ages? Are they the bridges built by engineers? . . . Do you suppose the fame of our own age two thousand years hence is going to rest upon the achievements of commerce, or the height of our skyscrapers, or the speed of our trains, or the number of our graduates, or the size of our circuses? What does the fame of *past* ages rest upon? Was it the bank account of Crassus or Cicero's eloquence that was worth while in the Roman Republic? . . . What could you know about the history of the world without the literature, sculpture, painting and architecture which antiquity left behind, and which men, even in the most barbarous age, respected for their beauty, hardly knowing why? What would be left of past ages if it were not for their devotion to that same impractical culture which you despise? Don't you understand that only what is practical is perishable, and what is impractical is eternal?

It is this self-conscious, self-defensive attitude on the part of American essay-writers that is making American "Culture" something of a by-word among the nations. It explains why the foreign critic so often calls us "culture-mad." For books of the cultured addressed merely to the cultured, yet containing little else than praise of "Culture" are accumulating very fast. Seldom does one of them take anything for granted. Back he goes to the beginning every time, arguing it out painfully—how much better it is to commune with the great than to own a motor-car, and there are kingdoms that are not of this world and there are temples not made with hands. If the "professor" were no more than this we should simply have to class him with those persons whose relations with "Culture" seem never to get beyond the stage of salutation. But luckily he is something more. He has humour and an agreeable style, and on the absurdities of education,—pedagogy, the doctor's dissertation, the "drier criticism," the young scholars who write enormous treatises on "Terminations in T," and "Suffixes in S,"—he is very well worth reading—

Only the day before, in an old file of a New England newspaper, he had read that "the amount of nonsense uttered regarding the subject of education during the past twenty-five years was greater than that uttered on all other subjects put together." The file was dated 1825, and the Professor was moved to smiles at the thought of the immense proportions which the sum total must have assumed by this time. And here were educators still discussing, still changing methods, and still thinking that they were doing and thinking new things, while for the most part they were merely pouring old wine into new bottles. Change was succeeding change so rapidly that the Professor could no longer keep track of his children's progress at school, and had almost been intimidated into giving up all attempt to contribute to their education himself. Sometimes, indeed, he suspected that they were not really being educated. The whole matter recalled to his mind Lowell's

Change jes' for change is like them big hotels
Where they shift plates and let ye live on smells.

And then there was his classical friend. The Professor knew that he really believed that his forthcoming publication on the number of *et's* in Tacitus as compared with the number of *kai's* in Thucydides was going to be widely read and far-reaching in its consequences, while the Professor himself knew well enough that it, together with ten thousand other articles of like nature which were being corrupted by moth and rust on the library shelves of the country (he regretted that thieves could not get at them, too), was only a contribution to the world's unread and unreadable literature of humour.

Mr. James Huneker

Mr. James Huneker's motto must surely be that which Thackeray put into the mouth of Blanche Amory—*Il me faut des émotions*—and when one thinks of the number of thrills that must annually run down his

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hedonistic backbone, it is surprising that the vertebræ remain in place. Is there anything analogous to railway spine among æsthetic voluptuaries? In his new book, *Promenades of an Impressionist,* there is no sign of a falling off in the pressure of excitement. He still remains the most shaken American critic of his time. There is never any danger that he will not react with an intensity proportionate to the stimulus. Of Sorolla he writes:

Aye, but he is a big chap, this amiable little Valencian with a big heart and a hand that reaches out and grabs down clouds, skies, scoops up the sea, and sets running, wriggling, screaming a joyful band of naked boys and girls over the golden summer sands in a sort of ecstatic symphony of pantheism. How does he secure such intensity of pitch in his painting of atmosphere, of sunshine? By a convention, just as the falsification of shadows, by rendering them darker than nature made the necessary contrasts in the old formula. Brightness in clear-coloured shadows is the keynote of impressionistic open-air effects.

Of Zuloaga—

The measuring eye of Zuloaga, his tremendous vitality, his sharp, superb transference to canvas of the life he has elected to represent and interpret are at first sight dazzling. The performance is so supreme—remember, not in a niggling, technical sense—a half dozen men beat him at mere pyrotechnics and lace *fioritura*—that his limitations, very marked in his case, are overlooked. You have drunk a hearty Spanish wine; oil to the throat, confusion to the senses. You do not at first miss the soul; it is not included in the categories of Señor Zuloaga.

Of Watteau—

Only your academic, colourless painter lacks personal style and always paints like somebody he is not. Watteau's art is peculiarly personal. Its peculiarity—apart from its brilliancy and vivacity—is, as Mauclair remarks, "the contrast of cheerful colour and morbid expression." *Morbidezza* is the precise phrase; *morbidezza* may be found in Chopin's art, in the very feverish moments when he seems brimming over with high spirits. Watteau was not a consumptive of the Pole's type. He did not alternate between ecstasy and languor. He was cold, self-contained, suspicious, and inveterately hid the state of his health. He might have been cured, but he never reached Italy, and that far-off dream and his longing to realise it may have been the basis of his last manner—those excursions into a gorgeous dreamland. He yearned for an impossible region. His visions on canvas are the shadowy sketches of this secret desire that burned him up.

There are fifty thousand subjects about which Mr. Huneker feels very strongly. If we were working up the title list for a new encyclopædia, we could ask for nothing better than a subject-index of his emotions. And this by the way brings us to an accurate definition of Mr. Huneker. Some call him a universal flirt. Max Beerbohm insists on regarding him as a boy. They are all quite wrong. Mr. Huneker is an encyclopædia touched with feeling. He has made up his mind not to miss anything and never to fall below his opportunities. He never rains, but he pours. He seems to gain in copiousness of side-reference, allusion and comparisons as he goes on. In this book, even more than in *The Egoists,* his pages are spangled with names. If he is characterising one man, he incidentally hits off twenty other men. Of course, we feel the envy natural to our slower mind and say in our spite that scudding over everything is no way to get to the bottom of anything. But the trouble with people who get to the bottom of things is that they usually stay there. The ordinary man when he becomes a specialist merely disappears. And we know very well that most of our critics, though far slower than Mr. Huneker, come no nearer to the truth. So the question of depth must be left to those solemn British reviewers who if a man writes brilliantly on many themes complain dolorously because he is not constantly and deeply dull on one. Mr. Huneker is not a teacher, still less is he a philosopher. He is a large, bright-coloured, acquisitive and restless bumble-bee of all the arts.

This emphatic passage on the pathology of genius is characteristic:

The pathologic theory of genius has been

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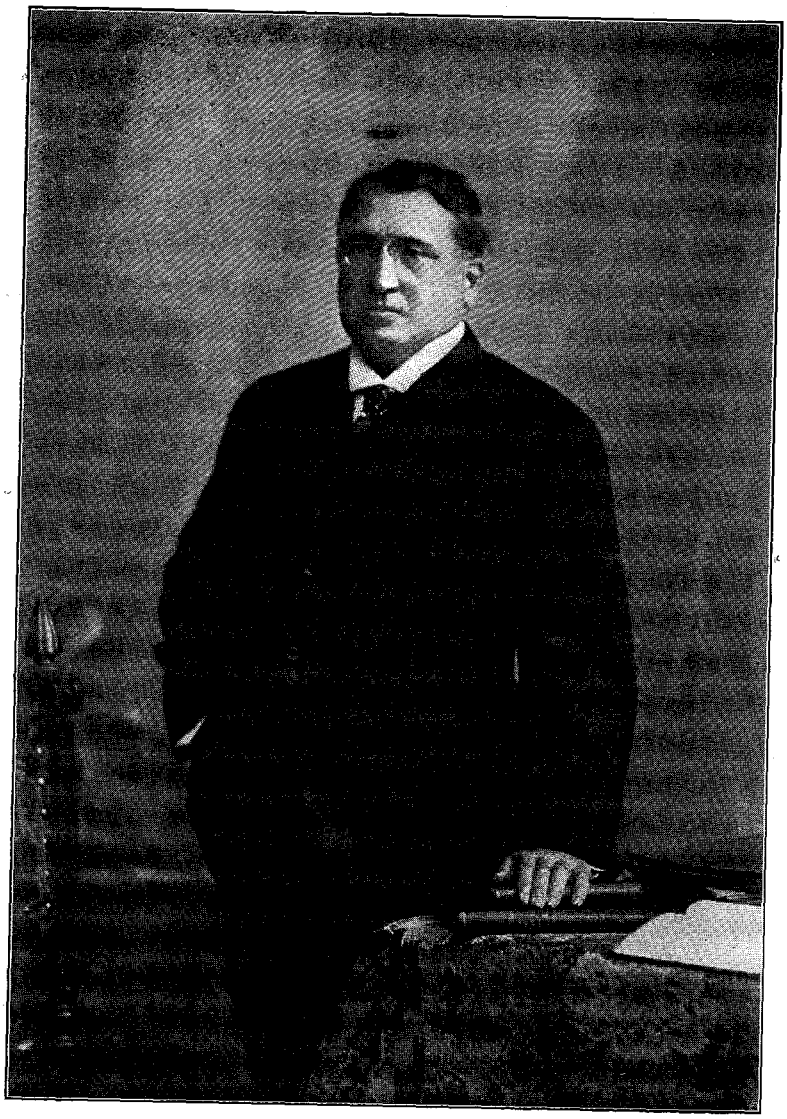
overworked. In literature nowadays "psychiatrists" rush in where critics fear to tread. Mahomet was an epilept, so was Napoleon. Flaubert died of epilepsy, said his friends; nevertheless, René Dumesnil has proved that his sudden decease was caused not by apoplexy, but by hystero-neurasthenia. Eye-strain played hob with the happiness of Carlyle, and an apostle of sweetness and light declared that Ibsen was a "degenerate"—Ibsen who led the humdrum exterior life of a healthy *bourgeois*. Lombroso has demonstrated—to his own satisfaction—that Dante's mystic illumination was due to some brand of mental disorder. In fact, this self-styled psychologist mapped anew the topography of the human spirit. Few have escaped his fine-tooth-comb criticism except mediocrity. Painters, poets, patriots, musicians, scientists, philosophers, novelists, statesmen, dramatists, all who ever participated in the Seven Arts, were damned as lunatics, decadents, criminals and fools. It was a convenient inferno in which to dump the men who succeeded in the field wherein you were a failure.



JAMES HUNEKER

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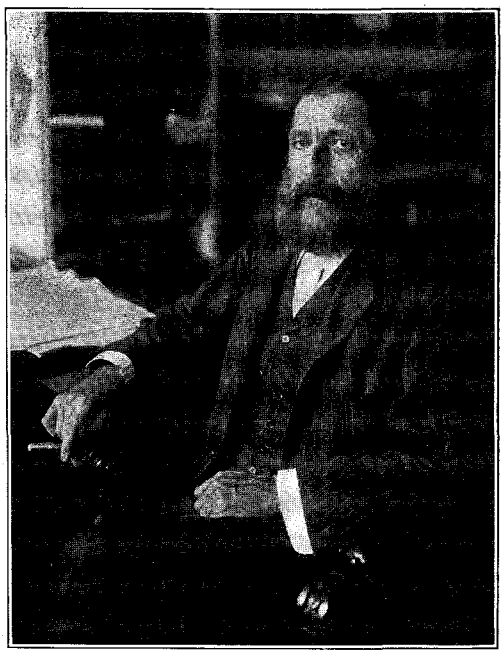
The height of the paradox was achieved when a silly nomenclature was devised to meet every vacillation of the human temperament. If you feared to cross the street you suffered from agoraphobia; if you didn't fear to cross the street, that, too, was a very bad sign. If you painted like Monet, paralysis of the optical centre had set in—but why continue?

It is a pity that this theory of genius has been so thoroughly discarded, for it is a field which promises many harvestings; there is mad genius as there are stupid folk. Besides, normality doesn't mean the commonplace. A normal man is a superior man. The degenerate man is the fellow of low instincts, rickety health and a drunkard, criminal or idiot. The comical part of the craze—which was short-lived, yet finds adherents among the half-baked in culture and the ignorant—is that it deliberately twisted the truth, making men of fine brain and high-strung temperament seem crazy or depraved, when the reverse is usually the case. Since the advent of Lombroso, "brain-storms" are the possession of the privileged. Naturally your grocer, tailor or politician may display many of the above symptoms, but no one studies them. They are not geniuses.

ANNIE LEMP KONTA



THE LATE DAVID MUNRO

Annie Lemp Konta

Annie Lemp Konta, the author of *The History of French Literature* recently published by the Appletons, is a St. Louis woman, but has long made her home in New York. The *History* is the result of ten years' study and work, part of the time having been spent in Paris for the purpose. Mrs. Konta is the wife of Mr. Alexander Konta, one of the adapters of the version of Molnar's *Devil* in which George Arliss starred two seasons ago.

David Munro

David Munro, who died late in February, was for some years the editor of the *North American Review*, and was its associate editor at the time of his death. How genuinely he was esteemed, liked, and admired was clearly indicated in the many printed obituaries. We are not going to speak of his many good qualities, his ripe scholarship, and his kindly geniality, because we feel that we can sum up the matter better in a sentence. We were once discussing him with a man who had known him long and well. "He is," said this friend, "in

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heart and mind the absolute incarnation of Thackeray's James Binnie, the life-long comrade of Colonel Tom Newcome."

Indiana Sings

Last month we printed a letter from an Indianapolis correspondent and expressed our willingness to publish his name if he so desired. As that seems to be his wish we are printing his second letter just as it came to us. Any comment would be quite superfluous.

INDIANAPOLIS, Indiana, March 31, 1910.

Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

I am still addressing you collectively in conformance to those rules which you have laid down for the guidance of we literary people. How can I ever thank you sufficiently for publishing my poor products? Of course, I know that editors are always glad to have poetry and articles to fill in when there is a lack of space on their part, and I understand your sentiments as none but one of æsthetic pretensions can.

My book is still running through the press, we having discovered that one of the poems was maliciously altered by an ignorant compositor, who, insufficiently versed in the poetic principle to compose anything himself, vented his spleen upon my products. I had a poem which read:

Sweetly the night bird sings,
  Lull me to rest.
Overpowering the slumber
  Filling my breast.
In Phantasmagoria's mazes
  I am a guest.

This unprincipled compositor, with truly Ionian malice, transposed and altered the above out of all semblance to English poetry, and I am still hot about it. (I could have him arrested if I wanted to, but that would not be in accordance with the divine principles of calm which I have laid down for my guidance while wandering through this sphere.) No, let him go, but when Retribution clutches him in her icy fingers, I shall indeed shriek with gratified pique!

His inhuman carelessness has necessitated an entire reprinting of that section of the book, the errors having escaped my attention in the proof-sheets. In view of this added expense, I am going to raise the price of the book to thirty cents straight, no reductions except to wholesalers. I will give you a copy free gratis, but I shall expect a lengthy review in your column, pointing out its merits and its probable effect upon English literature in centuries to come. Yes, you shall have a free copy, which you will especially prize because it is autographed, and has a splendid portrait of the author.

But you *must* give me credit! You *know* I covet Fame! Why delay? I have arrived! I am in print! Surely you are not going to rob me of the credit of those verses, are you?

CLAYTON HAMILTON

Mr. Hamilton's new book, "The Theory of the Theatre," is reviewed elsewhere in the present issue. Besides being the dramatic critic of this magazine Mr. Hamilton is a lecturer on literature and the drama in Columbia University

You are not about to crowd them into your own vineyard, are you? Emblazon my name in the columns of your magazine, yes, print it in full to all who read! You will confer a favour by being the medium through which I ride to literary celebrity—yours will be the credit of discovering me. Amongst others enclosed you will find an ode to Mr. Boothe Tarkington. I neglected to send it last month, and I would not *for the world* have him feel slighted. All my poems, if I do say it myself,

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bear the stamp of unmistakable genius. You are at liberty to publish *all* my works, should such be your ambition.

Very truly yours,
M. HYSEY.

GAD! MY DREAM COME TRUE!

Tropical flowers strew the way,
Incense and myrrh fill the air!
To-morrow you die, eat and drink to-day,
And drive away dull care.
Welcome the Conquering Hysey home,
Let the poet come to his lair,
The New Hoosier Bard that roam
World-wide, while thousands stare.
The winecup bring zealously forth,
The flagon ply with a vim,
Hysey is here, to sample the broth!
All honour to poets, especially him.
Screech out the praise to Hysey!
Enthuse him and render him meed,
Cut up and carry on like crazy,
And the Hoosier poet feed.

P. S.—How I do wish you would publish a series of articles on "Representative American Poets." There are enough such of unquestioned merit to justify such an act. Also, I am sure that lots of people in Indianapolis would buy your magazine if they seen my picture in it.

HYSEY.

TO BOOTHE TARKINGTON

I

A poet's license I shall use,
And change your name from Booth to Boothe.
When first I seen ya
'Twas in the Arena,
Champing of a Cherry,
Airy, fairy, contrary
Boothe!

II

By night one may climb a steeple,
And secretly peer at His Own People,
Though your position's unsteady,
There'll be a Beautiful Lady,
The which you may marry.
Airy, fairy, contrary
Boothe!

III

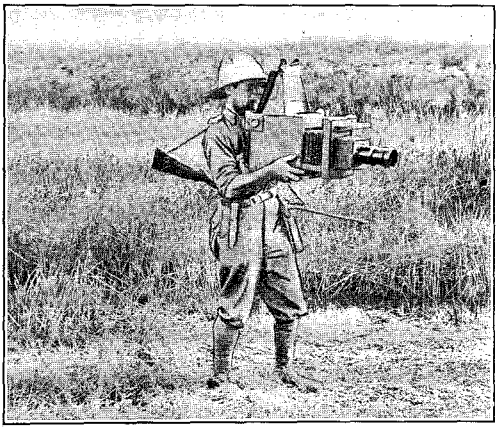
You climb the lofty dome
Of Fame! O, Man from Home!
Like Monsieur Beaucaire
You pay your fare,
So on Popularity's trolley you'll carry.
Airy, fairy, contrary
Boothe!

IV

We know the language you use
None other could write save Boothe,
Though you can't play piano,
You're A Gent from Indiana.
Like you I will my critics parry,
Airy, fairy, contrary
Boothe!

V

But, Boothe, I, too, am in the game!
Boothe, I, too, will have honoured name!
It may surprise ye
When you hear that Hysey
Have more Fame than average mortal carry.
Airy, fairy, contrary
Boothe!



A. RADCLIFFE DUGMORE

The "Bloodless Hunter"

The suggestion has been offered us that we refer to Mr. A. Radcliffe Dugmore, whose *Camera Adventures in African Wilds* has just come from the press, as the "bloodless hunter" to distinguish him from an eminent personage whose recent exploits in the dark continent have not been absolutely unchronicled. We are afraid that we cannot do so and adhere strictly to the truth. True, Mr. Dugmore suggests that those who want real excitement will carry a camera instead of a gun, but some of his photographs contradict his theories. For example, there is a study of a rhinoceros "photographed at a distance of fifteen yards when actually charging the author and his companion."

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As soon as the exposure was made *a well-placed shot turned the charging beast.* Again, there is another picture entitled "The King is Dead." "When this lion came near us the flash failed, *so he was shot.*" It must be said, in justice, that these shots were all fired in self-defence, and that five animals killed in six months is a pretty good record for humanity. Still we shall have to await another candidate for the attractive title.

Again the "Academy"

The subject of an Academy of Literature has again come up in England, this time with Mr. Maurice Hewlett as a sponsor. With comment that he has probably made four-score enemies by the selection, Mr. Clement K. Shorter offers the following names as his "Forty":

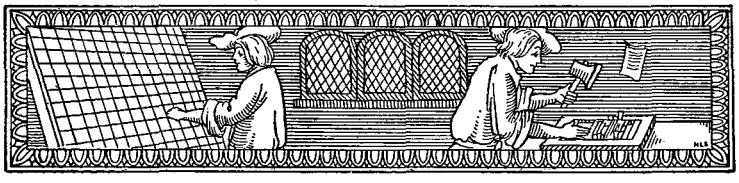
Mr. Thomas Hardy	Mr. Joseph Conrad
Mr. Edmund Gosse	Mr. W. L. Courtney
Mr. Robert Bridges	Dr. Gasquet
Professor Bury	Dr. Douglas Hyde
Lord Morley	Mr. C. H. Firth
Mr. Frederic Harrison	Mr. Sidney Lee
Mr. J. M. Barrie	Mr. H. W. Massingham
Mr. William Archer	Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch
Mr. Augustine Birrell	Mr. George Saintsbury
Mr. James Bryce	Sir George Trevelyan
Mr. Sidney Colvin	Mr. A. W. Ward
Mr. Austin Dobson	Mr. W. B. Yeats
Professor Dowden	Mr. Owen Seaman
Mr. Anthony Hope	Mr. E. V. Lucas
Sir W. R. Nicoll	Mr. Henry James
Mr. Edward Clodd	Mr. Herbert A. L. Fisher
Mr. J. G. Frazer	Mr. T. Sturge-Moore
Mr. Rudyard Kipling	Mr. Walter Raleigh
Mr. Bernard Shaw	Mr. Theodore Watts Dunton
Mr. Stopford Brooke	
Mr. Andrew Lang	

A Literary Parallel

A correspondent who signed himself "J. G. J." recently wrote to the New York *Sun* calling attention to the fact that a one-act play, *The Vacuum,* followed closely the story of Balzac's *Grande Bretêche.* As the idea has been made the basis of at least six different tales, among them Poe's *Cask of Amontillado* and Conan Doyle's *The New Catacomb,* "J. G. J.'s" discovery is by no means impressive.

Why?

M. Emile Boutroux, of the Institute of France, is the present Hyde Lecturer at Harvard. He is a man in whom all of our great American universities are interested, and many persons have been asking why it is that his work has been confined exclusively to Harvard. This is the first time that a Hyde Lecturer has not visited other universities. M. Ferdinand Brunetière, who came here in 1897, established the precedent. He lectured at Princeton, Johns Hopkins, Yale, and gave a series of memorable talks at the Berkeley Lyceum in New York under the auspices of Columbia. His example was followed by René Doumic and others. In the present case it is said that at least two universities have written to M. Boutroux, inviting him to visit them. M. Boutroux is reported to have replied that much as he would like to do so, his coming to America was made under imposed conditions that did not permit him to accept the invitations. Therefore, many persons have been trying to conjecture what these conditions are, and why a long established rule is being broken.



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AS TO POETS

The Emperor Akbar, Lord of Ind, awoke
And, half in jest, to Rajah Birbal spoke:

"My poet-friend, in Bhoja Razu's days
The minstrel Kalidasa filled the air
With mighty harmonies;—but tell me, where
Is he that grandly sings thy monarch's praise?"

Then Birbal, wit and scholar, bowed his head
In playful reverence, while thus he said:

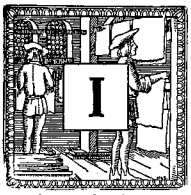
"Great Bhoja Razu proved a worthy king;
Rich gifts he gave to wise and witty men;
When kings like Bhoja Razu come again,
Like Kalidasa other bards shall sing."

Arthur Guiterman.

SOME REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

XII—Winston Churchill

I. His Methods



IF there is any one writer among the American Story Tellers of to-day who best illustrates the familiar paradox that genius is a capacity for taking infinite pains, that writer is Mr. Winston Churchill. That his novels are born of an inexhaustible patience, a dogged determination to be true to his own high exactions both in style and substance, is a self-evident fact. It is not necessary to know the prosaic details of his literary methods, or even to remember that he thinks three or four years is not too long a time to bestow upon a single volume. Such matters do not concern the critic, excepting in so far as they stand revealed by internal evidence—and in the case of Mr. Churchill they are woven into the very warp and woof of every page he writes. There is no escape from the pervading sense of careful documentation, plodding diligence, endless repolishing. It is impossible to read a single chapter without being aware that its production involved a labour not unlike the slow process of chipping away fragment by fragment, grain by grain, the enveloping marble from the emerging statue—and no small share of that labour is expended in covering its own traces. The net result is that, from *Richard Carvel* to *A Modern Chronicle*, these novels present themselves to the public with an air of solid dignity and conscious worth that involuntarily calls to mind the portly, middle-aged prosperous gentleman in immaculate frock coat, who typifies the so-called Pillar of the Church.

In other words, the sum and substance of all adverse criticism upon Mr. Winston Churchill's books may be reduced to this—there is in them all, yet fortunately in

Preceding papers in this series have dealt with Richard Harding Davis, Mary E. Wilkins, F. Marion Crawford, Owen Wister, Booth Tarkington, Margaret Deland, Ellen Glasgow, Robert Herrick, Gertrude Atherton, Robert W. Chambers and O. Henry.

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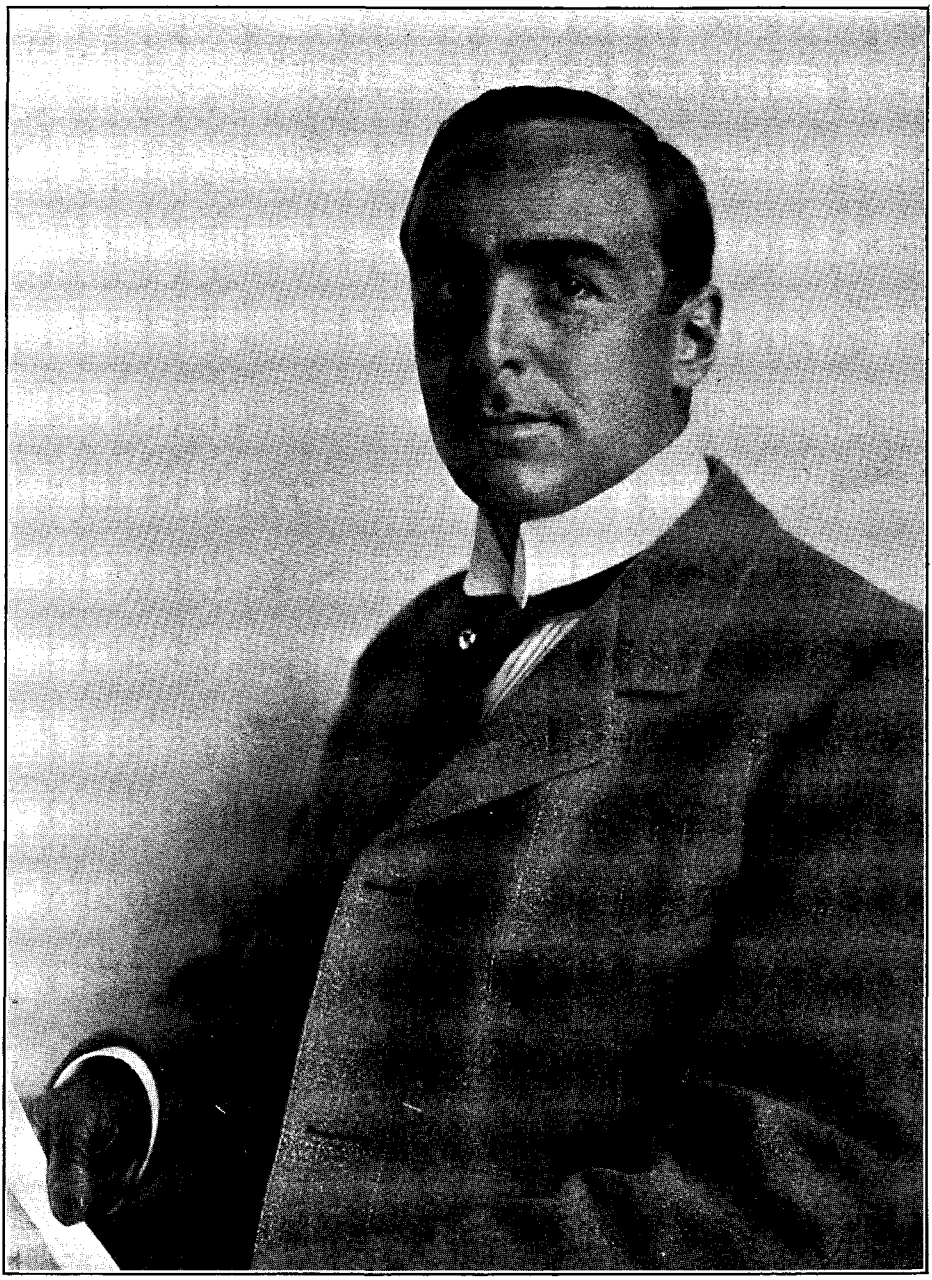
ever-diminishing ratio, a streak of literary pharisaism, a certain air of seeming to thank God openly that they are not like other books. Let other books, if they choose, be frivolous or melodramatic, or ultra-modern according to any one of the fifty various and transitory schools of fiction that spring up and pass like mushrooms. Mr. Churchill's books desire no kinship with such as these. They aspire to be Literature, spelled with a capital L; they are carefully fashioned upon the great Mid-Victorian models; one almost questions whether the author did not de-



WINSTON CHURCHILL

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liberately draw his dividing line at Thackeray and refuse to regard any subsequent developments of technique in fiction as deserving of notice.

The consequence is that in his method of construction, Mr. Churchill has retained the chief faults of his early models as well as the qualities that he has sought to emulate. The conception of a well-knit plot without irrelevant characters and episodes and with the interest strongly focussed upon some one main issue is distinctly modern. So also is the instinct which tells an author at what point in the infinite sequence of human events his special series of episodes logically begins and at what point it ends. The naïve assumption of the earlier novelists that a story begins with the birth of a particular man or woman has long since become an exploded fallacy. The writers of to-day recognise that in its broadest sense the life story of any human being has already begun unnumbered generations before his birth, and that its end is not within the powers of human foresight to predict; while, in a narrower sense, the history of a human life cannot in itself constitute a story-structure, but is at best the raw material for several stories. Now, when an author chooses to follow the old-fashioned method of introducing his characters practically in their cradles and following their subsequent development step by step, and year by year, well into the prime of life, it is too much to ask of him that he shall give us a well-constructed plot. In fact, the form itself warns us that he is attempting nothing more complex than a family chronicle and, therefore, necessarily of a loose and rambling nature. As a matter of fact, Mr. Churchill's plots are not his strong point. As we shall see in taking up the separate volumes, they give the impression of wandering aimlessly along the highways and byways of life, most of the time with no clear structural reason for turning to the right rather than the left, no preconceived goal toward which the various tangled threads of the story are converging.

Now, there is no intention of conveying the idea that Mr. Churchill is unaware of what he is doing. On the contrary, nothing is clearer than the fact that he knows perfectly well the sort of plot-structure that he is using, and could have used quite a different kind had he so chosen. His method is the time-honoured method of Fielding and of Thackeray and to some extent, of Dickens. Like Thackeray, also, he chooses to think of himself as Master of the Show and to keep us reminded that it is he who pulls the wires that make the puppets dance. He even interrupts himself occasionally to regret, between parentheses, that the space limit of his book will not let him tell us more about some particular character whom he has just introduced, but assures us that we shall meet that character again in a later volume. Mr.

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S HOME AT CORNISH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

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Churchill likes to do this sort of thing; and the mere fact that the whole tendency of fiction to-day is toward the objective method and away from the old-fashioned, confidential relation between author and public obviously does not concern him in the least. After all, it is a sufficiently harmless mannerism, but none the less as out of date as powdered wigs and knee breeches.

The practice of chronicling the childhood of hero or heroine calls for rather more specific notice. There is, of course, only one ground on which it may be defended—just as there is only one ground on which to defend the analogous practice of narrating the family history of the hero's ancestors for several generations back. If we grant that human character is the result of heredity modified by environment, then, of course, a knowledge of a man's ancestry explains his inherited traits and a knowledge of his early surroundings shows how those traits have become modified. But now and then we find a man or woman in whom heredity has had a free hand and environment has accomplished little or nothing. We realise that it would have made small practical difference in which hemisphere they had been reared or what manner of guardians and teachers they had had. The strong, primitive impulse and passions of their race, whether for good or bad, are no more to be curbed or changed by food or climate or higher mathematics than the colour of their hair and eyes. When dealing with such strongly defined characters, it is simply a waste of time to picture minutely the influences to which their childhood was subjected. Mr. Churchill's heroes and heroines belong with hardly an exception to this dominant, self-sufficient class. Even as small children, they have a precocious self-assurance; they foreshadow, with surprising accuracy, the men and women they are destined to become. It is true that Mr. Churchill's portraiture of childhood is extremely well done; he allows himself in these portions to fall into a lighter vein, he comes nearer than anywhere else to genuine humour. Nevertheless, the impression he leaves, in one and all of his books, is that his characters have become what they are not because of environment, but in defiance of it—and for that reason the introductory chapters of each book are structurally superfluous.

The foregoing remarks, however, apply only so long as we are considering Mr. Churchill's books as studies of human character. But it must be remembered that a second and, in his eyes, an equally important function of his books is to picture the life of a period, the net results of national or social development. There can be no question that he has succeeded admirably in handling big backgrounds: few American novelists have achieved as he has that sense of wide spaces of earth and sky, the weariness of dragging miles, the monotony of passing years, the motley movements of humanity in the mass, the whole fundamental trick of making us feel the relative value of our own modest holdings, our individual interests, our brief hour, as contrasted with mankind and with eternity. It makes small difference whether he is describing a drunken broil in a Colonial tavern, an Indian massacre in Kentucky or a political riot in a New England State Legislature—in either case his trick of characterisation is as graphic and almost as indefatigable as that of the camera lens. You see face after face, figure behind figure, each drawn with fewer and swifter strokes as they become more blurred by distance, yet every one individualised and recognisable. And back of these, beyond the range of sight, you still feel the presence of a crowd, shoulder jostling shoulder, tongue answering tongue, full of the rough virility of conflict.

Taken as a whole, with the exception of his earliest and latest, *The Celebrity* and *A Modern Chronicle*, Mr. Churchill's books may not unjustly be defined as comprehensive panoramas of American history, each standing as a vivid summing up of some national or local crisis. Regarding the literal accuracy of historical novels in general and of Mr. Churchill's in particular, those critics may quibble to whom the letter seems more essential than the spirit. One cannot escape the conviction that the author of *Richard Carvel* errs too far on the side of accuracy—that if his facts were questioned, he would be painfully prompt in producing original documents. Indeed, there

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are episodes in *Richard Carvel,* and in *The Crisis* and *The Crossing* as well, that narrowly escape the weariness of the historical monograph, and make one wish that the author had burned his library and relied upon the sheer force of his imagination. *Les Trois Mousquetaires* had a scant allowance of historical accuracy, but it had what was far more essential—a generous supply of real flesh and blood.

And yet, any fair estimate of Mr. Churchill must necessarily recognise that his favourite formula narrowly misses that of the so-called epic novel. He uses, as we have already seen, a double theme: first, the big, basic idea underlying some national or ethical crisis; and secondly, a specific human story, standing out vividly in the central focus with the larger, wider theme serving as background. Where his stories fail to achieve the epic magnitude is in lacking that essential symbolic relationship between the greater and the lesser theme. His central figures find their lives moulded and modified, as all lives must be, by the conditions and the events of their own epoch—but they are scarcely symbolic of that epoch; they do not leave the impression that they are the mouthpiece of their country and generation. Thus, Richard Carvel was, at best, an example of the Colonial aristocracy, but he was not in character or career such an embodiment of it that the term, a "Richard Carvel," would have any real significance. David Ritchie, in *The Crossing,* is part and parcel of that movement which began the great western migration that was destined to stop only at the Pacific; but there is nothing in his life which in any way symbolises a great awakening. He is of his time and generation because he has to be, rather than because he would not have had it otherwise if he could.

It has seemed worth while briefly to point out in a general way the extent to which Mr. Churchill parts company with the modern trend of technique in fiction. To note these differences is by no means equivalent to passing censure upon them. By a stricter system of construction, a sterner elimination of non-essentials, it is quite possible that Mr. Churchill's novels would have lost as much as they would have gained. They would at least have lost one element which every reader of them must feel to a marked degree: namely, that sense of the unexpected and inexplicable; that infinitude of daily happenings, of accidents and coincidences, the meaning of which in the ultimate pattern of life must always baffle us.

II. His Novels

Aside from a short, satiric play, *The Title Mart,* Mr. Churchill's published works now include seven volumes. Of these, the earliest in point of actual composition was *Richard Carvel,* although its publication was anticipated by some months by *The Celebrity,* a clever farce of the Mistaken Identity type, which served its purpose as a sort of comic poster to attract public attention to his more ambitious work. Of the remaining six that have since come, at almost uniform intervals, from his pen, the earlier three, *Richard Carvel, The Crisis,* and *The Crossing,* are historical novels in the accepted sense. *Coniston* and *Mr. Crewe's Career,* while presumably resting on an equally solid foundation of local history, fall into the class of the American political novel, with its unsavoury accessories of bribery, lobbying and bossism—the type familiarly exemplified in Paul Leicester Ford's *The Honourable Peter Stirling* and Brand Whitlock's *The 13th District.* The last of the six, *A Modern Chronicle,* is a new departure for Mr. Churchill, being an ambitious study of American marriage and divorce and belonging, in theme, if not in magnitude, on the shelf with Professor Robert Herrick's much-discussed *Together.*

The statement was made earlier in this article that plot construction was Mr. Churchill's principal weakness; and the justness of this criticism may easily be seen by a brief examination of the separate stories. To begin with, *Richard Carvel* concerns itself with the life history of an orphan boy in the province of Maryland, reared by his stern old grandfather in strict Tory principles, but little by little imbibing revolutionary doctrines from associates of his own generation. An unscrupulous uncle scheming for the family inheritance has young Carvel waylaid, kidnapped and flung aboard a pirate craft to be later dropped over the rail at

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a convenient time. The pirate boat, however, is scuttled by the famous naval hero, John Paul Jones, and Carvel is the sole survivor. Subsequently, fate lands him in London, penniless and without friends, where he spends some weary months in the debtors' prison, knowing all the while that the girl whom he loved back in America is also in London, courted by dukes and earls, and that his present predicament is known quite well to the girl's father, who is only too glad to have a persistent suitor out of harm's way. The rest of the story consists of some swift changes of fortune, some well-drawn pictures of fashionable English life in which Horace Walpole, Charles James Fox and other historic personages take part; a few stirring naval battles and finally peace between the two countries and Carvel happily married and settled on his ancestral acres. It is to be noticed that this plot is merely a string of episodes, governed for the most part by the intervention of chance. It is little more than a highly developed *picaresco* type with rather less cohesion than the average Dumas romance. Whatever literary quality it possesses is due not to plot but to individual portraiture and a pervading sense of atmosphere.

The specific story of David Ritchie in *The Crossing* has even less cohesion than *Richard Carvel*. Throughout the greater part of it, Ritchie is a mere lad and as drummer boy accompanies the expedition led by George Rogers Clark, from Kentucky northward, to the Wabash River and Vincennes. It is a chronicle of border warfare, of Indian treachery and ghastly massacres. It is scarcely fiction at all in the strict sense of the term, but rather a sort of pictorial history of the Clarke expedition, painted in vivid words. In the second half, the plot has more cohesion. Ritchie, like Carvel, is an orphan with a worthless uncle who instead of befriending him, flees to England at the outbreak of the war. The uncle's wife takes advantage of her husband's desertion to elope with her lover, leaving a small son to shift for himself. This son, Ritchie's cousin, later makes it his chief object in life to hunt down his mother and her companion and inflict vengeance upon them; but it is long years before he finally, through Ritchie's intervention, finds her in New Orleans, dying of yellow fever and is reconciled with her before her death. This and the additional fact that Ritchie has found in New Orleans the young woman whom he is destined to marry constitute all that is worth epitomising in the way of a central plot. Now, it is the lot of a good many human beings, both in childhood and in later years, to drift along the stream of life, not shaping their own destinies, but allying them with the destinies of others; and it often happens that somewhere or other, in the course of such drifting, they meet a woman whom they wish to marry. It does not, however, usually occur to a novelist that this is the stuff that books are made of. Mr. Churchill's own explanation of *The Crossing* is that it expresses "the first instinctive reaching out of an infant nation which was one day to become a giant;" in his opinion, "No annals in the world's history are more wonderful than the story of the conquest of Kentucky and Tennessee by the pioneers;" he confesses that it was a difficult task to gather together in a novel the elements necessary to picture this movement; that the autobiography of David Ritchie is as near as he can get to its solution, and that he has "a great sense of its incompleteness." There is but one flaw in his self-criticism; the trouble with *The Crossing* is not that it lacks completeness, but that it fails to be a novel.

Passing over *The Crisis*, that story of the Civil War which is at best a less vigorous repetition of the qualities and the shortcomings of *Richard Carvel*, we come to *Coniston*. This is a book which deserves rather careful consideration, not merely because it shows us people no longer through the veil of romantic glamour, but face to face; but more especially because it is the one book he has yet written the plot of which will bear careful dissection. *Coniston* may not unfairly be called a prose epic of political corruption as it existed in New England a generation or more ago. It is quite unimportant from the critic's standpoint whether the particular State that the author had in mind happened to be Vermont or Connecticut or Rhode Island. What

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is important is that we get a sense of life and of conflict; of impulses to do right clashing with the instincts of self-protection; of a grim political battle for the political survival of the fittest, and the entire State, its banks, its franchises, its governor, its legislature, all reposing in the pocket of one man, the undisputed party boss. This man, Jethro Bass, simple farmer by origin, taciturn, inscrutable, with his streak of sardonic humour, and his slight, unforgettable stammer, is easily the most important single figure that Mr. Churchill has drawn—one might venture to predict the most important figure that he ever will have drawn. Jethro Bass is not merely an individual, he is the concrete presentment of a type which, though well-nigh passed away, is destined to be remembered. It is not too much praise to say that in the annals of fiction a Jethro Bass deserves to stand for as definite a figure as a Pecksniff, a Micawber, or a Becky Sharp. A big, vital, political issue for a background, a unique and dominant figure for the central interest, are already two prime factors of an important novel. What binds the whole together and makes this particular volume in contrast to all his others a piece of good construction is that the individual tragedy of the story grows out of the selfsame source as the bigger issue; namely, Jethro Bass's utter unscrupulousness. Like Mr. Churchill's other books, *Coniston* gives us the entire childhood of its heroine; in fact, it goes further than that and shows us the youth, the marriage and death of the heroine's mother. But for the first time this method is structurally justifiable. The childhood of Cynthia Wetherell, under the guardianship of Jethro, is to be sure no more a study of character moulded by environment than was the childhood of David Ritchie in *The Crossing* or, as we shall presently see, the childhood of Honora Leffingwell in *A Modern Chronicle*. But it happens that in *Coniston* the focus of interest is not Cynthia Wetherell, but Jethro Bass; and her childhood is, in quite a masterful manner, a study of a man's slow transformation under the influence of affection and trust. Jethro Bass once hoped to marry Cynthia Wetherell's mother. At that time, he too was young, with a choice of ways before him. He chose, then and there, to take the first step toward the political conquest of his town, the first step toward the bossism of the whole State; and the girl's clear, fearless eyes looking into his own read him aright and knew there could be no happiness for her where there could not also be honour. Afterwards, when Jethro befriends the dead woman's orphan daughter, and sees in her those same clear, fearless eyes, his one great wish is that she may always be spared the knowledge of his knavery, the source of his wealth, the secret of his power. To the reader, all the undercurrents of dishonest politics are exposed, naked and unashamed. Mr. Churchill has nowhere else approached in sheer narrative power the graphic vigour of the best scenes in this book; that, for instance, of the wonderful "Woodchuck Session" in which the Truro Franchise is jammed through the legislature by a bit of unparalleled trickery; and the equally remarkable interview with President Grant, in which Jethro saves the power almost wrested from him by forcing the appointment of his candidate for a second-class post-office. Scenes like these are enough on which to build a reputation. They belong to the memorable situations in the annals of fiction. And the climax to which the story inevitably works up is a fitting conclusion to an exceptionally good piece of constructive craftsmanship. It happens that the life happiness of Cynthia can be purchased by Jethro only at the price of his own political downfall; and this sacrifice he makes freely, gladly, secretly. To the world at large he is defeated and dethroned, a man who has outlived his usefulness; to Cynthia, he is not merely the source of happiness, but a man in whom her affection has worked a great and wonderful reformation. The climax of the book triumphantly achieves the double purpose of affecting a crisis equally momentous to the individuals of the central group and to the world at large that forms the story's background.

It would be an anticlimax after *Coniston* to examine in detail *Mr. Crewe's Career*, which treats of the same order of corruption in State politics, but deals with a later generation and in a spirit of

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lighter comedy. Accordingly, there remains only Mr. Churchill's new volume, *A Modern Chronicle*. Here for the first time the author ventures to make woman, the American woman of to-day, his central point of interest. It is rather remarkable that no one has taken the trouble to point out that in all his earlier books the portrayal of women was one of Mr. Churchill's serious deficiencies. Even in his period of romanticism, his men stood out strongly like living portraits; but his women have for the most part been mere conventional sketches, either quite colourless like Dorothy Manners in *Richard Carvel* or impossible symbols of all the virtues at once like Cynthia Wetherell in *Coniston*. That is why it is such a surprising thing to find him giving us in Honora Leffingwell a woman who is really alive, a woman full of illogical moods and caprices, a woman who, take her from start to finish, is very nearly, although not quite, a consistent piece of characterisation. It is rather exasperating to see by how narrow a margin Mr. Churchill missed doing a big piece of work in *A Modern Chronicle*. That he did miss so doing is due mainly to that inherent fault of his, the unwillingness or inability to construct carefully. Honora Leffingwell's story seems too largely a matter of the whims of chance to be of great significance to the world at large. Her childhood and youth are sketched at rather tedious length with the net result that we know she almost, but not quite, made up her mind to marry Peter Erwin, the close companion of these early years. Subsequently, after a week's acquaintance, she consents to marry Howard Spence, portly, prosperous, not too young, typical modern business man, whose soul is in the money market and who, after marriage, does not realise that a wife needs an occasional word of appreciation. Honora naturally seeks attention elsewhere, and finds it in Trixton Brent, who is an adept at making love to other men's wives. What saves her from Trixton Brent she never knows. His failure is not his fault; it is simply a matter of temperament. But when she meets Hugh Chiltern, with his personal charm and his unspeakable reputation, she ceases to have a will of her own. Being for the first time in his life seriously in love, he easily persuades her to break with her husband, go west into the exile of a divorce colony and after the needful delay marry him. But her second marriage for love proves as big a failure as her first marriage for ambition; and when Chiltern rides a horse that breaks his neck the reader gives a sigh of relief. Then Peter Erwin, her childhood friend, drifts into view again, and we leave her on the brink of a third matrimonial experiment. Just a succession of episodes, you see; the story of a woman who does not know her own mind. The disillusion and unrest of the first marriage is good workmanship; so also is the dragging weariness and the heartache of that year in the divorce colony. But the book lacks finality. There is no good reason for supposing that the third marriage, the marriage of sympathy and pity, will turn out one whit better than the other two.

III. His Future

Regarding Mr. Churchill's place in American fiction, it is possible to speak with more confidence than in the case of most of his contemporaries. That he has a widespread popularity is a fact that cannot be disregarded, and this popularity instead of waning has remained a constant quantity. He builds his books solidly, as one builds a house upon the rock with the intention that it shall not soon be torn down. He has, moreover, the advantage of a careful style and a scrupulous regard for truth. There are some of us who are inclined to feel that he has been taken rather too seriously by the present generation, in much the same way that Mrs. Humphry Ward has been overrated by her contemporaries. Of the two writers, it seems a fairly safe prediction that Mr. Churchill has a rather better chance of maintaining his present level in the years to come. He is still young and his later work shows a real gain in the knowledge of what fiction as a serious literary form should mean. There is every reason to believe that his best and biggest work is yet to come.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

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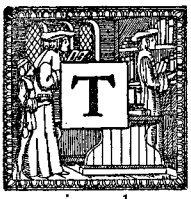
THE STORY OF ART IN AMERICA

By ARTHUR HOEBER

Part IV—The Beginnings of Modern Tendencies



HE times were to change for American art. As the country was opening up and communication with Europe becoming easier, as men, relieved in a measure from the more pressing demands incident to the early development of a new land, began to have leisure to travel and look about, there came, perhaps, a keener sense of appreciation of art in its best manifestations. The newer generation of painters developed higher ambitions. The old order was passing. Even Durand felt the spell. It is related that, in his declining years, after he was too old to practise his art, he sat one day in the studio of a younger painter and talked of the congenial surroundings this man was enjoying, comparing them to those of his own day, regretting he could not have done other and better work.

So there came upon the scene three landscape men to follow Durand, a trio who added to the glory of American art, for they were splendid men, original in their methods, of sterling strength and genuine poetic feeling, who were to revolutionise the art of their own country, for they broke away from the tightness of the old Hudson River school and, in the place of painful details, they were to give big generalities, to see nature in its larger aspect and to render their themes with breadth and better colour than had hitherto been known among their confrères. They were George Inness, who was born in 1824; [illegible]mer D. Martin, eleven years his junior, and Alexander H. Wyant, born still later, in 1839. Though born in Newburgh, New York, George Inness passed his youth in Newark, New Jersey. Save for a few lessons from Regis Gignoux, he was self-taught. Gignoux was a Frenchman who settled in America and became a member of the National Academy of Design in 1851. Inness was of frail physique, but a glutton for work. He rebelled against the sort of painting that was being turned out by the men about him and, though he did not lack for patronage, some friends sent him to Europe in 1847, where he spent fifteen months in Rome. A sincere student always, studying nature conscientiously, drawing tree forms and rocks most minutely, in Italy he investigated the canvases of the old masters, afterward spending a year in Paris, so that on his return he developed a manner of his own which improved steadily with the years.

It is probable that George Inness would have been almost equally successful in any other profession, for he possessed not only a wonderful mind, but marvellous powers of concentration and application. Once intensely interested, he took no thought of time or surroundings and, working at some problem in his studio, the light failing, he would light the lamps or the gas, continuing on till all times of the night, pausing only when fatigue drove him to his bedchamber, meals, engagements, everything being quite ignored. A delightful talker, he was at home in many directions, discoursing equally well on literature, politics, science, religion and art. Invariably he had excellent reasons for all he did in a picture way and he imbibed the best from his European experiences, though he remained to the end thoroughly himself, accepting the methods of no men. Utterly indifferent to financial gains, it was by no means unusual with him, even after a patron had purchased a canvas, when the fit seized him to make radical changes to the end that the picture was entirely altered and the client would repudiate the bargain. Not infrequently his experiments would set him in a new channel of thought and, forgetting himself in his enthusiasm, he would use the canvas for a new composition, though the studio generally was full of canvases ready for just such sketches. Toward the end, when he had gathered about him a devoted clientèle, among them the distinguished col-

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lectors Thomas B. Clarke and Richard Halstead, these gentlemen would take away their purchases in a cab while the paint was still wet on the canvas.

Toward the end of his career he lived in a studio building in West Fifty-fifth Street, "The Holbein," and his painter neighbours would gather in his workshop as the light failed and listen to his inspiring talks on art, as well as on other subjects. He claimed that the purpose of the painter is simply to reproduce in other minds the impression the scene has made on him; not to instruct, to edify, to appeal to the moral sense, but to awaken an emotion, and a single emotion. Detail there should be only enough to reproduce the impression, for when more than this there is only an array of external things, maybe cleverly simulated and looking real, but not making an artistic painting. With all manner of artistic "humbugry" he was absolutely impatient, and he never failed to express himself in terse, unqualified terms, not unaccompanied by profanity. Yet somehow, his profanity never seemed vulgar or shocking, being merely used to give a trifle more intensity to his expression. To the patronising would-be client, who intruded his advice and views unasked, he would uncork the vials of his wrath and frequently drive him out of his studio. He was a great metaphysician too, and one thought leading to another, he would not infrequently wander entirely away from the subject of his talk. Once this happened while he was giving an address on art to a Brooklyn club composed largely of business men whose desire for art information was, to say the least, superficial. Those of the artists present were enchanted with the discourse, though he wandered afield with his side issues. Presently he came to himself and, seeing his audience looked bored, he deliberately picked up his notes and abruptly left the desk with never an explanation. "A lot of d——d counter-jumpers," he murmured to a fellow-painter who joined him. "It's pearls before swine." Painting with enormous enthusiasm and great rapidity, his pictures grew under his marvellous brush like mushrooms—up to a certain point—and then came the slow stage when he began his experimentings, as likely as not scraping out all he had done; or, when a new thought filtered through his mind, starting on a new tack and entirely losing interest in all that had preceded. Always he had dozens of canvases in various stages of completion lying about his studio.

Inness came to my studio one afternoon in the late eighties. I, too, was in the Holbein building, just across the street from him. I was at work on a landscape and I laid down my palette on his approach and asked him to give me a criticism. He talked as one inspired, pointing out my many weaknesses in a kindly way and finally, to emphasise his remarks, he picked up the palette and dashed in some colour. I sat fascinated watching him, and, profoundly interested as he always was when he took up a brush, he painted on regardless of my work, though to my great delight, for I saw in my mind's eye a beautiful Inness that, of course, I should leave exactly as he had finished it. But the course of his thoughts brought him to some other point at issue and he changed the entire scheme of his first painting as well as my own picture and went at something else which did not go at all, so he ended by scrubbing his brush over the entire canvas, leaving nothing of his own and quite defacing all I had previously accomplished! Yet it was a practical lesson I never forgot and a revelation to see his mode of attacking a canvas. I recall he spoke violently of the Frenchman Cazin, who was then beginning to attract the attention of the collector in New York. "Pretty," he said, "and sweet; too d——d saccharine entirely; one feels that Cazin's work has no entrails to it; it couldn't get up and fight anything." On another occasion, I had dropped in on him at the close of day. He had the gas on and was painting away as if it were sunlight. "Tell me," he asked, "where is that thing wrong, for I feel that I haven't got it." I felt such a hesitancy that I was quite unequal to his demand; it seemed impious for me to say anything and, to tell the truth, I didn't see where he could improve the work. Suddenly he grabbed his palette and dashed madly at the canvas. I might have been miles away for all his thought of my

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presence. Everything was forgotten in the excitement of the moment. Completely changing the general scheme of the composition in a little while he had improved the canvas in a marvellous manner, and satisfied with the result, he flung down his brushes on a table and sank in his chair exhausted. He said nothing, seemed quite oblivious of me and I went quietly out of the room.

A thin, spare man of middle height, he wore the sparse beard, that of one whose face has never known a razor, and his hair was long and disorderly. Full of nervous energy, his talk was eloquent and illuminating, for the man probably never said a stupid or thoughtless thing in all his life. He took little part in the official doings of his fellow-artists. Medals, honours, financial success meant absolutely nothing to him. He was a painter by the grace of God and he worked for the sheer love of his trade. "The verdict of the world," he used to say, "will be passed on in due time and it will be a just one, even if it does not sustain the juries of award." His range was wide and he painted many things in many parts of the world, his choice of theme depending largely on impulse. Dramatic or lyric, the subject always found adequate treatment under his brush, though he was stronger in the former vein. It was an inspiration to be near him; a revelation to see him at work. One unconsciously partook of his contagious enthusiasm, and when the student left him he felt that anything was possible. With it all he had a splendid dignity and a simplicity that proclaimed him immediately the great man. The last years of his life he spent in a handsome old mansion and studio at Montclair, New Jersey. There he found delightful material which he invested with rare beauty and poetry, with beautiful colour and sentiment.

Essentially a poet and dreamer, Homer D. Martin, by temperament and charming simplicity of character, was never fitted for a moment to further in any commercial way his own interests, with the result that, save at the end of his life, he was oppressed by lack of means and the weariness of financial problems. A genuine artist, he realised that he had certain technical limitations, but he never for a moment had any doubts of his ultimate place in art. Irregular in his life as in his work, though he was not a dissipated man, even he did not possess his genius, he was possessed *by* it. Convivial, a man's man, he was intensely loved and admired by the intellectual group of Bohemians with whom he consorted, his *mots* being quoted by many. Self-taught and a most uneven craftsman, Bohemian as I have said, he took no heed of the morrow. If to the jug of wine and the loaf of bread he could add a pipe of "baccy" with a crony beside him in the wilderness of some chop house, that apparently were paradise enough for him. Nor did the externals matter in the least to him. He gave little heed to dress or fashion, being more concerned with his kind and his paint. They tell a story of his visiting Whistler once in London. When the dandy James called up to him the next morning for breakfast, Martin leaned over the stair rail and asked, "Say, Jimmy, where do you keep the scissors you trim your cuffs with?" Though this is probably apocryphal, it is characteristic of the man to a degree. His wife, in her charming memoir of her husband, writes of their being in France and so short of money that, when they came to pay their bill—they had been living most economically—it amounted to the considerable sum of two thousand francs! The landlady, however, was most accommodating and told Mrs. Martin she could pay "When Madame pleases," adding, "we are neither of us robbers."

His pictures lingered on his hands, customers being few and he painted slowly. It not infrequently happened that at the annual sale of the Artist's Fund Society, when each painter contributed a canvas to cover his annual payment of one hundred dollars—the excess of this amount going to the contributor—his friends would make up that sum so that Martin should not be subjected to the ignominy of seeing his work sold for less than the one hundred dollars, since canvases of the rest of his associates invariably brought considerably more than that. Toward the end, however, things went better. Two years after his death a dealer with difficulty managed to interest a

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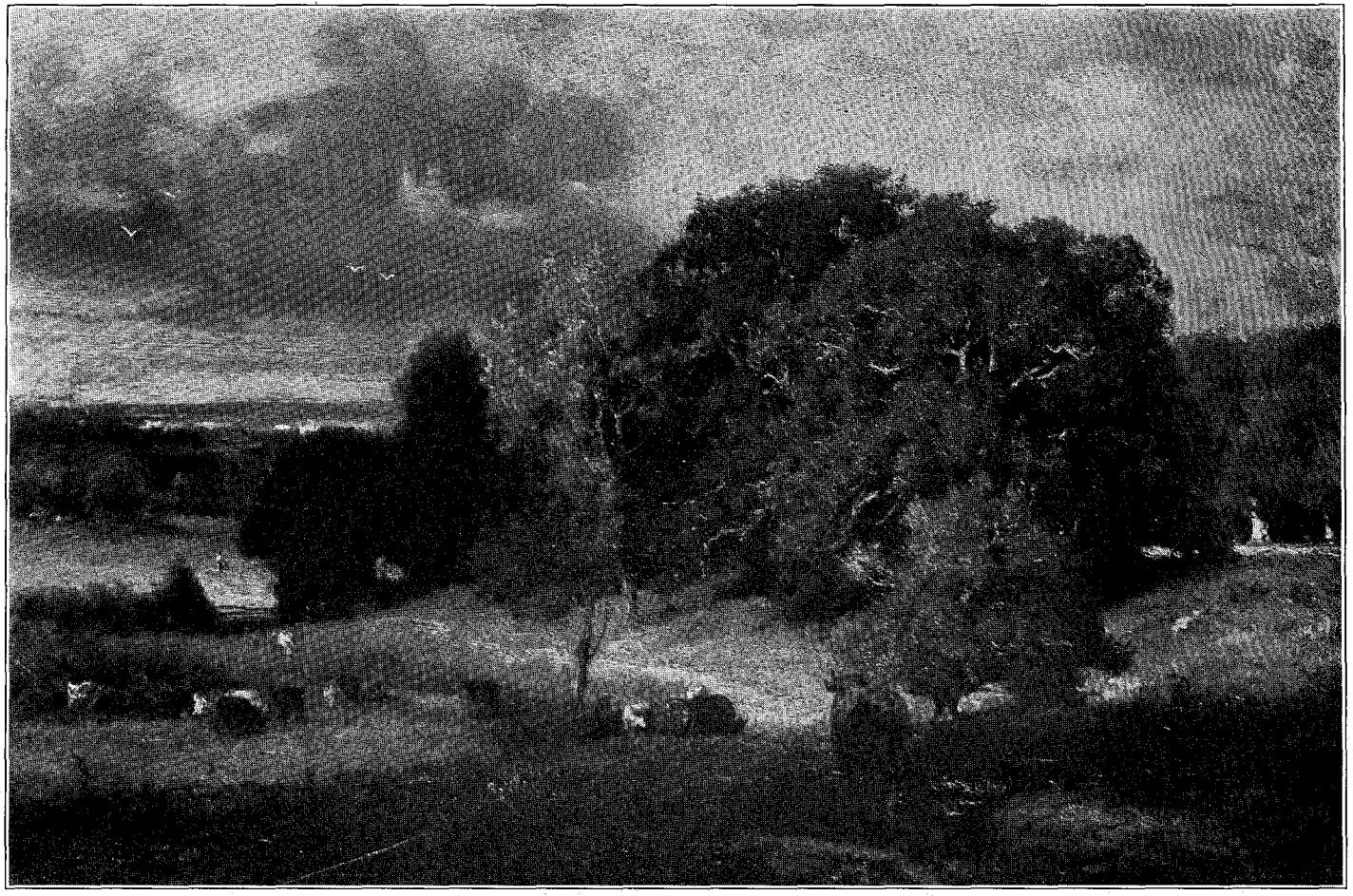

AUTUMN OAKS. BY GEORGE INNESS

Metropolitan Museum of Art

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VIEW ON THE SEINE. BY HOMER D. MARTIN

Metropolitan Museum of Art

prominent collector in his "Westchester Hills," selling him that canvas for $1000. A few months later at auction, in the Evans sale, it brought $4750, while subsequently a buyer gave $5300 for it! Martin painted with great deliberation, in a halting, uncertain manner, being far from dexterous, but this apparent weakness really became an element of strength, since he was obliged to seek most seriously for all he secured. Despite the ever pressing need for money, there were periods when nothing could drive him to his easel. "I do not know where the impulse comes from, nor why it stays away," he once said to his wife. "All I do know is that when it goes I can do nothing but dawdle, and when it is present I can do nothing but paint." Mrs. Martin admitted that this was all very true and also—inconvenient. His early manner was based largely on that of the old Hudson River school, but with the arrival of the pictures by the Barbizon men, he began to change his style, and though he was in no sense an imitator, these works of the Frenchmen came as an inspiration to him. Thereafter he was more generous in his use of pigment, saw his nature with greater breadth, and generally developed along healthy, artistic lines.

Wyant made a worthy third in this distinguished group and was the lyric poet of the trio. It has been said of him that he played on a single note, yet it was a note of ineffable sweetness and purity. The elements that made up his picture compositions were simple, almost naïve, and he was a lover of Nature in her most refined and delicate moods. He who was the most gentle of men, sought and found the gentle side of the world out-of-doors. A few trees, some distance, a bit of quiet foreground, and from these he evolved an idyllic picture most appealing. Born in the little Ohio town of Port Washington, his early art desires got him no farther than the painting of signs, which he did till he was twenty, when he moved to Cincinnati. There for the first time he saw some meritorious paintings and he was

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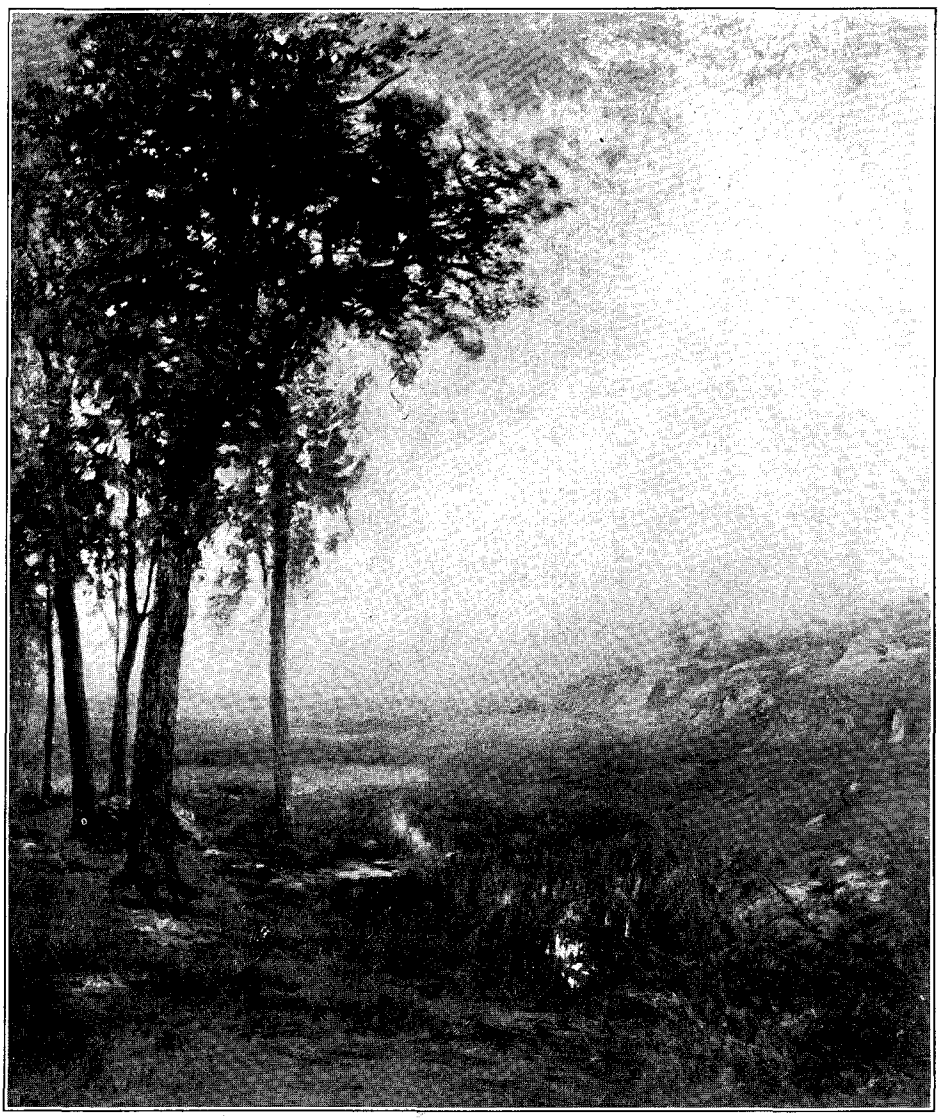

BROAD, SILENT VALLEY. BY A. H. WYANT

Metropolitan Museum of Art

filled with the desire to make pictures. He even came East to consult with George Inness. He was always delicate in health, and as a means of improving his physical condition he joined a government exploring expedition to Arizona and New Mexico. Unfortunately, there were unusual hardships, with the added trial of the party being under the command of a brutal man and, instead of a change for the better, he received a stroke of paralysis, whereby he forever lost the use of his right hand. Undaunted, however, he immediately set about learning to use his left, and happily his work suffered in no wise. While during his life his work brought only modest prices, he was never lacking patrons, and he did not know the grind of poverty combined with a lack of appreciation. Yet it was not really until after his death that the public generally awoke to a realisation of his greatness. Now the merest scraps of his painting bring large sums, while when an impor-

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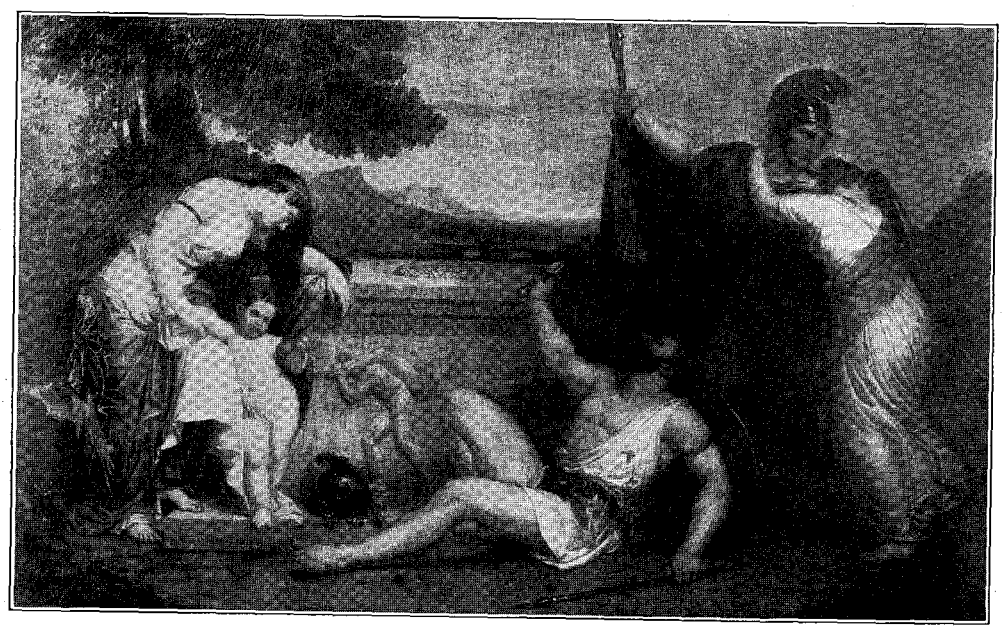
tant picture turns up in the auction rooms, collectors fight over it. Moreover, he is paid the doubtful compliment of imitation, many forgeries being offered by the unscrupulous dealers to unsuspecting patrons.

We may retrace our steps backward to some of the earlier figure men who were in the newer movement to a more or less degree. George A. P. Healey was born in Boston in 1808, went to Europe in 1836 and practically spent his entire life abroad, though he came back at intervals to execute commissions. They gave him a third class medal in Paris in 1840, and he lived to be eighty-seven years of age. In his time he painted portraits of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Seward, Washburne, Grant, Lord Lyons, Thiers, and a host of prominent people. On the advice of the painter Thomas Sully he had taken a studio, and at nineteen announced himself as a portrait painter, by which it will be seen that, like so many of these early men, he was practically self-taught. But he waited in vain for customers, and when quarter day arrived he calmly expected his landlord to throw him literally into the streets. His charm of manner—and he had it to a great degree, for the present writer knew him personally and can speak authoritatively—captivated the landlord, who instead gave him a couple of commissions, which he did so satisfactorily that he secured more orders. He painted men entirely for a while and then managed to secure as his first woman sitter a lady of social distinction and great beauty, Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis. His successful portrait of her and her interest in his career brought him further commissions and his vogue was established. Prudent with his money, he soon managed to save enough to take him to Europe, for he desired to perfect himself in the schools there. Healey had a quick tongue and a ready wit, and though he had been born in this country, he always affected an Irish brogue, perhaps out of compliment to his father, a Celt, but whatever the reason, it was just enough to be most effective. On his departure for Europe, Healey met Morse, the artist, who, with pessimistic tactlessness, endeavoured to dampen his enthusiasm, informing him that as an artist he wouldn't make his salt. "Then, sir," said the young man, "I'll eat me food without salt." But he didn't have to, for he was successful from the very start. In Paris he was a



THE WAGES OF WAR. BY HENRY PETERS GRAY

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pupil of Baron Gros and an intimate of Couture. His fecundity was staggering, and besides his endless portraits, some of them of great excellence, he did a number of large figure compositions, notably "Franklin urging the claims of the American Colonies before Louis XVI," and "Webster replying to Hayne," the last bringing him a gold medal at the Exposition in Paris in 1855. The work now hangs in Faneuil Hall, in Boston. He had much strength to his portraits, though in the mass of his commissions he was occasionally insipid and heavy, and his methods were purely those of the then existing French schools. Though he returned to his own land occasionally, as we have said, he was a prominent character in the American colony in Paris, having a fund of small talk, an inexhaustible stock of anecdotes of the distinguished people he had met and painted,

PORTRAIT OF MRS. R. M. HUNT AND SON. BY WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT

Courtesy Richard H. Hunt, Esq.

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and he was possessed of no end of good humour and personal charm.

William Page, born in 1811, and Henry Peters Gray, his junior by eight years, were two notable figures in American art. Page was perhaps more interesting personally. At sixteen he was a prize winner in the Academy schools under Morse; then he had two years in a theological seminary at Amherst, after which he returned to portrait painting, and in 1849 he went to Italy, where in Rome he was a member of the art and literary colony, a charming circle then containing many distinguished men and women, and there he enjoyed an intimacy among others with the Brownings. He remained eleven years, when he came home to settle permanently. Page painted in many manners and he was a good draughtsman, but he had gone to Italy handicapped by many earlier tricks of painting of which he could not rid himself, and he did not go as far as otherwise he might, though he did secure rich, mellow colour and great refinement, and he was very personal in his rendering. Gray was somewhat akin to Page. He, too, spent much time in Italy and was rather classical in his style, drawing with authority and obtaining good colour. One of his pictures, "The Birth of the American Flag," had an enormous popular success.

Though Emanuel Leutze was really a foreigner, born in Würtemberg in 1816, he was brought early to this country, going subsequently to obtain his art education in Düsseldorf. His "Washington Crossing the Delaware" is one of the best known canvases in this country and has been reproduced in many mediums. It has been said of him that he was a sort of Teutonic Paul Delaroche, but without the finer French taste. An absolutely pure product of the native soil, however,

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE. BY E. LEUTZE

Metropolitan Museum of Art

was George Fuller, who was born in Deerfield, Massachusetts, in 1822. At thirteen he was sent to earn his living, only to come back home and resume school, when he disclosed artistic tendencies. He went with a surveying expedition to the West and once more returned to resume school. Finally, in company with his brother, himself a miniature worker, he became a travelling portrait painter. On his wanderings he met Henry Kirke Brown, the sculptor, who invited him to study with him at his studio in Albany, and thither he went. In the years 1842 and 1843 Fuller had a studio in Boston, after which

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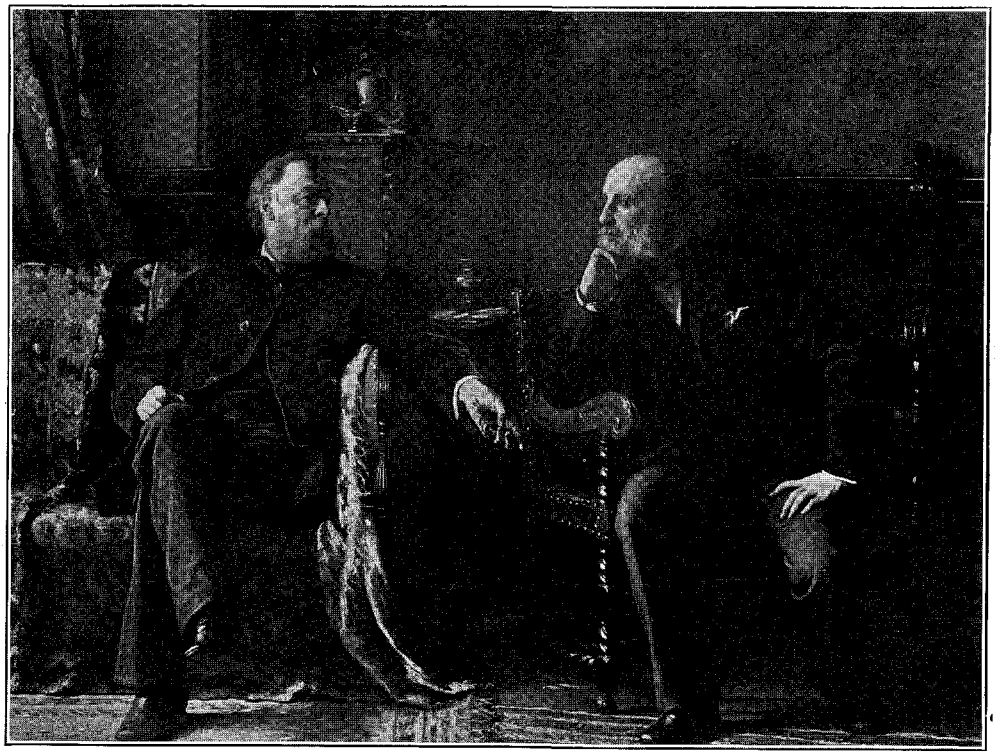
he came to New York, remaining for ten years studying and working. Then he went abroad for a brief stay. The death of his father leaving him with the responsibility of the family, he went to the Deerfield farm, which he managed for fifteen years, painting only between whiles, but sending nothing to the exhibitions. He cultivated tobacco on the farm with reasonable success until, in 1875, the drop in the prices of that commodity forced him into bankruptcy. This



TWO MEN. BY EASTMAN JOHNSON

Metropolitan Museum of Art

seeming misfortune turned out to be a blessing in disguise, for he turned once more to his art, the winter after exhibiting a dozen pictures in Boston. Their success was instantaneous; they attracted enormous attention and sold for excellent prices, and for eight years his prosperity continued, when suddenly, after a brief illness, he died.

Few men were ever more original in their painting than George Fuller, and surely none was more sincere. He laboured, it is true, under a certain lack of technical training and yet, in a way, his naïveté of putting on his pigment became an element of strength, for his work was full of mystery and poetry, at the same time having not infrequently the intangibility of dreamland. Low in key, of quiet harmony and full of suggestion, it was the effort of a sensitive organisation and an unusual mind. A man of fine fibre and deep thought, a philosopher of delicate perception, Fuller was one of the most unusual personalities our American civilisation has produced. He was a poet who used paint instead of words to express the emotions that welled up within him, and though these beautiful thoughts were not infrequently clumsily uttered—for he used his tools awkwardly—one could never mistake their delicacy and beauty, halting as was frequently his artistic speech. He enveloped his landscapes and figures with a veil of vagueness; it all appeared as the abstract rather

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than the concrete, and his successful works were invested with a rare distinction. Such a canvas as his "And She was a Witch" is very subtle, while the "Quadroon," the "Turkey Pasture" and the "Winifred Dysart" remain haunting memories of personal renderings of an unusual and singularly inspired painter, a sympathetic, unworldly, simple soul.

Another most important figure in American art was William Morris Hunt, who had a strong influence on his time and who may be said to have largely moulded art taste in Boston if not elsewhere in the country. He surely had a large following in the modern Athens, where many students literally sat at his feet, and through his influence America may be said to have made its first acquaintance with the Barbizon painters, for he it was who brought many of their masterpieces over the ocean to Boston. Hunt came from a family of wealth and social standing, his father having been a member of Congress and his brothers all professional men, one, Richard M., becoming one of the greatest of our architects. For a while at Harvard College, he chafed at the studies and the restraint, and he was taken by his mother to Europe, where he shortly began the study of art, first under the sculptor Barye in 1844, and subsequently with Couture, who had a strong influence on his work ever afterward. Hunt, however, after Jean François Millet and he had met, broke quite away from Couture, went to Barbizon and saw much of the painter of "The Angelus." From Millet he purchased as many pictures as his means would permit, and these he brought back with him to America when he returned in 1855. His intimacy with Millet was beneficial and most enjoyable. Hunt himself was possessed of a charming personality. He was a brilliant talker, a delightful comrade, and he usually dominated the crowd in which he found himself. In his Boston studio, where he was established in 1862, he gathered about a choice coterie of students and fellow-artists, with whom his word was law. His art talks

EDICT OF WILLIAM THE TESTY. BY GEORGE BOUGHTON

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to his students were quoted extensively and were published in book form. An uneven painter, he yet rose to commanding heights at times and on occasions he did portraits that approximated masterpieces, his Judge Shaw, now in Salem, coming under this head. The canvas is painted with unusual simplicity and breadth and in admirable character. Curiously enough, it was viewed with suspicion when it was originally shown in Boston, and his portrait of Francis Gardner, master of the Boston Latin School, is scarcely less distinguished. One of his famous achievements was a series of frescoes for the Capitol at Albany, which he painted directly on the stone and which unfortunately have almost disappeared through the ravages of time and the mistaken judgment in the technical processes.

The history of James A. MacNeil-Whistler has been so thoroughly written that there remains little to add, but we may give, for the sake of historical sequence, a brief statement of facts. In truth, though American by birth and education, from the time he reached early manhood he saw nothing of his own land. He, too, however, had an extraordinary influence on the art of his own time and his followers were legion. He was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1834, was sent to West Point, remained at the Military Academy three years, and was discharged, as he humorously explained, because he thought silica a gas! Three months in the United States Coast Survey completely demonstrated his unfitness for that employment, and so he went to Europe, where he entered the studio of Gleyre, in Paris. There he remained two years, and this, in addition to the instruction he had received from the professors at West Point, constituted all his art training at the schools. From that time he was to make his own way. He settled in London, where later he became a prominent figure in the art and social life in that metropolis. Entirely out of touch with the Victorian school, he broke from all traditions and pursued his course regardless of criticism. So it was in that land of iron-bound convention he was subject to great ridicule, to enormous opposition, and for years he had the greatest difficulty in disposing of his work. Juries rejected his pictures, critics flayed him and generally he was an artistic pariah. Fortunately, however, he had unbounded confidence in himself and he was possessed of a keen wit, so that he was more than a match for his enemies with his quick tongue and trenchant pen and he welcomed a combat with the relish of an Irishman at a Donnybrook fair. Also in these wordy issues he invariably came out victor. Yet undisturbed by all sorts of attacks he continued to paint according to the standards he had set for himself. Soon his etchings began to attract universal attention, and though they would not accept his painting, the English were forced to admit the beauty of his copper lines, which were the best since Rembrandt.

Later came the reaction regarding his paintings. There gathered about him a coterie of young painters who followed him blindly and hung on his utterances. There was a quarrel with the celebrated critic John Ruskin regarding one of his paintings, of some fireworks at Cremorne Gardens. Whistler brought a lawsuit against the writer, and though he obtained damages of a farthing only—equivalent to half a cent of our money—the *cause celèbre* was the talk of the town for many a day, and "Jimmy" Whistler wore that farthing on his watch chain forever afterward. With his white lock in the midst of a head of curly black hair, with his strange clothes, his absolute disregard of the proprieties, and his peculiar manner of painting, his name was on every one's tongue. He was as well known a figure going about the city in his cab as was the then Prince of Wales. Never more happy than when squabbling with a critic, or with the jury of the Academy, he contributed largely to the gaiety of heavy London. Yet he possessed enormous fascination, great personal charm, and his speech was always epigrammatic. Early he was under the influence of the French painter Courbet, several of his pictures in those days seeming to have been painted by Courbet himself; then there came a moment when he bowed to the Japanese, whose influence swayed him to the very end. That, however, did not prevent him from worshipping at the shrine of Velasquez. He was always, after he had for-

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sworn Courbet, quite himself, intensely personal, full of charm and sentiment. His portrait of his mother remains one of the masterpieces of all times, and that of Carlyle is no less remarkable. He accomplished an enormous quantity of work during his busy and reasonably long life. The literature regarding the man is voluminous and his place to-day is secure.

Eastman Johnson was born ten years before Whistler—in 1824—and early began to paint portraits, but in 1849 he managed to go abroad to study, locating at Düsseldorf. His technical training was of the soundest and he remained ever a most capable craftsman. For five years he settled in The Hague, where they paid him the compliment of offering to make him Court Painter if he would make that place his home. In 1860, however, he was settled again in New York, and from then till his death, in 1906, he held a commanding position in the art world, painting portraits of the most important people socially and politically. Johnson never seemed to grow old in his art. He kept abreast of the times, was liberal in his views, and broad-minded in his attitude toward new schools. His portraits were not only remarkable likenesses, but were full of dignity and character, painted with simplicity and in excellent colour. In addition to his portraiture, he made *genre* pictures of the greatest interest and highest excellence. The first of these he did as early as 1867. It was called "The Old Kentucky Home" and gave an admirable picture of the South before the war. It contained a dozen figures and showed the old tumble-down slave quarters to the life. Later came "The Husking Bee" and the "Cranberry Pickers," the last a scene on the island of Nantucket, where for years Mr. Johnson had a summer residence and studio. And he identified himself more or less as the pictorial historian of the denizens of this island, famous characters of which he painted many times. No American painter before or since excelled him in work of this kind.

George Boughton was born in England in 1834, but was brought to this country at the age of three. Self-taught, he began as a painter of snow scenes, opening a studio in Albany when he was sixteen. In 1859 he went to Paris to study and subsequently settled in London, where he made his permanent home and where he died in 1905. But though he identified himself with the British metropolis, he continued to exhibit regularly in America, was made a full member of the National Academy of Design, and his most successful works were of American themes of the early colonists and Knickerbocker life in New York. These were numerously engraved and he was highly successful, maintaining a fine establishment in London and having much social prestige. There they made him a member of the Royal Academy. Boughton, however, did not achieve artistic importance, for his limitations were many and always there was evident the lack of sound academic training. Yet he had the good fortune to be the first to make pictures of that picturesque new country period, and despite the fact that there was much of a sameness to all his Puritan maidens, character being quite lacking, he had a certain charm of personality, a wholesome sweetness and an originality that made a strong popular appeal, and his financial returns were considerable.

The movement that culminated in an exodus of the young American art students to Europe, in the late sixties and the early seventies, had for one of its advocates Walter Shirlaw, who was born in Scotland in 1837, but came to this country when he was three, becoming an American of Americans. He went to Munich, where he was one of the star students, and a picture sent home in 1877, "Sheep Shearing in the Bavarian Highlands," gave the greatest promise, which unfortunately was not altogether to be fulfilled, for this work marked his highest achievement. Mr. Shirlaw was for many years a teacher in the Art Students' League; he had a large following and took an influential part in the art life of New York, but the influence of the Munich School resulted in a bituminous scheme of colour, his work was marred by mannerisms, and he painted much according to a receipt. He died this winter while on a trip abroad. And so with him, we may close the account of the story of American art, since it is not the purpose to include living men in these papers. It is a

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story of progress made in the face of many obstacles, under conditions largely antagonistic to the development of things æsthetic, in a land without traditions, removed so long from all the influences so necessary for the development of things artistic. The wonder indeed is that so much has been accomplished under such depressing circumstances, for even to-day the native painter has but the most modest encouragement. Our millionaires, and indeed men of lesser opulence, ignore native product. They do not hesitate to pay fabulous sums for indifferent examples by foreigners only too frequently spurious.

The story of the neglect of the living is not, of course, new to any country, but it is particularly exasperating here in America, where able, clever, well-endowed men are passed by while the foreign fad of the hour is eagerly sought. The old master craze of recent years has raised prices to absurd heights, and naturally has produced a race of skilful fabricators who have reaped fortunes, while the native, save in isolated instances, has been obliged to struggle along with scant recognition. The men dead and gone, of whom these papers have treated, had not as much to complain of as have their successors, for at least, as a rule, they were patronised to a greater extent than are the men of to-day. Of course, the portrait painter invariably thrives, for the vanity of humanity will always find patrons for the likeness; but the men painting easel pictures, landscape and the *genre,* are still facing the most difficult of propositions. Yet there is hope, for the old order is changing. The fraudulent dealers are gradually "killing the goose that laid the golden eggs"; their cupidity is undoing them, and as scandal after scandal continues to find its way into the public prints it will perhaps not be long before, in the words of a remembered advertiser, it will be borne in that it is just as well for the collector to "buy of the maker." That way lies certainty, authenticity, and the writer makes bold to state —in the end, satisfaction.

THE END

A GHOST

To-day I entertained a ghost—
  And yet he came in live man's guise
With ready hands to greet his host,
    And living eyes.
I touched his hand and watched his smile,
  I answered to the words he said,
And marvelled, knowing all the while,
    The man was dead.

For I had known him quick indeed,
  With life of tears and life of mirth,
A living heart to beat and bleed,
    A thing of earth.
And even I had watched him die
  Seeing these live things quitting him
As when a soul goes quietly
    And eyes grow dim.

But this ghost looked with living eyes
  And this ghost's hand was warm to touch.
Perchance had I not been so wise,
    Knowing too much,
I had not guessed what horror springs
  When these unliving walk again
Bereft of love and hate—such things
    As make live men.

Theodosia Garrison.

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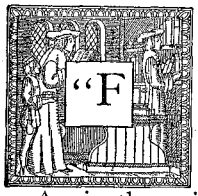
THE EAGLE

Martial history has no figure more impressive than the soldier of the First Napoleon: the man with the hairy knapsack and the heart of steel whose tramp shook the Continent for so many years. The tale we herewith print is vividly typical of his fire and his furious adoration of "l'Empereur." It is from the pen of M. Georges d'Esparbès, who, as is said elsewhere in this issue, seems to be the incarnation of the Napoleonic spirit as it was in 1808, when all Europe crouched at the great Emperor's feet. M. d'Esparbès wrote, a few years ago, a collection of twenty-one Napoleonic tales which he grouped under the single title "La Légende de l'Aigle." These stories have been read far and wide in France, but, so far as we know, this is the first to be translated into English.



"FOLLOW the flag!"

With sabre-thrust and rifle-shot, with nails, fists, yells, the grenadiers of Marshal Lannes hewed their way through the streets of Essling.

Again the voice, breathlessly:

"Follow the Eagle! Follow the Eagle! Courage, lancers! Left face! There are four men on you, Massouille!"

The commander's horse leaped over three men and dashed on, but the whirlwind of the enemy was carrying away the flag.

"Look out for yourselves, children! This way, follow me! Captain, close up—! Courage! The bayonets! The bayonets!"

In a mass the grenadiers followed that voice as it rang out everywhere, borne on by the madly galloping steed:

"Massouille! Massouille!"

In the face of danger, the voice grew familiar:

"Where are you, my dear Massouille? Courage! Don't lose the flag! It is I, your commander! Don't falter; I will speak of your bravery to the Emperor!"

And the voice plunged into the fire and the sabres:

"I'm here! Ah, you Austrian dogs! Massouille! Good God! Look around! A side-cut with your sabre on that jaw. . . . Well done! And you soldiers! Fools! I'll cut the throat of the first man that falls behind him by a boot! Ha! Massouille! That rider on your left! Stick the flank of his horse! That's it! A fine stroke! Now, out of reach of the guns, this way, and with your Eagle! Are you coming?"

Massouille paid no heed.

Standing like a pilot at his post, he appeared for a moment, horribly dishevelled, sweating blood, one foot on the piled up bodies, his sabre between his teeth, a pistol in one hand, stern, the Eagle in the air! He was indeed the hero of the charge, with clear eye and Gallic skin and piercing voice. A sabre had cut away his shirt and his heart beat against his bare chest like a mighty hammer.

"Massouille!" thundered the commander, "your place is not there! You have no right to expose your Eagle! I shall make my report to the Emperor. Are you coming?"

Massouille paid no heed.

Erect, on the barricade and surrounded by his guard, four men brandishing their lances, he waved his great flag to the bullets. All the streets shook. The town was on the point of falling. A battle was raging at each gate, and the moment had come for a headlong charge.

"Massouille! Massouille! *Monsieur* Massouille! Remember that you were a sergeant under me at Marengo! Come, think of your Eagle! But, Dieu, I believe he no longer has it—. Yes! Bravo! Come; you are too fast. Are you coming? Madman, are you coming?"

Massouille paid no heed.

Pale as a girl, half naked, the lust of battle in his soul and arms, he leaped forward and at every bound an Austrian fell. Then, at last, with the enemy behind him and before, in the midst of dead that he trampled on, surrounded by Austrians who shot at him from windows, he paused to fight the better. Man after man fell by his sabre, and his sharp staff descended on them. A shot, close at hand, took away his cap and grazed his forehead; like a ball of fire his tossing hair blazed about his head. Again he

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was struck and from his white throat a stream of blood flowed to his waist. They sprang forward to save him.

"Massouille, do you want to kill yourself? It is foolhardy! To the right! Look out! Guard your left! But I've no grudge against you for it, my boy! Take care of the flag and I'll say nothing to the Emperor. In a minute, I'm coming——"

The commander spurred on his horse, but, as always happened, Massouille was separated from the grenadiers. The battle went on. The enemy were in retreat The last stronghold had been taken.

"Massouille my friend!" shouted the old officer.

He was fighting in front of the ranks, splendid, raining his blows at random. A mass of clouds swirled down the street, and not seeing the flag, he cried out:

"The *Eagle!* Look for Massouille! We must have the flag!"

Already the Austrians were fleeing. Then there came a sound of drums! The men flung themselves forward and, for the tenth time, Massouille appeared. His flag-staff grasped in one hand, he slashed right and left for the sheer joy of killing. Above the final roar of guns they heard his voice—a howl that rang against the empty buildings and called the Emperor. As he stood there, like a wild beast over the ruins, barring the street, with his legs wide and the flag held at arm's length, he seemed by himself to have taken Essling.

They followed him to encamp for the night.

* * * * *

A half hour later they lost all trace of him. Vainly his comrades searched.

"Where is the flag?" they asked the wounded. No one answered. At nine o'clock Massouille was still missing.

But in the middle of the night, five men slipped out of one of the houses. Massouille was at their head. His face was sad. A great bandage was wound about his throat and one hand still grasped the famous flag, torn and riddled with holes—but *without the Eagle.*

Without the Eagle! The flag no longer bore the Eagle. A ball had carried it away without any one's noticing, and a great despair had seized upon the bearer.

"The commander was right. I ought to have been more careful."

He walked in front of his men.

"Attention! What is it, Müller, do you see it?"

"No, it is a comrade. . . . Noel, my old brigadier of the tenth."

"We must go slowly," said Massouille; "you have your pikes, lift there——"

The four men obeyed, and lifted, as if with shovels, a heap of bodies swimming in blood, and threw them aside.

"You did not recognise him, did you, Chassard?"

"Yes, it is Frontier."

"Search beneath them," said Massouille.

They crawled under the bodies, but found only the pavement.

The whole street was searched in this way. A hundred, two hundred dead, were turned over, but the Eagle was never there.

"Was it a sabre or a ball that took it off the staff, or what? No Eagle on my flag! It isn't possible." He groaned again and again: "What will the Emperor say? What shall I do now without the Eagle? *He* will see it to-morrow, and what will he say?"

The diggers dragged out three bodies.

"That's Grimard," said one.

"Judt! Leroucher!" said the other three. It needed a good eye to recognise them; they were pulp.

The three spectres fell back heavily.

"Search, search!" cried Massouille, transported by a terrible rage:

"I tell you it isn't possible! A flag lose its Eagle! What shall I do? I, Massouille, the Brave of the Brave, the Ten against One, if I haven't the Eagle. Because it was there this morning at the top of my staff!"

And always:

"What will *He* say? What will *He* say, the Father, the Breaker of Men?"

"We will find it for you," said Müller.

He stooped.

"A chief——"

In the moonlight the four lifted up a shapeless mass, streaming blood. It was the commander. He had been killed with the rest.

"Let him alone," said Massouille. "There'll be fighting to-morrow, that's

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sure! Look here, if I don't find my Eagle, I'll kill myself. Ah! something glittered."

He threw himself on the ground with both hands out; but it was only the gold from a broken purse.

In silence the men divided the coins.

"My Eagle! My Eagle!"

He worked his pleasure on the enemy as he passed, kicking and hacking the bodies, and grinding his heel into their faces. Some, in agony, gave a vague cry and then fell back. Suddenly a monstrous thing shot forth from among the dead, enveloping them in wind and a strange whirring. A clamour shook the place, and the five men leaped to their feet.

"Carrion!" snarled Massouille. "Come, I'll show you a chase!"

He disappeared, sabre in hand. There was a sound of running feet as the four soldiers followed him, fleeing through the blood and the moonlight. Then in a moment, nothing remained in the village but silence, pestilence, night and the dead.

* * * * *

May 22d.

Ever since dawn, all the cannons, roaring together, pealed forth the hour of combat. The Emperor had doubled his troops. The first three divisions were in Aspern under Masséna and the fourth at Essling, protected by Lannes's sabre. Between the two villages was Bessières's cavalry. The Imperial Guard, held in leash, were growling like a pack of hounds.—Napoleon was watching over all.

The Austrian Archduke Charles recommenced the attack of the night before by trying to pierce the line between Essling and Aspern. One division of cuirassiers stole up on the enemy. Masséna yelled:

"Grenadiers, they are having fun down there without us!" The Guard, unmuzzled, fell on the enemy tooth and nail, and in a second the Archduke's troops melted away as snow in sunlight. It was then that Napoleon assumed the offensive. He called on Lannes; and, at parade step, the Marshal advanced magnificently across the plain. At the head of the troops marched Massouille's brigade.

The movement was executed in silence with a rhythmic step that seemed as if it must go on and on forever. It was as if Death itself approached in the midst of that undulating mass. They were about to attack the enemy when, in that perfect order, a rush and a cry separated the French troops. The front ranks crumpled. A storm, a torrent, a tornado tore the army in twain, struck the ranks and scattered confusion everywhere. Then a great clamour, hoarse and terrible, a strangled furious cry that froze the blood and marrow, raised the hair on end and set the heart thumping in the breast, arose from the *mêlée*. Something bounded and leaped into the midst of the men, and, traversing in haste the companies and battalions, quick, quick, quick, was approaching the front rank.

Then they saw Massouille.

Terrible, driven, hurled, transported by a frightful glee, his fists clenched in the air, he waved toward Austria the flag of the previous day. And the strangled cries that froze the marrow, were the screams, the harsh screams of a great eagle, captured in the night by the five, no longer the massive gold of the Imperial Standard, but *alive* and bound by one foot to the flag.

As the standard-bearer ran, around him at the point of their lances, his four comrades kept the eagle on its way. At the sight an indescribable yell of joy arose from the French ranks, and in the midst of thundering acclamations the regiments reformed their line.

Then the Eagle of glory, maddened by the furious tumult, shook off its bonds and gave its battle-cry. With a grand sweep, excited by the stench of slaughter, it plunged into the midst of the enemy, dragging with it the torn flag and its brave bearer, the four lancers, the regiments themselves—and down there, in the plain, as though awakened at the moment of death, leaning on their bruised arms, the masses of the dying saw, as their eyes grew dim, that dream-eagle, which, from above its flag, with round eye and open beak, imperially gilded by the rising sun, already proclaimed, in its harsh screams, the triumph of the victors of Essling.

Georges d'Esparbès.

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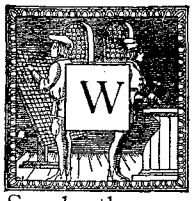
THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX



E have been somewhat surprised of late to find many of our correspondents appending to their interesting letters postscripts asking us not to publish their names. Surely these must be new subscribers; since for nearly fifteen years we have regarded everything sent to the Letter Box as being strictly confidential, except in the one or two instances where the writers were what a New York magazine calls "in the public eye." Even in their cases we have mentioned their names only in thanking them for some courteous attention. Therefore, we trust that no one will write any more postscripts which cast a reflection on our tact and editorial discretion.

I

There came to us some time ago a very curt note from an individual connected with the library of an inland college. He had received notice to the effect that his subscription had expired, and he wrote with unnecessary severity of tone to say that he would never, never, never again subscribe to THE BOOKMAN, because of its attitude toward Simple Spelling and Simple Spellers. Now this decision of his seems to be pretty harsh. It is depriving the publishers of the sum of two dollars and a half, and a thing like that makes us feel uncomfortable. But after all, we are sustained by a certain sense of justice. This gentleman says that he would not object to our dislike for Simple Spelling if only we would give some reason for it. He very justly remarks that we ought to point out why Simple Spelling is obnoxious, before we make it the subject of attack. Quite so, as Sherlock Holmes would say; but this is precisely what we have done. Thirteen years ago, or (to be explicit) in THE BOOKMAN for November, 1897, we set forth our arguments against Simple Spelling, in an article entitled "The Progress of Fonetik Refawrm"—an article whose arguments have not been answered from that time until now, nor do we imagine that they will ever be answered conclusively. Or, if the champion of ischiorrhogic spelling wishes to see our beliefs set forth much better than we can set them forth, let him read *The Dial* for November 1, 1909. He will find there a most amusing and pungent article by Professor Paul Shorey under the heading "Spelling Reform in Extremis."

Let him take these two articles as representing our creed in the matter. Perhaps, even then, he will have nothing to do with us or with THE BOOKMAN; but at least he will not be able to say that we have not given good reasons for our consistent hostility to the cult of ignorance.

II

The ladies of a church in Lockwood, Missouri, wrote us some time ago that they were going to hold a bazaar, and asked us to contribute some copies of THE BOOKMAN to be sold at their News Stand. Unfortunately, we did not do so, for the reason that the letter failed to reach us in time. Otherwise, we should very gladly have complied with the request, and we mention it here by way of apology to the ladies. We trust that their bazaar was exceedingly successful.

III

From Carrollton, Illinois, there has come to us the following question:

> For a number of years I was a Sub. of THE BOOKMAN—and we now have it in our Pub. Library. If it is not asking too much, I would like to know whom you consider the foremost American Authors of the present time. A limited number.

We are glad that the lady wants only a limited number, because only a limited number are in existence. According to our belief and standards, the United States now possesses no poet of the first order; only one essayist (Mr. Frank Moore Colby), and only two writers of fiction, who are, by the way, wide as the poles asunder in their methods and literary standards. These are Mr. William

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Dean Howells and Mr. Jack London—the latter, however, only sometimes. We have no "foremost" dramatist, and the late Clyde Fitch was merely the best of a very feeble lot. We have two eminent historians—Mr. James Ford Rhodes and Professor William M. Sloane. This about finishes up the list of writers who may be regarded as in the first rank. When it comes to writers of the second rank, they are so many and so admirable that to publish their names would be practically to swamp THE BOOKMAN.

IV

Some one who evidently belongs to a Peace Conference Society writes us a letter suggestive of balm and honey. He says:

Why do you not make up your quarrel with the New York *Sun?* It pains me to read such rancorous thrusts first from one side and then the other. Why do you not put an end to this unworthy strife?

PAX.

The *Sun* and we are not engaged in anything so commonplace as a "quarrel." We simply have a pleasant little feud which has now continued for a number of years, but which is not tremendously serious. On the whole, we think that we have shown up rather better than has the *Sun,* in that we have never been personal, but merely launch a shaft now and then at the *Sun* as a newspaper and at some of its remarks. On the other hand, the *Sun* has never observed the same courteous self-restraint. However, as we said, the whole thing is merely a sort of picturesque feud. Some day we are going to ask for a few days' truce; and during those few days we intend to visit the enemy's camp and exchange anecdotes with the chief villains. We haven't the slightest doubt that they will receive us most cordially, ask us to take the best chair in the office, and to smoke the sort of cigar which they keep for their friends. After that we shall depart with military honours, ready to loose a broadside and to receive one in our turn. Really, without a little excitement of a professional nature, life would be insufferably dull.

V

A lady in Chicago asks us a question which is difficult to answer.

Will you tell me how a person must proceed to become a reviewer of new books? What are the requirements, etc., and steps necessary to be taken?

C. W. J.

We must confess that we do not know of any formulaic fashion by which a person must proceed to become a reviewer of new books. Our correspondent makes the process appear like a college examination. In truth, reviewers are selected from the number of those writers who are already known to editors; and a book is generally given out for review to some one who is very familiar with the subject concerning which the book has especially to do. Short reviews are usually written in the editorial office by some member of the staff. This subject is part of a larger one to which we referred a few months ago—that is, the subject of how any one ever happens to enter upon a literary career. Perhaps our correspondent will recollect that we are going to write a small book on this topic in the future, with concrete illustrations and examples drawn from our experience. Meanwhile, we can only say that it is mainly a matter of chance.

VI

Here is a very pleasant letter from Washington accompanying some valued additions to our picture Post-card Gallery. The writer says:

In the last BOOKMAN I read of your Post-card Collection and feel moved to contribute to the same. By so doing I hope to perform or fulfil a threefold mission: to give you the pleasure of adding to your collection of cards from "out of the world" places, to pay a debt of gratitude, and possibly to give you a little information.

The gratitude is due you for the grand rages into which you put me. When I am convinced that I am very old—that nothing moves me the way it used to—that nothing makes very much difference, all I have to do is to pick up THE BOOKMAN, and lo! I boil up for all the world like a college sophomore! Now, isn't that proof that I'm still right young?

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And aren't thanks due you for proving it? Hence these post-cards.

Now for the information for some one on THE BOOKMAN if not for you, for of course it is probable that *you* knew better all the time. In the comments on the plays given in the New Theatre, the writer criticises the management for changing the scene of *Strife* from Wales to southeastern Ohio, saying that the change renders the Welsh dialect out of place, apparently seeing no good reason for the change.

In the part of southeastern Ohio in which I live (in the summer time) there are some of the largest tin and steel mills in this country. A large number of the workmen are Welsh, and the Welsh language and dialects are commonly heard. It happens that since the first of last July these mills have been idle on account of a strike. Doesn't it seem that a labour-problem play might appeal more deeply to Americans if depicting American conditions?

I have a home on the top of one of these hills, and if ever you come as far West as Martin's Ferry, I shall be happy to show you the mills, or what is more beautiful, the hills and the river.

We salute our correspondent, and are pleased to act as a sort of tonic irritant. As for the criticism with regard to *Strife*, we refer it to Mr. Clayton Hamilton, who will, no doubt, read it with much interest.

VII

A typewritten letter from Winchendon, Massachusetts, reads in this way:

Will you kindly give me the address of a few publishers of vegetarian cook-books, and greatly oblige me?

We strive to please; but not being given to vegetarianism, it was an ungrateful task to supply this information to our correspondent. However, here are the titles of fifteen works on "vegetarian cookery." We are interested to see that Vegetarianism appears to have some mystic relation to Theosophy. Possibly by eating "novel dishes in vegetarian households," one might cultivate an astral body. There is too much salad about Vegetarianism, as we look at it. A salad is all very well in its place; but when you speak of fifty salads, or of dressing salads in a hundred different ways, it gives us a slithery feeling. On the whole, if we had to go in for this sort of thing, we should pick out *The Corn Cook-Book* as being at once homely and appetising in its suggestions. We always did have a sneaking fondness for fried mush browned dry, with plenty of butter and a lake of golden syrup. But we are wasting time. Here is the list which we trust will prove satisfactory:

Mrs. E. P. Ewing, *Vegetables and Vegetable Cooking:* Fairbanks, Palmer and Company (Chicago, 1884).

M. De Loup, *American Salad Book:* McClure, Phillips and Company (New York, 1901).

Thomas J. Murrey, *Fifty Salads:* White, Stokes and Allen (New York, 1885).

A. G. Payne, *Vegetarian Cookery:* Cassell and Company, Ltd. (New York).

H. M. Poole, *Fruits: How to Use Them:* Fowler and Wells (New York, 1890).

Mary Pope, *Vegetarian Savouries:* The Theosophical Publishing Society (London, 1904).

Mary Pope, *Novel Dishes for Vegetarian Households:* The Theosophical Publishing Society (London, 1904).

F. A. George, *Vegetarian Cookery:* Edward Arnold (London).

E. O. Hiller, *The Corn Cook-Book:* The Rogerson Press (Chicago, 1907).

Georgiana Hill, *How to Cook Apples in One Hundred Different Ways:* George Routledge and Sons (New York and London).

Georgiana Hill, *How to Cook Potatoes in One Hundred Different Ways:* George Routledge and Sons (New York and London).

Georgiana Hill, *Salads: How to Dress Them in One Hundred Different Ways:* George Routledge and Sons (New York and London).

Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, *Salad and Salad Making:* Fairbanks, Palmer and Company (Chicago, 1888).

R. M. Fletcher-Berry, *Fruit Recipes:* Doubleday, Page and Company (New York, 1907).

M. C. Cooke, *Edible and Poisonous Mushrooms:* E. and J. B. Young and Company (New York, 1894).

VIII

There are at once justice, a fine confidence, and a laudable desire for knowledge in the following letter:

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The Editor of the Letter Box:

In my loyalty to THE BOOKMAN I became involved in a, to say the least, *warm* argument over the term "silk hat," consigned to the Inferno in the April issue. My opponent affirmed that the authority of a person who would condemn a word, and not provide a substitute, was *nil;* I retorted that an intelligent person was supposed to know the synonym for discarded words in the Inferno's list. However, no one seems to be able to help me out in the case above cited. Even the dictionary is silent in this respect, and I am forced to ask your aid in upholding your authority and my confidence in that authority.

Why is "silk hat" in bad repute?

"Silk hat" is in bad repute because it is used chiefly by the Unenlightened. It is on a par with "opening wine." The proper synonym is "top hat." We shall be very glad to provide suitable and seemly substitutes for all the words and phrases that have been consigned to the Inferno.

IX

An investigator of literature asks us a question which is interesting.

DEAR LETTER BOX: Will you decide a controversy which has arisen between myself and a gentleman whom I have always regarded as an authority? I quoted the line:

"He that runs may read,"

and ascribed it to Tennyson. This gentleman denied that it was Tennyson's. Later I found it in Tennyson's poem entitled "The Flowers"; but on my showing him the passage he admitted, of course, that Tennyson had used the line, but he was certain that it was of older origin. Can you give me the facts?

C. W. J.

The gentleman was entirely right. The line first appeared in Cowper's *Tirocinium* (line 80). Whether Tennyson consciously or unconsciously conveyed it from Cowper, no one, of course, can say. But we should rather imagine it was done unconsciously, just as so many exquisite lines from the classics are to be found gleaming in the other Tennysonian poems.

X

We receive, from time to time, letters which we believe to have been written quite sincerely and yet which we cannot publish because to do so would turn this department of the magazine into an advertising section. Thus, one subscriber tells us all about the possibilities of a gold mine in which he is interested; another is certain that he has discovered an infallible cure for consumption, and so on. There is something about these letters that moves us, because the writers are sure that their motives are wholly altruistic. They wish us to mention the mine, for instance, so that other people may become as fortunate as themselves. As to the consumption cure, its inventor writes to us with his own hand:

You can be instrumental in saving hundreds of lives. Won't you do it for those who do not know what should be done?

Now such an appeal gives us a real pang. It may possibly be that this gentleman actually has possession of the one and only thing that will certainly cure tuberculosis. But, on the other hand, it is more than likely that he is quite mistaken; and in any case, we cannot advertise either mines or medicines or anything else. We wish that these individuals would not make us feel so wretchedly responsible as to matters concerning which we know nothing at all.

XI

Quite at variance with the sour and saturnine Simple Speller who wrote us from the library of an inland college, is the following genial epistle from another library in Newport, Rhode Island. We publish it just because it is so cheery and altogether *gemüthlich.* It encloses three picture post-cards, which will duly be catalogued as belonging to our Gallery.

DEAR SENIOR EDITOR: Your pathetic lament concerning picture post-cards at the end of the Letter Box in the January number of THE BOOKMAN goes to my heart. I never realised that Senior Editors (or this particular Senior Editor) have feelings and passions like our laic ones, and that they like to be remembered and cheered by some "friendship's offering" even as we do.

So, though late, I send you three picture-cards from Newport to add to your collection

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accompanied by my best wishes. At the same time I take occasion to wish THE BOOKMAN itself, also, many New Years. And permit me to say here ("in this connection"—perish the phrase!) that there is a personal quality in THE BOOKMAN which I do not feel in the other magazines, and which I particularly like. It seems more like a series of personal letters from an acquaintance or friend than like a "mere" periodical. (Do you get my idea?) Perish all the others, if necessary (except possibly the *Atlantic Monthly*), but spare me THE BOOKMAN!

Sincerely yours,
R. B.

XII

We intended to wait until next month before continuing our catalogue of the Letter Box Picture Gallery. But our works of art have been accumulating so rapidly as to make us fear lest we shall never catch up, even with the help of the boy whom we have employed. Therefore, we continue the catalogue in this number, from where we left off, up to No. 50.

THE LETTER-BOX PICTURE GALLERY

37. Y. M. C. A. Building in St. Paul, Minnesota. (The donor remarks that she doesn't know whether we really care for picture postals, or whether we are poking fun at those who send them. We really *do* care for them.)

38. Free Public Library, Danielson, Connecticut. (The gift of a new subscriber, who says: "While I have been delving in a dozen other magazines I might have been enjoying THE BOOKMAN. Why didn't you let a fellow know that your readers were having such delightful times?)

39. New Double Track Bridge at Clinton, Iowa. (From a friend who signs himself "Billy," and writes from Omaha.)

40. A mystic post-card entitled "Is the Left One Right, or Is the Right One Left?" (Of course, it represents a man sitting between two girls.)

41. Don Gaspar de Portola, Discoverer of San Francisco Bay. (From Miss R. G. "with felicitations," and postmarked San Francisco.)

42. Ogden Monument, the Geographical Centre of the United States, Fort Riley, Kansas. (From "C. L.," Manhattan, Kansas.)

43. The Most Gorgeous Sunset in the World. (Sent to us anonymously from Salt Lake City, by some one who remarks: "You have nothing like this in New York." He is quite right.) He also sends us:

44. The North Geyser Basin, Yellowstone Park. (Inscribed "Let your enemies walk this plank and let it break." He means the plank over the geyser.)

45. An Aviation Meet. (Anonymously sent from Los Angeles by some one who says à propos of aviation and the city: "Being all angels here, we have finally grown our wings.")

46. Ancon Hill, Panama. (From "A Casual Digger" who rightly fleers at Soap O'Loughlin. Postmarked Cristobal, Panama.)

47. A Girl Caught in a Trap. (Sent anonymously from El Paso, Texas.) It is usually the man who is caught.

48. A Lion and Bull Fight in Ciudad Juarez, Mexico. (From a reader who approves of bull fighting, which he calls the "Sport of Kings.") He also sends us two more pictures as below:

49. A Mexican Bullfight: The Moment of Killing.

50. La Plaza Constitucion, Ciudad Juarez, Mexico.

POVERTY

It isn't just the pinch and pang
That tries our spirits so,
It's missing what the others have
And knowing that they know.

Albion Fellows Bacon.

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THEATRICAL "STOCK" AND ITS DIVIDENDS

In this series we have already printed "The Illustrator and His Income," "The Librettist and His Profits," "The Earnings of the Dramatised Novel," "The Musician as a Money Maker," "The Author's Full Dinner-Pail," "The Ghost Walks," and "Top Notes and Bank Notes." To follow the present article we shall have one on the earnings of the people of the circus. This paper will be written by Mr. I. F. Marcosson, the author of "The Autobiography of a Clown," which was widely read both when it appeared in the columns of the "Saturday Evening Post" and subsequently in book form. Some one asked us the other day if this subject was not a rather undignified one for a literary magazine. It was not necessary to retort with the old "humani nihil alienum." We simply called attention to the fact, which many persons have apparently forgotten, that Charles Dickens did not disdain to write the "Life of Grimaldi."

NEWSPAPER item the other day stated that James Forbes had refused twenty-five thousand dollars for the entire rights of *The Chorus Lady* whenever it was released for "stock." Mr. Forbes besides having an author's interest is also part owner, and he knew that the enormous popularity of the play, as well as its peculiar adaptability for "stock" production, would make it an unusual money "winner" in the lower grade of houses. At first this offer would seem preposterous, but those who figure such things agree that Mr. Forbes showed rare business instinct in refusing. This suggests a cursory examination into theatrical "stock-houses" of the present day: what "stock" means, its varieties, its composition, the plays it utilises and the financial dividends for all concerned.

A recent number of the *Dramatic Mirror* records a total of about one hundred and twenty-five of these companies scattered over the country in large cities, small towns, and "tanks" of a few thousand population. Even this is probably an underestimate, as there are, in theatrical parlance, three well-defined groups: "travelling stock," "permanent stock," and "summer stock." The large increase in theatrical territory, the organisation of the business and the greater number of people and plays utilised, has given to each of these groups qualities peculiarly its own.

Some Side Lights on "Travelling Stock"

The "travelling stock" company is an old friend of those who have not escaped from small towns. No place is beneath its contempt, and it will "play" anything from a "barn" to a "town hall." There is no way of estimating the number of these companies, for they are frequently in a state of "disband" and "reorganisation." The *Dramatic Mirror* lists, at present, about thirty, and this probably includes all of the first class. These generally travel over a "circuit" or "chain of theatres" controlled by one man or a "syndicate." These routes are very numerous and are the subject of both rivalry and co-operation; they vary in the number of theatres, though the "stands" are always near each other to avoid the railroad bills necessitated by "long jumps." Each theatre, if not occupied by some "regular" company, is played three days or a week, according to the population and its endurance. These "stocks," somewhat similar to small touring companies, differ from them by playing a new "bill" at every performance, generally twice a day, with "specialties." The offerings are of a wide range: one will do nothing but Shakespeare and "the classics," another the usual medley of *East Lynnes* and plays long worn out by the larger companies. But, as a rule, the productions are of a cheaply sensational type. A list quoted from a Western newspaper will serve as an illustration:

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When Hearts Are Young.
A Brother's Revenge.
Her Great Awakening.
A Gambler's Sweetheart.
A Southern Rose.
The Great White Trail.

Frequently there are "stars" in these companies—to Broadway and to fame unknown—who are such favourites that in a season over "their territory where they are known," they may, by exception, clear a profit of ten thousand dollars. Mrs. Spooner and her industrious daughter, for example, played New England, Pennsylvania and New Jersey for years till they could afford to graduate into Brooklyn and a theatre of their own. There are other "stars," like the trade journals we never hear of, who have an even larger circulation. The salaries paid to the average "travelling stock" is enough to live upon: even the "leads" seldom receive more than forty or fifty dollars a week—with travelling expenses and costumes provided. The plays used must contain small casts, and must be acted with "fake" and "profiled" scenery easily crated and carted about in "one car."

The royalty paid for these plays—if there is a royalty—is, at the highest, about ten dollars a performance. They are leased for "a season of thirty weeks at one performance a week"—and the three hundred dollars paid in advance. There is, however, little opportunity to keep track of their frequency. There is thievery here as in branches of all business and "pirating" has reached large proportions, due to impossibility of detection and prosecution, though not confined solely to this type of company. The manuscripts of these "pirated versions" are easily obtained from a publisher in Chicago whose exclusive business is to have stenographic reports made of each play with vague "stage business," which he publishes as a "reading version." Sometimes the titles are brazenly retained, more often they are changed. He has never been completely driven out of business, and his supply seldom equals the demand—especially in the Middle West and along the Canadian border. No matter how the plays are obtained, "travelling stock" is a hard life at best—and its experiences carry on, in many ways, the jokes and traditions of "barn storming." Yet from its ranks have come stars like Rose Stahl, Margaret Anglin and many others. If the company obtains receipts of five or six hundred dollars a week it is fortunate. Odd things stimulate business: one manager last year, for instance, found a certain play did not "draw" till he advertised that the heroine, "only in that play," would wear a sheath-gown. Another manager could not understand how the business of *Why Girls Leave Home* suddenly "jumped" till he discovered the picture of his handsome leading man was posted after the title.

"Permanent Stock": the Home and Hope of Plays and Actors

"Permanent stock" is a company located for an indefinite period in one theatre. Unlike the average "stock-house" of a past generation, it does not continually support stars, include stars, change its *répertoire* daily or produce new plays. Its season lasts about forty weeks, and the "bill" is changed every week, though in certain houses plays have been kept on for two and even six or eight weeks. As a rule it gives ten or twelve performances of each production. It is composed of actors especially adapted for such work, and it has been a training school and a retiring asylum for many of our prominent thespians. An actor once called it the "pawn shop of the profession"—but this is unfair. To be even acceptable one must be versatile, long suffering, and capable of "quick study." He will play *Hamlet* one week and *If I Were King* the next. It is one constant "grind," rehearsing a new play in the morning and acting another day and night. Yet some are so adept they are nearly letter perfect and never "fluff" their lines. Besides this, time must be found for study and dressmakers. A company which is most successful is one in which all its members have become "local favourites." No matter which part they play, they are always sure of a "hand" on their entrance in each "bill." Every attempt is made to build up a personal following, and the manager seeks to have the audience take

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a personal interest in his company. In this way some give receptions on the stage every Thursday after the matinee; one instance comes to mind, of a company which even gave teas and strawberry ice, besides supplying a special nurse to look after the babies while the mothers were "out front." But, of course, many permanent companies are run on a very dignified scale and produce highly adequate performances considering the conditions under which they work. Sometimes the receipts will go over six thousand dollars—the John Craig Company in Boston, the Orpheum Players in Philadelphia, for example—but at best, the average company plays to two or three thousand, the prices varying from "ten, twenty and thirty," to one dollar for the best seat at night—the matinees are always cheaper. A company contains about twelve to fifteen people and the salaries depend, of course, upon the grade and locality. Leading men demand anywhere from one hundred to four hundred dollars a week: leading women somewhat less, and the other salaries taper down accordingly. These companies seldom entertain a "star"; "star engagements" are more especially the function of "summer stock," which though closely allied to the "permanent" in general outline and in plays used has marked features of its own.

THE VARIETIES OF "SUMMER STOCK"

These companies are especially organised for only the ten or twelve weeks during the hiatus in the regular season. Actors are glad to keep occupied, and consequently, except with certain favourites, take these engagements at reduced salaries. The *ensemble* is frequently very imposing—and plays are often offered with a better all round cast than the original Broadway Company. On occasions the original production is obtained, or the original "star." A "star engagement" is very similar to the old conditions, where the resident company supported the guest in his *répertoire*.

Forty years ago at a theatre like McVickars in Chicago, a season ran nearly forty-five weeks: July fourth being the recognised date of closing. During that time as many as eighty plays were in the *répertoire*, all of which were used from time to time to support various stars. The salaries of the company of fourteen did not aggregate five hundred dollars, but it must be remembered one could live on the American plan at a good hotel for eight dollars a week. The average weekly business was about four thousand dollars. The star's salary was always half of the "Friday night benefit," and a share after the week's receipts were sixteen hundred dollars. This Friday night affair was the "big" theatrical night all over the country—so much so in fact that in the smaller stock companies they would play that night to eight hundred dollars, equalling the rest of the week's business. Macauley, of Louisville, tried to break up this habit of theatre patrons by raising the price on that night to one dollar and a half. This was one of the first times, save in the case of foreign stars, where the prices were higher than one dollar. Foreign stars caused the gradual raise.

To-day this system of visiting stars to summer stock companies is done even less than a few years ago. J. K. Hackett, Amelia Bingham and Virginia Harned, for example, were said to have received about one thousand dollars a week for a short season of *répertoire* at two performances a day. The prices are kept at summer level—never higher than one dollar in the evening and more frequently at fifty cents. Last summer a star played to over eight thousand dollars a week in one of his best-known parts. He admitted it himself. Again, too, stars are thus given an opportunity to "try out" new plays for the coming season.

The utilisation of "summer stock" for this purpose is often carried on by Broadway managers, who subsidise the stock company or conduct it themselves. One firm last year tried out several plays—nearly all of which succeeded in stock, but failed when produced in a regular fashion: *The Ringmaster, The Watchers, Mrs. Dakum* were in the list. One of the best examples was George Broadhurst's *The Dollar Mark,* which ran for eleven weeks to unusual business in stock but closed dismally in a few weeks at Wallack's. The reason for these failures is simple: it is almost impossible to judge the real value of a play with the hasty

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producing and natural miscasting necessitated by stock limitations. Then again, stock audiences are notoriously enthusiastic, and managers that see a play "go" mistake the applause given the favourite actor for that given the play. Such "try-outs" are unfair, too, to the playwright, though the manager is relieved of a more expensive method of finding whether his play is worth anything or not. At times royalties are paid to the authors, but generally not: they are asked to "take their chances." If a play fails in stock on these "try-outs" it is generally "dead"—though one cannot tell what its value would have been on Broadway. New playwrights, however, welcome any chance at a production so that they can get managers to see it with a view of possible purchase, and it has been known to be fortunate; old established writers, too, will often "sneak" a play on "to get a line on it." Thus the summer stock is an organic part of theatrical life, and it is certainly a pleasant source of income not only to the actor but to the playwright who has a play in demand.

The Caprice of Plays in Stock

If the cause of a play's success on Broadway is a mystery, the caprice of what makes a play "go in stock" is equally bewildering. Any generalisation limps with exceptions, and the exceptions are often the biggest money makers. For practical reasons casts should not be large nor the production too "heavy"—and a play should have a happy ending. In some general fashion the greatest popular "hits" in the first-class houses have the best chance for stock success. "Stock-houses" like to give a play which as a regular production has appeared in the same town, for the collateral advantage of advertisement is thus cheaply obtained. Light comedies, however, of the *Mollusc* and *Cousin Kate* type are in little general demand, as such plays, no matter how delightful in composition, really owe their commercial success to the personality of the star. Farce, on the other hand—like *Charley's Aunt*—is a perennial favourite. *Seven Days* will make a fortune in stock alone. Tragedy has little following, but melodrama of the better class, like *Secret Service,* is the most popular of all. A company with a well-established subscription will occasionally give a Shakespearian revival and save royalties. One of the largest houses recently revived a comic opera, *The Circus Girl,* and it ran nine weeks to nearly seventy thousand dollars. This is an exception, though in summer there are stock companies which only give comic operas. Plays with strong "heart interest" like *Madame X* have always a good chance, and the overworked tears of *Camille* and *East Lynne* will never cease to flow for lack of an audience. The naughty French farce, however, is, as a rule, avoided, like horror dramas, since managers depend greatly upon mothers and children for their *clientèle.* Ibsen or "advanced" plays are not understood. *You Never Can Tell* has not gone; *Mrs. Warren's Profession* has had one week, and *Cashel Byron* two. The subtleties and satires of Bernard Shaw are never appreciated, but *Zaza* and similar speckled ladies are still doing business, for vice is sentimentalised, and stock audiences, like all audiences, enjoy sympathetics and think them ethics. Broadway successes are often never started in stock. *The Cavalier,* produced by Julia Marlowe, for nearly a hundred nights in New York, has not gone because the leading male part is a villain. The large cast of *The Pit* made it unprofitable for stock managers.

But, on the other hand, a failure in New York may be a big success in stock. *Old Heidelberg,* even with Mansfield, did not have the vogue it still has in some territories. It is the *Rip Van Winkle* of Los Angeles, for instance, where it is revived frequently for long runs. *In the Bishop's Carriage* did not set the East on fire, but it brings in large weekly royalties. Without a metropolitan production Eugene Walter's political play, *The Undertow,* caught the stock managers, and he cleared ten thousand dollars in one season. The most interesting example of this stock caprice is George Middleton's dramatisation of *The House of a Thousand Candles.* This play, founded on Meredith Nicholson's well-known novel, failed dismally at Daly's Theatre, though headed by E. M. Holland. It was shelved

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for six months as useless and then released for stock as an experiment. Its success was instantaneous, as its well-known title, its mixture of melodrama and mystery just suited stock audiences. In eighteen months it has had nearly one hundred stock weeks and is a good "repeater." Reversing the usual order, on its stock success, four road companies in addition have been playing it all season, and a sequel, *Rosalind at Red Gate,* has just been produced. This calls attention to the value of book-plays, especially in stock.

Dramatised Novels in Stock

It is not difficult to understand the great vogue of book-plays. The "big seller" will never die, for it is generally read by the very people who make up the stock audiences. The essential thing is that the title is known. Dramatisations are mostly bad, being little more than a mosaic of scenes, but stock audiences are not critical so long as they are not bored. Two types of book-plays especially interest them: the new book every one is reading and the old novel in the family bookcase. A prominent dramatist not long ago was even asked to make a version of the Book of Job. At present there is a wild scramble for all of Mrs. Wilson's novels. *St. Elmo* would have made a fortune for her heirs had it been protected. It played recently in Chicago to nine thousand dollars for the week. E. P. Roe will probably go through a similar process, as *He Fell in Love With His Wife* is being made into a play. *John Halifax* will make plenty of money, too, but unfortunately books of this type are not protected, as the copyright has expired. Consequently as soon as one version is a success every stock "hack" in the country pieces together a play around the title. In this way the goose kills itself. There are a half dozen versions of *St. Elmo.* The only manner in which this is somewhat prevented is by taking into partnership those who control "booking" over certain circuits. They then refuse to "book" rival versions. Foreign non-copyrighted books, like plays which have not been protected, are always produced with little or no royalty. Miss Gilder was unable to protect her version of *Quo Vadis,* though she had the author's exclusive rights: every stock company in the country did its own version. There was also a stock version of *The Little Minister,* and *Under Two Flags* made money for a dozen different adapters. Mrs. Stowe made nothing from *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* though the dramatist received a gold watch for his work. *Camille, East Lynne,* the dramatisation of Scott and Dickens, and a score of similar favourites can be obtained for the price of the printed versions. Among the book-plays which have made large money for the authors are *Janice Meredith, The Marriage of William Ashe, Trilby, Under the Red Robe, The Prisoner of Zenda, Rupert of Hentzau, Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, When Knighthood Was in Flower, The Man on the Box. The Clansman* for two weeks in "restricted territory" obtained one thousand dollars royalty. *The Christian* has been played and repeated all over the country, and the stock rights alone made a small fortune for Hall Caine. *Graustark,* after slumbering for nearly two years, is making a handsome profit in stock and on the road. *Beverly,* its sequel, is likewise successful. The list is large, but these few are sufficient to show the hold book-plays have in this class of house.

Other Stock Favourites

But some hasty survey, too, can indicate the number of other stock favourites. *Arizona, Alabama, On the Quiet,* and *In Missouri* have brought a steady yearly income to Augustus Thomas. Bronson Howard is said to have had ten thousand dollars a year from *The Henrietta, Shenandoah, Aristocracy,* and *The Banker's Daughter.* Belasco and the De Mille estate are still drawing good returns from *The Charity Ball* and its companion Lyceum pieces. The Daly estate, too, has valuable assets in *A Night Off* and other adaptations from the German made famous by Ada Rehan. The largest part of Pinero's income to-day still comes from his earlier farces like *The Hobby Horse, The Magistrate, Dandy Dick, Sweet Lavender,* and *The Amazons,* though his late problem plays, like *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and *Letty,* have little stock appeal. Henry Arthur

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Jones has a living alone from *The Silver King, The Liars, Mrs. Dane's Defence,* and *The Dancing Girl. Barbara Fritchie, The Climbers* and *Nathan Hale* were great favourites with stock audiences, though many of Fitch's later comedies were too light. Gillette's *Secret Service, Too Much Johnson* and *The Fair Rebel* are perennial. Sardou's beautiful home was bought mainly with the American royalties on *La Tosca, Fedora* and *Diplomacy.* English playwrights have profited by *Lady Huntworth's Experiment, Charley's Aunt, The Adventures of Lady Ursula, The Brixton Burglary* and many others. All stock audiences, too, are familiar with *The Three of Us, Captain Letterblair, Cyrano de Bergerac, Leah Kleschna, Mistress Nell, Madame Sans Gene, Mr. Potter of Texas, Sowing the Wind, The Masqueraders, Strongheart,* and *The Marriage of Kitty.* Many of these plays have been drawing royalties for twenty years and others have only started on a long career; the list is thus indefinite, but will serve to illustrate the value of a good play to a playwright.

Stock Royalties and Agents

In the contract for the original production the author normally receives five per cent. on the first four thousand dollars gross receipts, seven and one-half per cent. on the next two, and ten per cent. on all over; thus, on a ten thousand dollar week he earns about seven hundred dollars. But when the play is released for "stock," the manager divides equally with the author, as he claims quite justly it is his production and initial expense which has made its stock value possible. Plays are leased on a flat royalty of so much a week, or an eight or ten per cent. of the gross with a guarantee. The royalties seldom exceed this guarantee. Some plays only cost twenty-five dollars a week, while the very big successes when first released obtain incredible sums. *The College Widow* and *The Prisoner of Zenda,* for example, brought at one time fifteen hundred dollars a week. Plays still running are released in "restricted territory"; *The Lion and the Mouse* is at present getting one thousand dollars. In the case of a dramatisation it is the dramatist's half which must be subdivided in accordance with his arrangement with his publisher or author. Publishers frequently retain no interest in dramatic rights, others make a specialty of pushing books for the play returns. One playwright confessed to the writer that his share of royalties of a fairly successful dramatisation, which brought one hundred and fifty dollars a week royalty after all divisions and deductions were made, was exactly twenty-two dollars and fifty cents.

It has been found practical to lease plays through agents, who receive ten per cent. of all money which passes through their hands. Owing to the large territory covered, the enormous detail and great amount of intricate system involved, the author is practically helpless without agents. They keep the manuscripts and "parts" in condition, tend to the advertising, send out elaborate catalogues, which include many particulars of the cost, production and general idea of the stage "business." Records are kept of the receipts, and thus the managers are informed of the drawing capacity of the plays. Besides this, as agents have exclusive control of many plays, they are frequently able to rent to the company the *répertoire* for the entire season. An association of stock managers has likewise been formed which will guarantee a play fifteen or twenty weeks over the circuit it controls; for this it pays one hundred or one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week, figuring that the number of weeks offsets the reduction in weekly royalty.

It is estimated that over five hundred thousand dollars a year is spent for royalties by the stock companies. It is thus easily seen the value they are to playwrights, to say nothing of the large number of actors they employ. But like all things which touch stage life, stock, too, has its strange caprices and uncertainties, and failure or success defies accurate forecast or analysis.

Geoffrey Monmouth.

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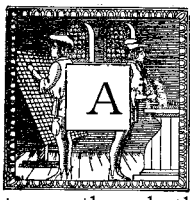
THE HORSE DEALER. BY KONEWKA

OLD FRITZ. BY FRÖLICH

THE BIRTHDAY. BY FRÖLICH

THE REVIVAL OF THE SILHOUETTE



AS long ago as the time of Crœsus, Solon, and Pisistratos the vase-painters of early Greece knew more or less about silhouette-making, that is of making shadow-pictures, though they had no paper to snip them from, and, instead, obtained their effects by drawing the outline and filling it in with solid black.

Probably the works of these ancient potters, "Etruscan vases" they used to be called, suggested to later day artists the art of cutting representations in profile of figures and objects out of black paper to be pasted against a white ground, especially the art of cutting out representations of features in profile to produce an ingenious sort of profile.

Although these shadow pictures may be traced to antiquity, it remained for the age of Louis XV to give the art a name all to itself. The chroniclers have it that because Étienne de Silhouette, comptroller-general of such finances as the French king was able to scrape together, was a miserly economist, and so stingy that his name became a by-word for everything cheap, and for every money-saving imitation manufactured for economy's sake; therefore, applied to profile portraits, then the rage, because he himself had expressed a preference of

THE BIRD SELLER
BY MÜLLER

THE HUNTER. BY FELIX SCHMIDT

PLAYING CHILDREN
BY FRÖLICH

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saving money through having his likeness thus made in preference to patronising the court painter, or because the wits of the day thought this would be a jolly way of poking fun at him under the safe cover of a compliment.

Howbeit *silhouette* became the name and silhouettes became the fashion for many a long year to come, just as they had entered into favour with Mme. de Pompadour, some years earlier. The fashion soon spread to other countries, first of all to Germany. Goethe was a lad of sixteen when Étienne de Silhouette shuffled off the mortal coil with which he

"OUR FUTURE LIES UPON THE WATER." BY HANS DIETERS

was always accused by his contemporaries of binding up his money bags, as though there were ever any too many under any Louis that ever lived. Goethe, we know, entered with a zest upon the pastime of making these pictures, and soon had portraits of his whole family and the families of his friends skilfully set down in black and white, so adept did he become in the art, which he never quite gave up.

Indeed, the fashion for silhouettes soon took all Europe by storm, studios for cutting them were set up, and the great men of the day thought it not beneath their dignity to sit to one of these profile-cutters as they would have sat to M. David, or to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Even the lovely Sarah Siddons was not satisfied with sitting alone for "The Tragic Muse," but coveted a silhouette portrait of herself, which a London cutter made to her heart's satisfaction.

The skill of these early workers would seem almost incredible, from the examples of their handiwork that have come down to us, but for the fact that there has arisen a school of modern silhouettists every bit as skilful and perhaps more truly artistic. Indeed, along with a revival of the Dance, of woman's turn to grind the scissors, and of many other things, we are on the eve of a revival of the silhouette. It is appearing on every hand again—in the magazines, in book illustration and in decorative art generally, while real artists (taking a hint from the gentlemen at Coney Island who set up to be clever in such matters) are doing really excellent likenesses as seriously as ever they were done in Monsieur Étienne's time, or in Herr Goethe's.

Probably Aubrey Beardsley would never have originated his style in drawing but for the early English silhouettists, Muybridge and the rest of them. With the modern German artists Paul Konewka,

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A GERMAN SILHOUETTE CUT OUT OF BLACK PAPER

ABSORBED IN THOUGHT. BY HILDAGARD ASMUS

SILHOUETTE CUT FROM BLACK PAPER BY LOUISE DUTTENHOFER TO ILLUSTRATE SCHILLER

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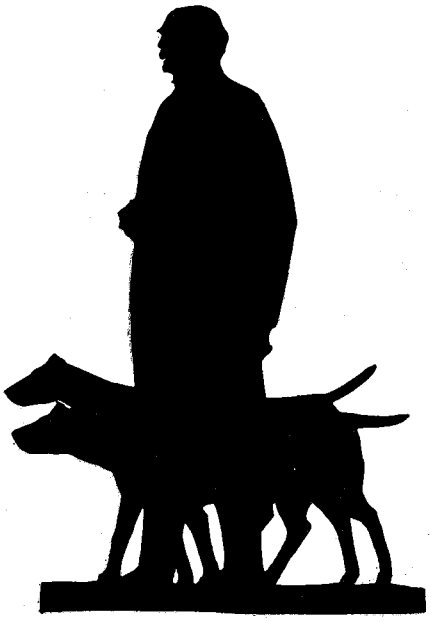
who died in 1871, at the age of thirty, stands as the link which binds the silhouettist of yesterday with to-day's masters of the art. His shadow-pictures illustrating *Faust* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* were exquisite achievements. Then he was followed by Diefenbach, whose silhouettes have never been surpassed for their marvellous quality of a sense of movement, making him really a master supreme in this *métier* of expression. He is still living, though he has laid down paper and scissors long since.

Perhaps it is to this German school of silhouettists that we must turn to find the best that we have in things of the sort. We find Otto Wiedernarm making wonderful transcriptions in silhouette of masterpieces of ancient and modern sculpture, not merely as an amusement, nor yet again to entertain others, but quite as much to show with all seriousness the message perfection in sculpture may have to tell from every viewpoint as recorded in the separate relation of line and mass to the whole. Then we have others, Frölich, with his exquisite grace, Felix

MAN AND DOG. BY W. ECKSTEIN



BISMARCK. BY HANS DIETERS

Schmidt, who exhibits the quality of humour embodied in mass and line (Konewka did that admirably before him), and silhouettists like Hildagard Asmus, who go in more for contemplative expression.

The silhouette has something to teach that no other form of art expression can so well teach to the developing intelligence and to the developing appreciation. The Japanese have known that, and their children have been taught, for more than a hundred years, to make silhouettes, in one way or another, as a mode of developing their sense of observation and a keener habit of accuracy. Recently American schools have followed the Japanese example, and now the silhouette, made by inking in the outline of the profile of an object, has been introduced into school drawing courses.

It is not too many years past for us to forget the silhouette portraits cut by William James Hubard, who died in 1863, or the work of William Henry Brown of Charleston, whose long career began with a silhouette portrait of Lafayette on his last visit to America, and who crowned his success with silhouette portraits of

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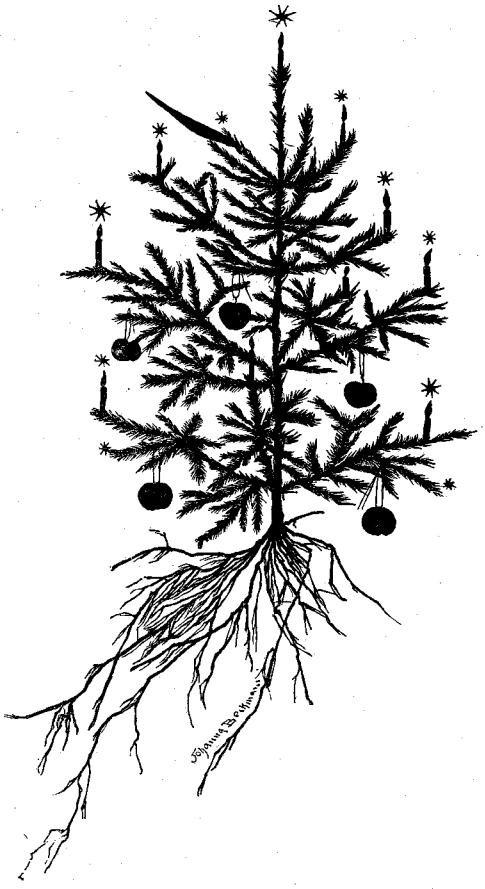

CUT FROM BLACK PAPER BY JOHANNA BECKMANN

Webster, Clay, Calhoun and Lincoln. When we remember that the indefatigible Augustin Edourt cut over fifty thousand of them during his interesting career we may realise what the camera has taken away from us—something, however, whose place it cannot exactly fill, so that, with memories of the past brought up to us, and a knowledge of what the present is doing in silhouette-making, we shall, indeed, welcome the revival of the silhouette, beloved by our great-grandmothers, and by their grandmothers.

Gardner Teall.

SOME FIGURES IN THE NEW HUMOUR

AS THE BOOKMAN is going to press with an article about the work of some of the men who in the last six or eight years have been appealing to the sense of the comic of American newspaper readers, information comes of a disaster to two well-known citizens of what may be called New Humourville. Ferdinand and Percy Hall Room have been discharged, and by Mr. Wanacooper himself.

To the hundred thousand people who read the announcement of the discharge of the Hall Room boys in the New York

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Extra! Extra! The Hall Room Boys Are Fired and This Time It Is for Good!

TAKEN SERIOUSLY AT LAST, THE HALL ROOM BOYS HAVE BEEN DISCHARGED FOR GOOD BY THEIR FORMER EMPLOYER, MR. WANACOOPER. THEY HAVE TRANSFERRED THEIR ACTIVITIES TO WALL STREET

Evening Journal of April 6th last, it appeared only as an amusing turn in the affairs of these young men upon whose misadventures H. A. MacGill has been playing for the past six years. However, this time it is for good so far as the establishment of Mr. Wanacooper is concerned. They must seek new fields for their bounce and braggadocio and take their humiliations and rebuffs in now unfamiliar surroundings. Frivolous as the series was some persons have condemned it as unkind. The Hall-Room Boys unquestionably deserved all the punishments that they received, but, after all, was not their greatest crime the crime of being poor? Had they possessed the fat purse of Mr. G. Whatawad they would unquestionably have found a more tolerant and better natured world and suffered less from its snubs and its buffets. After all, perhaps, the change is not one for the worse. At least let one who has followed them through many months express the hope that their sins may speedily be forgiven and forgotten. When asked what would now become of the boys, MacGill replied, very soberly, that they had gone into Wall Street. "They had to start at the beginning," he continued, "not much more than errand boys. All they are getting is six dollars a week, each. Don't see how they are going to live on that."

The new American newspaper humour has in it little of the imaginary. Far more so is it a chronicle of some phase of every-day life, exaggerated for emphasis, selected because it has a peculiar appeal to the artist who uses it, and offers a medium of expression to the characters he depicts most happily. Not that the artists are lacking in imagination. But the great majority of them rely far more on observation and adaptation. The men who invent the situations they draw for our entertainment appeal to us in an entirely different way from those who depict the humorous side of every-day events. Take for example Windsor McKay's best known production, "Little Nemo." There is much more of the extraordinary than the laughable in that series. The best of these drawings have been fairy tales that take one away to bewildering lands of romance. This artist's work, and there is vastly more art in his work than the humorous newspaper draughtsman usually attempts, has a destinctive feature that, to the minds of many, is most striking because it marks an accomplishment never before obtained

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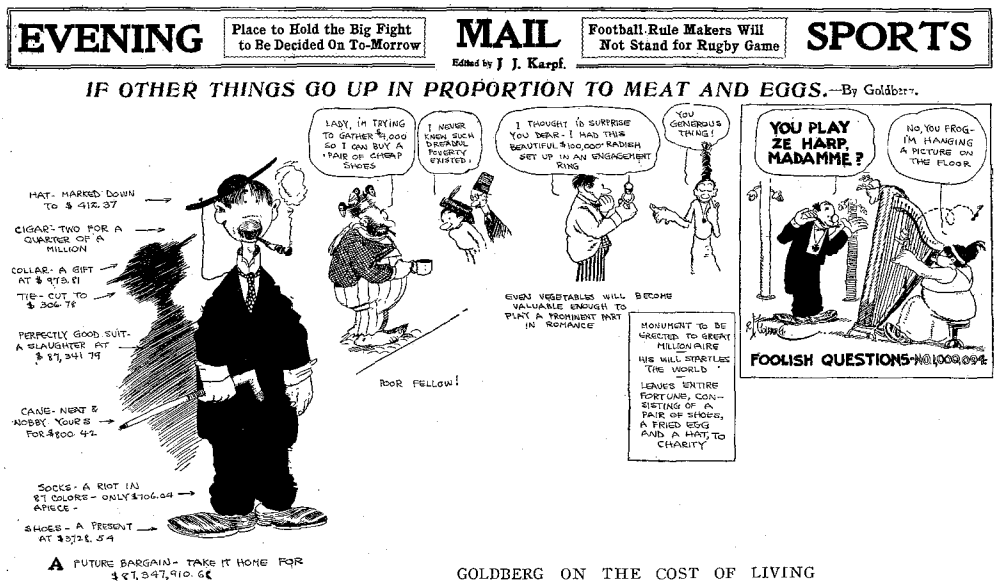
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR "FOOLISH QUESTIONS"

in this form of newspaper illustration. Windsor McKay often forces both his idea and its execution to subserve his more pretentious endeavour to produce an attractive page composition. In other words, he makes one big picture out of a series of drawings, just as a writer blends the many chapters of his story into one complete book. He pleases the eye through his ability to draw the things his mind creates—yet even these may be pictures of his childhood dreams, recalled through the character of "Little Nemo."

Ask the maker of funny pictures how or where he secures his ideas, and unless he tries to entertain you with a bit of impromptu fiction he will probably confess that he does not know from where they come, or that they come from anywhere. Those who, day in and day out, have to produce a piece of pictorial humour of the right size and shape to occupy the allotted space, have to be men in whom the sense of humour is abnormally developed. They work at humour just as other persons work at other daily tasks. Ask Goldberg why he thinks his "Foolish Questions" are foolish, and he will probably tell you, as he did the writer, that it is because he gets paid for them and that when he tried to stop them his public would not permit it. Another question which the followers of these "funny" men always carry close to the surface is: "Where did he get his first suggestion, how did he come to start such a series?" Unfortunately there are very few of these inspirations which have an origin worth mentioning, except when these men follow that perfectly justifiable plan already given, of endeavouring to entertain rather than relate actual facts. In the case of Goldberg, he well remembers just how he came by his "Foolish Ques-



GOLDBERG ON THE COST OF LIVING

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The Monk Family Serenades Groucho on His Wedding Day

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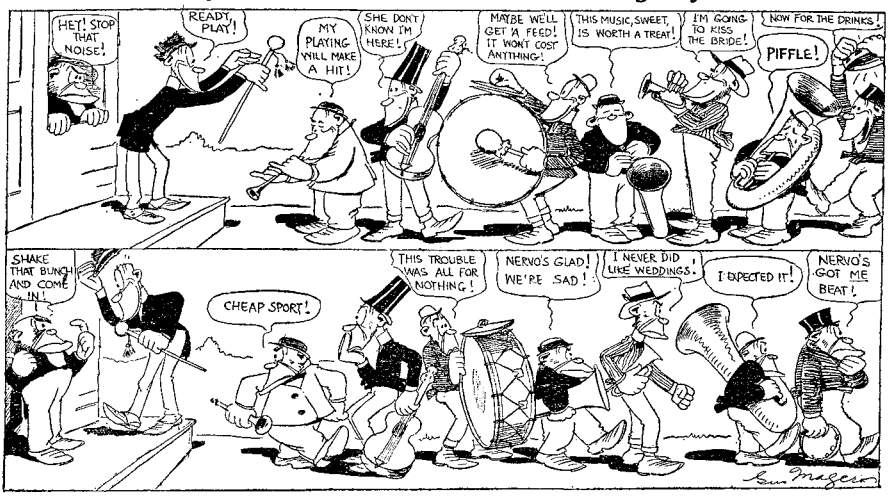
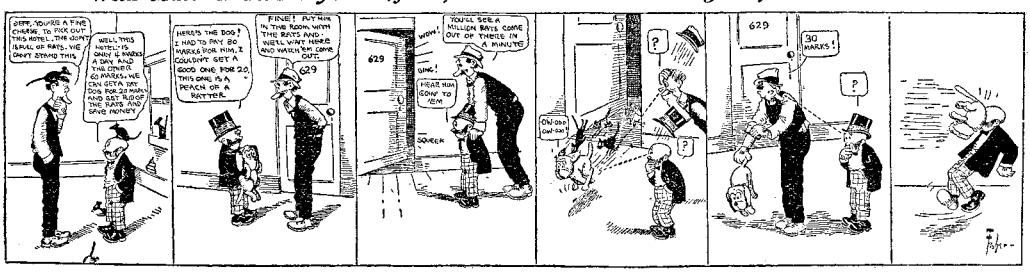


THE IDEA OF THE MONK FAMILY CAME FROM JAMES J. MONTAGUE

tions" series, for his feelings were hurt in getting it. He was grubbing 'round the office of the *Evening Mail* in slow, irregular circles, looking for an idea, and each time he passed the desk where Franklin P. Adams was at work on his column of "Always in Good Humour," he stopped to discover if Adams had any helping suggestions. On the last round Goldberg, who had taken to kicking each piece of furniture he passed, missed his aim when trying to place a kick on the corner of Adams's desk and landed on the writer's shin. The penitent artist at once asked his writhing victim if the kick had hurt him; and Adams at once replied that he was only laughing over a joke he expected to hear on the next day.

It would seem that many humorous drawings have their origin in some hour of gloom. Gus Mager has made many laugh at the very human episodes in which he places his variations of the Monk family. It is significant, however, that the first of this clan to be pictured was "Groucho." The idea for it came to James J. Montague, who did not hand it over to Mager until he had first extracted enough inspiration from the cloud which hung over the artist to give him the dark plot of a light verse. Mager's Monks, apes in each sense, would still occupy a worthy place even if they lacked the extreme cleverness exhibited in their drawing. That bombast "Braggo," the bluffer "Coldfeeto," the small-souled "Tightwaddo," the foolish "Rhymo," the exasperating "Nervo," and, most interesting

With Mutt in Germany. Jeff Buys a Full-Blooded Rat Dog---By "Bud" Fisher



THE CREATOR OF "MUTT" ASCRIBES THE CHARACTER TO THE FACT THAT HE USED TO BE "SORT OF A ONE HIMSELF"

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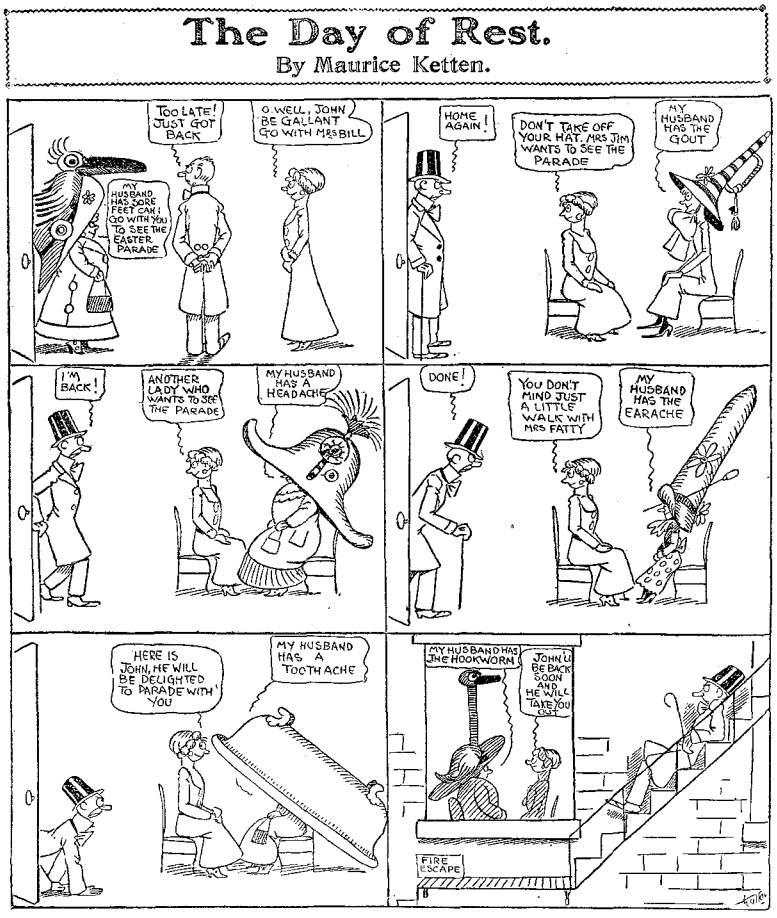

A FRENCHMAN BY BIRTH, MAURICE KETTEN HAS CAUGHT THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN HUMOUR

of the whole tribe, "Henpecko"—there is humour in every pose of these counterparts of certain people we all know. There is enough expression in the single line that marks "Henpecko's" mouth to make it equal to a paragraph of editorial text—the attitude of his body is worth a column. Though each of these sets of pictures makes a thrust at some weak spot in our armour of conceit, yet it is done in such a good-natured way that we grin while rubbing the injury.

Another series of humorous drawings that is helping Mr. Hearst to sell his papers is that one depicting the life and adventures of Mr. A. Mutt. This gentleman sprang into fame very quickly, probably from the fact that he is able to adapt himself to almost any social position with the calm assurance which comes to only the most truly cosmopolitan. Assuming this conjecture to be the actual reason for the rise of Mr. Mutt, it may be that his originator, "Bud" Fisher, is not displaying an over amount of modesty when he answered the usual question as to how he caught up with the idea by replying: "O, I used to be a sort of a one myself." For all his indiscretion and failings we like "Mutt." His varied experiences are so entertaining. This is really artistic horseplay, though the pictures seldom fail to put "Mutt" in the same class with his name, proving his belittled compatriot, "Jeff," to be the cleverer man. The humour exhibited in the drawing fits so well with the text and with the evident frame of mind possessed by "Mutt" when find-

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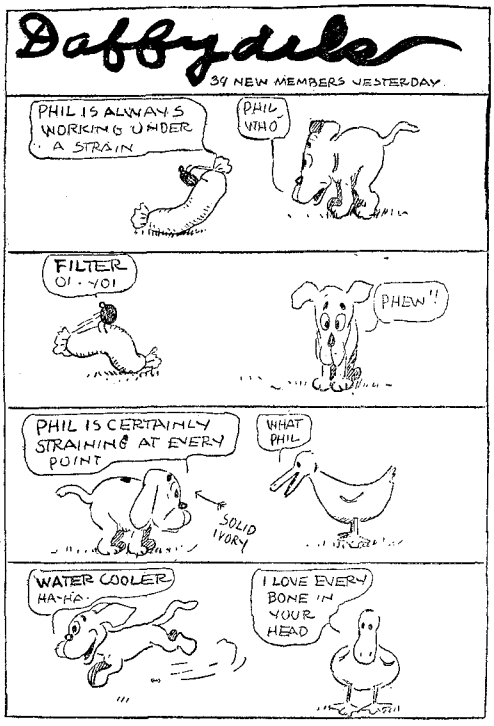
ing himself repeatedly outwitted, that his genuine astonishment and undisguised disgust cannot fail of appreciation.

C. H. Wellington, another artist who occupies a drawing table in the *Journal's* "comic" room, found so much virtue in that brain-developing food, "Grape Nuts," that he had only to read the advertisement of it to secure the idea for his biggest hit. As Wellington will tell any inquisitive person: "You never can be sure how much good you will get out of reading advertisements. The Postum people cannot make any mistake when they declare 'There's a Reason,' for so far as I have been able to discover, there's a reason for everything, even if there are times when some one has to help you look for it." One peculiar feature of this series is that it reverses the scheme followed by most of the comic artists, as does Goldberg's "Foolish Questions," for the subject remains the same while the characters constantly change. The task of making the point clear usually rests so much with the relation some inanimate object holds to the central figure in the drawing that the production really requires good drawing, consequently giving Wellington an opportunity to do that which comes nearer being a true illustration than is ordinarily demanded of the comic draughtsman.

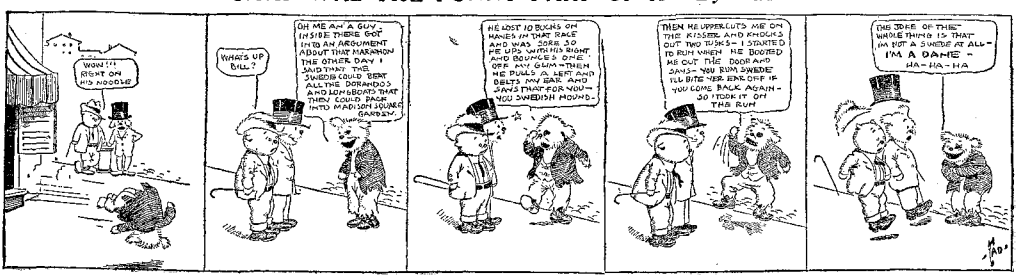
Hershfield's new series, "Desperate Desmond," is good enough to have been inspired by the posters of the East Side drama emporiums that border on the *Journal-American's* Bowery sweatshop for the production of humour. From the real ten-twenty-thirty thrills injected into this series it is easy to pick the tragic stars mired in the human goulash of



T. A. D. STANDS FOR THOMAS A. DORGAN

Grand Street. Harry Lewis, on the contrary, in his "What Can a Poor Woman Do," goes far afield for his material. Entering the happy home of the reasonably prosperous, he proceeds to make light of the ability of the young housewife to appreciate the importance of anything that has to do with finance or commerce, even in matters which relate to her wifely position. "The idea came to me," Lewis explained, "during a Sunday afternoon spent with a young married couple. While occupying a cramped po-

THAT WAS THE FUNNY PART OF IT—By Tad



NOT A SWEDE, BUT A DANE

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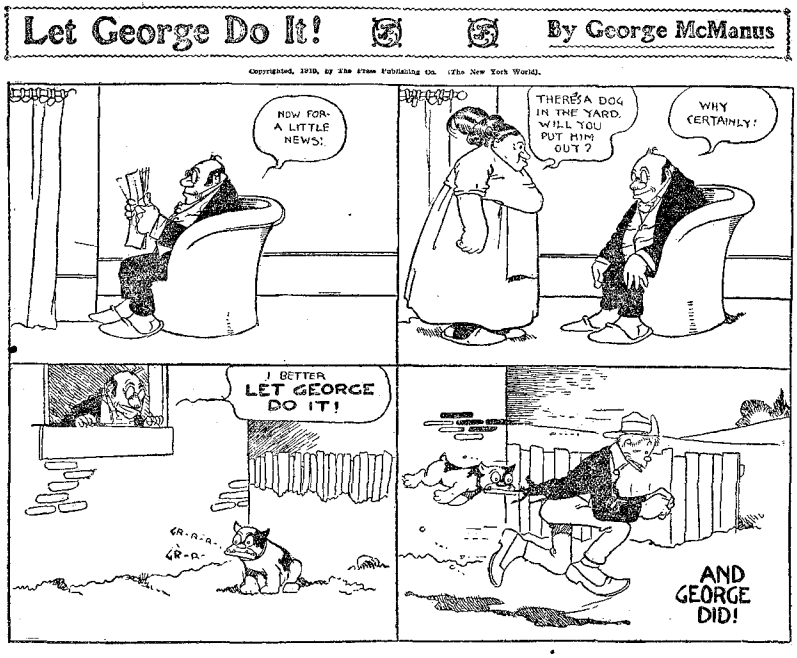
sition along one side of the living-room of their four rooms and bath portion of a gilded palace uptown, they entertained me with facts concerning the cost of milk and butter. During their conversation the wife discovered that butter and milk were both intimately related to that farm-yard decoration, the cow. Wishing to make the most of this information, she declared she was going to write to her uncle in Texas and ask him to send her a nice little cow. I rang for the fire escape while waiting for my hat."

For humour that needs no excuse, that he found this on the paper in front of him: "Brighteyes—'Tad went swimming in the rain barrel last night.' Fireclay—'Tad who?' Brighteyes—'Tadpole!' Next scene: Fireclay—'Tad had a great swim yesternight.' Convenient By-stander—'What Tad?' Fireclay—'Thomas A. Dorgan!' Vulgar street brawl ensuing." And there is just about as much wit shown in the way this comic artist handles everything from a prize fight to a plate of beans; in fact, any one who can make us laugh at the antics of a sausage must be able to extract humour



GEORGE HAS BECOME A TOPIC OF EVERY-DAY CONVERSATION

carries a laugh in every pen stroke, there is "Tad's" "Daffydils." It is almost like telling some unpleasant bit of scandal about the private life of your favourite poet to explain that T-a-d stands for Thomas A. Dorgan; and until he aspires to the office of alderman we would rather not think past his initials. For that matter, he is indebted to these same initials for his "Daffydils" idea. One day, so it is said, he was groping for a new thought; and as he groped he kept on writing his initials. Then, in disgust, he exclaimed, "Tad, that's about what you are, you think like a tadpole. Inside of an hour from a waste basket and never dream anything but jokes.

In Maurice Ketten we have a comic artist who proves that humour is just about the same the world over, though, as he puts it: "Each country has its own idea about the ability of any other nation to appreciate a joke—and it's not complimentary. We (and Ketten says it proudly) firmly believe the English cannot receive a joke, though it carries a guarantee to pay return charges if not satisfactory. Of course, this is as wrong as the idea the French hold that a German cannot imbibe the humour of a story even

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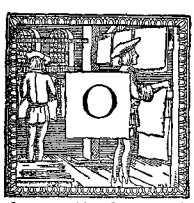
if a glass of beer is given with each one." Ketten was born in Paris and confesses there was a time when he aspired to paint masterpieces. After several years' study at the Beaux Arts, and several times having his pictures exhibited in the Salon, he opened a studio. Chance brought him the editor of one of the Paris dailies to sit for his portrait. "By the time the picture was finished," explained Ketten, "the editor and myself had become rather good friends; and then it was he asked me to do some work for his paper. It took me a little time to learn how to handle a pen, but when I saw it was going to give me the answer to the problem of living it was not such hard work. However, there was a time when that editor annoyed me greatly, for after he had pushed me into newspaper work so far it was hard to get out, he died, and without any apparent consideration of his obligation to me." If ever a man, foreign born, learned how to express humour, American style, as exemplified in his "Day of Rest" series, that man is Maurice Ketten.

George McManus is holding something in store for those who liked "The Newlyweds," and his later creation, "Let George do It." What's going to happen when Lovey asks papa to hold Snookums and that hitherto devoted parent replies, "Let George do it." The fact that in each of these series McManus has succeeded in creating a clever burlesque on conditions and traits with which we are all familiar, and giving us plenty of fun with it all, goes to show that he can pick a droll situation out of any hour of the day and make us good natured during those which are left. There are so many things we want to let George do—and that we should do ourselves, that the knowledge of George doing it for some one else helps to lighten the burden along the way—though we really would like to know the address of this obliging young man.

Amos Stote.

THE THINGS PEOPLE DO AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



OF all the stereotyped forms of unintelligent criticism to which the maker of fiction is subjected there is none more persistently misused than that which Ibsen has once for all formulated in the imperishable phrase of Assessor Brack, "People don't do such things!" Now, of course, these words may be taken in a number of different senses; that is precisely why the average uncritical reader so glady falls back upon them. He is able to appear discriminating without being too specific. The phrase has the advantage of a shotgun over a rifle—it scatters so widely. It may mean, for instance, that the author has made one of his characters commit a deed which it is unimaginable that any human being, at any period of racial development, would have committed. Or, it may mean that the deed is one which would not be at all surprising if done by an Eskimo, a Malaysian, or a fanatical Bedouin. Or again, it may mean simply that a certain class of people, a certain social strata would not be guilty of the specified act, even though the great mass of the general public would see in it nothing strange or reprehensible. In other words, as a criticism of the author himself it ranges all the way from asserting that he has a fundamental and colossal ignorance of human nature down to the insinuation that he is unfamiliar with the best social usages, or the even more trivial objection that he is unacquainted with current high-life slang, or with the latest fashion in Paris hats.

Now, it would be very foolish to deny that every novelist at one time or another blunders about the words and actions of his characters in all these varying degrees of seriousness. But the point which it seems worth while to insist upon rather

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strenuously is that while we feel that a certain person would not act in a specified way our instinctive feeling would be one of the most difficult things in the world to prove. It may usually be assumed that the author knows a good deal more about his characters than we do; if questioned, he is more than likely to be ready armed with an example of the particular act under discussion out of actual life; and the real nature of his fault is not that he has made his characters act in a way to belie their real nature, but that he has not told us quite enough about those characters to make us fully understand just what their nature is.

The trouble with a great majority of people is that they insist upon idealising human nature. They will not recognise that the points of difference between the primordial savage of the stone age and the most cultured man or woman of today are not half so numerous or important as the points of kinship. It is pleasant, of course, to feel that we have quite outgrown the violence of primitive passions, that we never by any chance fall below the standards of *noblesse oblige,* that we always keep our voices well modulated and are consistently mindful of our table manners. For this reason, it is salutary to remind ourselves from time to time that if in one aspect man is a little lower than the angels, in another he is a little higher than the simians; that civilisation is at best a rather thin veneer, and that it does not take an excessive amount of storm and stress to make us forget our carefully learned parlour tricks. We have been taught to be courteous to women and to refrain from eating with our fingers; but a boatful of shipwrecked passengers, after a week of drifting without food, will not be likely to be squeamish about knives and forks, should a flying fish flop over the gunwale or punctiliously see to it that the ladies are served first.

It is, however, quite true that when people do the unconventional, unexpected thing it is in response to some outside impulse. The familiar law of motion, that a moving body changes its speed and direction only in accord with an external force and to a corresponding degree, applies equally well to changes in character. As a general principle, it is safe to assume that almost anybody will do almost anything provided the external stress is of the necessary kind and degree. Young women of refinement and social standing are not supposed to go unattended to a bachelor apartment; but under a special combination of circumstances this thing has happened. Chivalry toward the weak is supposed to be a prerogative of the modern Anglo-Saxon; yet women and children have occasionally been trampled on during a fire panic. Brutal murders spring from ignorance and racial degeneracy, yet it has happened that a college professor was hanged.

What is true of the big tragedies of life, of crimes springing from jealousy and hatred and greed, is equally true of petty every-day habits of thought and action, the small social usages which seem, upon analysis, so idle and foolish and yet have come to be regarded as the hallmark of caste. It is a novelist's duty, so far as his knowledge goes, to make his characters representative of their class, their era, their special social set—but he has the far higher duty to make them true to themselves, to their special situation, to the stress of the passing hour. A gentleman does not keep his hat on in a room where there are ladies; but if a man's child is dying, or if he has just been wrongfully accused of theft, he does not cease to be a gentleman because for the first time in his life his head remains covered. Women of refinement will indignantly repudiate the suggestion that while adjusting their coiffure they may ever by any chance hold their hairpins between their lips; yet, under the stress of strong emotion they will absent-mindedly do this very thing—and not forfeit their title to be called ladies. That hen-minded condition of flurry which results in taking the longest and most difficult way out of danger, when a perfectly simple escape lies in plain sight, is supposed to be characteristic of youth and ignorance. But the present writer recalls vividly a humbling and instructive experience not very long ago: a sudden outbreak of fire in a seaside cottage in the early morning hours; a dozen startled neighbours, business men, college graduates, people of more than average intelligence, rushing scantily clad to the rescue, and although

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the flames were fanned by a brisk wind and all the water of the Atlantic lay available at a distance of twenty-five feet, not one of those men so much as glanced toward the beach, but instead toiled up a flight of stairs, passed through several rooms to the kitchen and waited their turn in line to fill small pails from the trickle of a single faucet. This, if put into a novel, would inevitably evoke a chorus of denials that people ever did such things. And yet, it is typical of the idiotic things that people in actual life are all the time doing.

The moral of these remarks, if they carry any moral at all, is, not to refrain from criticism, but to criticise intelligently; not to say offhand that because the heroine is indiscreet or the hero something of a cad, that they are false to life, that people in such and such a grade of society don't do such things, to be instead a little more just to the author and to admit that you probably have not quite understood either the grade of society or the individual personality that he was trying to present. In fiction, as well as in life, actions speak louder than words; and if a novelist makes the serious blunder of telling you that his heroine was a woman of faultless manners, and then makes her chew gum in a trolley car, the sensible view to take is that she actually did chew gum, for the author probably saw her do it—and that his only mistake was one not of fact but of deduction. He simply failed to classify his character correctly.

"Murder Point"

Murder Point, by Coningsby William Dawson, is a good example of the sort of thing that people, even refined and cultured people, will do when they find themselves removed beyond the pale of civilisation and out of touch with the old standards of honour, of justice, of elemental decency. In a word, *Murder Point* is a chronicle of the slow disintegration of a strong man under the prolonged strain of cold and darkness and utter loneliness on the furthest limits of the Hudson Bay territory. John Granger is an independent trader in the district of Keewatin, far up the Last Chance River; and because he is an independent trader incurs the hereditary enmity of the Hudson Bay Company, whose factors and agents habitually pass by his little store in silence and with averted heads. His nearest white neighbour is separated from him by a space of seventy miles, a formidable distance even in the summer time, and impassable during the floods of spring. John Granger knows that the men who preceded him at Murder Point have had grim histories, and that more than one has gone mad under the strain. But John Granger is made of sterner stuff. He cannot afford to go mad. There is a woman who is, or was, in the Klondike—a woman disguised as a man, toiling beside other men for a little harvest of gold. There has been a partnership of three, bound by a solemn agreement that when their joint earnings had reached the sum of fifty thousand dollars they would leave the north and seek the Guianas and the fabled El Dorado. Granger had never suspected, through the long year of hard toil and slow results, that one of his partners was a scoundrel and the other was a woman. It was to keep his hands clean from bloodshed that Granger fled from the Klondike, leaving the man he hated and the woman he loved, and buried himself alive in the gloom and desolation of Keewatin. And it is here that his winter exile is broken in upon by the very man he fled from, who comes to him on the edge of a storm, gaunt and fear-driven, with a team of almost exhausted dogs, and he himself at the end of his strength. The man has committed murder and inexorable Canadian justice is after him. Whom he has killed he will not say, but Granger intuitively knows that it was their other partner—the partner who was a woman. If the fugitive had named her Granger would have killed him then and there. But because he did not name her, Granger gave him the benefit of the doubt and helped him to escape from his pursuers. It is a long tale and one that fairly racks you with its sense of dreariness, of darkness, of haunting horror. It is worth reading as a study of the way in which an Englishman of birth and culture, with a fine inheritance awaiting him, an Oxford man with a record in athletics that had made him famous, could degenerate little by little till he sunk lower than the half-breed Indian girl he married and

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well deserved the fate he met upon the gallows.

"Kings in Exile"

Man's exile on the frozen plains of the North not unnaturally suggests the reverse picture of the animal denizens of those same plains miserably captive in the midst of civilisation. *Kings in Exile,* by Charles G. D. Roberts, adds one more volume to this author's previous contributions of romanticised life histories of wild animals. The value of these stories as serious studies in natural history seems to the present writer as irrelevant a question as is the value of a Dumas novel considered as documentary history. It is, of course, easy to parody the stock phrase of popular criticism and declare that "animals don't do such things." But for the most part these stories are so carefully written that such a charge would be hard to prove. Even where Mr. Roberts attributes by implication to his animals thoughts and purposes that are a degree too human one feels that he is simply expressing concretely certain dumb and groping emotions which the poor brutes themselves could not have explained, but if resolved into action would have reached the same result that Mr. Roberts reaches. In such stories, for instance, as that of the captive bison in "Last Bull," or of the moose in "The Monarch of Park Barren," it is, of course, incredible that these animals should have evoked in their dull brains the panoramic memories of Western prairie and Northern mountain bounded woodland such as Mr. Roberts attributes to them. And yet any one who has taken the trouble to stand and watch for a few hours the big proud horned leaders of some pitiful remnant of a herd behind the wire-bound ranges of our zoological gardens must confess that the far-off dreams that lie behind their inscrutable gaze, their motionless and silent stolidity, has never been more eloquently, more adequately interpreted than through the medium of Mr. Roberts's idealisation.

For the sake of returning at one leap not merely to the centre of social life, but to that variety of it which is most insistently and fluffily feminine, it is profitable to take up next Mr. E. F. Benson's latest volume, *The Fascinating Mrs. Halton.* Now, there is no English writer, not even Anthony Hope himself, more expert in turning out idle little Dolly Dialogues that begin nowhere and end in the same place—feminine studies of the tinsel jewelry type, all sparkle and glitter but without the sterling mark. A generation has passed since he created the Dodo type, a perfectly good type so far as it goes, and one of which no intelligent student of human nature would venture to say that the Dodo of real life does not do such things. But here, at last, in *The Fascinating Mrs. Halton,* the author has failed to carry conviction with it. His heroine, to be sure, finds herself in a serious dilemma. Returning after a year of widowhood upon the Continent, as the betrothed bride of another man, she discovers her favourite niece, Daisy, on the brink of accepting the proposal of a certain Lord Lindfield. Now, Mrs. Halton happens to know that the tragic death of Daisy's wayward and unhappy sister is mainly to be laid at Lord Lindfield's door. Daisy herself knows nothing of the matter, and even Lord Lindfield does not dream that there is any connection between a half-forgotten episode in Paris and the object of his present serious intentions. Now Mrs. Halton is represented to us as a woman of rather sterling qualities. Below a blithe and inconsequential surface, one feels that she is a woman who is distinctly worth while—and yet, in the face of this, what does the author ask us to believe her capable of doing? Why, here is the best way that this intelligent, warm-hearted, frank-natured woman can hit upon: she flings herself bodily at Lord Lindfield. She matches all of her maturer charms and finished arts against poor Daisy's youth and inexperience. With her own betrothed lover looking on and marvelling in patient and dumb trustfulness, she stoops to coquetries that are almost wanton in their boldness—and when finally Lord Lindfield falls into the snare and forgetful of Daisy offers himself, she assumes a sudden hauteur and becomes insulting in her attitude of disdainful and outraged dignity. Now it is obvious that Mr. Benson knew better; he felt that all this was preposterous—and the proof lies

"The Fascinating Mrs. Halton"

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in the fact that despite the absurdity of this false position his people all act like sensible human beings; they get together, talk things over and refuse to have their lives wrecked by a bit of melodrama. Yet even here it is unnecessary to say that people don't do such things. If Mrs. Halton had not done this particular thing, Mr. Benson would have had no story to write. The real explanation is that Mrs. Halton was just a plain, garden variety of fool, and Mr. Benson was either not clever enough or not honest enough to tell us so.

"The Voice in the Rice"

The Voice in the Rice, by Gouverneur Morris, is quite refreshing by contrast, inasmuch as it is so triumphantly the sort of thing that people would do, provided only we accept the rather preposterous initial conditions. Imagine a little colony established among the rice swamps off the Carolina coast. It is accessible only through a labyrinth of narrow waterways, concealed and partly choked by reedy jungles and seething with the ceaseless motions of countless venomous snakes. In this protected territory, unknown to the United States Government, there lives a colony directly descended from the first early immigrants and to this day refusing allegiance to our flag and maintaining a feudal simplicity of government, an Old-World distinction of rank and title, and an obsolete labour system of negro slaves. Into this world, separated from our own by a barrier of about two centuries, the hero is suddenly projected by the accident of a shipwreck. Being an exceptional specimen of manhood, he seems to be a desirable colonist, much too good to be put to death; while to let him go free and in possession of their secret is obviously an impossibility. Here we have the initial situation on which to base a delightful satire of social and political contrasts, and if Mr. Morris had had the patience to develop the possibilities in this direction he might have produced a volume of some real importance. Then again there is a creepy, uncanny element in the tale. The government of the colony has passed under the despotic control of one man, a human monstrosity, colossal, repellent, loathsome. This man has from childhood innoculated himself little by little with the poison of moccasin snakes until now a certain number of bites per day are essential to him. Even this absurdity is carried off by Mr. Morris in a way that sends little creepy shudders down your back. And then, all of a sudden, he seems to become weary of this also and allows himself to spoil it by ending up in a grand fanfare of opéra-bouffes. The book belongs to the class of *tours-de-force,* but because of what we suspect to be sheer laziness it is a *tour-de-force manqué.*

"Gwenda"

Gwenda, by Mabel Barnes-Grundy, belongs to that class of epistolary fiction peculiarly exasperating to the critic, because it is impossible to say with certainty whether certain absurdities of thought and action, certain *gaucheries* of style are attributable to the supposed limitations of the heroine, or to the actual limitations of the author. Which ever view one chooses to take, there is no way of escaping from the very obvious fact that the style is something worse than mediocre, the philosophy of life an assemblage of platitudes, and the narrative sadly lacking in novelty or inspiration. Nevertheless, the odd thing about the book, and one which all the professional readers must also have felt—or it would never have got into print—is that in some unexplained manner it holds the attention. It is curiously like some commonplace tragedy in real life that is perhaps told to you by lips that lack the trick of good narrative, and that none the less wrings your heart because it is so real, and so inevitable and so physically near to you. Perhaps that is the real secret of the hold that Gwenda takes upon you—it seems physically so near! It is just the naïve diary, in the form of daily letters sent home to her aunt, of a bride who has all her life stagnated in simple rural surroundings, and is suddenly borne away by a handsome stranger, of whom she knows next to nothing, to preside over his ultra-fashionable balls and dinners and week-end parties. The note of discord sounds first, though faintly, at the outset of the honeymoon. It rises more and more distinctly, more insistently week by week. It is the same old ma-

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terial which treated melodramatically gave to Ouida and the Duchess their favourite situation of a generation ago. It is because *Gwenda* is so unsophisticated and simple that it appeals where a touch of melodrama would have ruined it irretrievably.

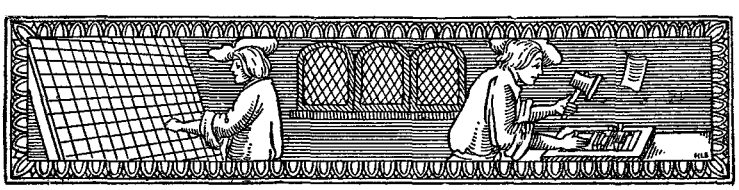
"The Girl from His Town"

The Girl from His Town, by Marie Van Vorst, is not a story of things which people do not do, but it is a story of people who do things of which in real life they would inevitably repent. The man from whose town the girl comes is a clean-cut and, what is more important, a clean-minded young fellow from the West, whose wise, bluff old father left him, when dying, not only a fortune but something a good deal better in the shape of high ideals of truth and honour. This young fellow goes to England to visit a man of some social importance, whom his father had reckoned among his most valued friends. But it happens that this Englishman is married to a woman who has made the social atmosphere of his household an open scandal. So the young man from the Western States finds himself surrounded and swooped down upon by a crowd of women who are no better than so many birds of prey. He is at first too young to understand. He almost gives himself and his millions into the hands of a shameless fortune hunter, and he is saved from his blunder chiefly through the influence of a notorious dancing girl, a favourite of the London music halls, who happens to be the same identical girl that years before served him soda water across the drug-store counter in the mining village of his birth. Now this girl of the music halls is not merely notorious, but justly so; there is no attempt to whitewash her record, or to pretend that the tales circulated about her are exaggerated. In real life, such marriages either do not take place or they result disastrously. And for that matter, the more serious makers of fiction know that it is a wiser solution to make their Trilbys and their Ladies of the Camelias die a timely death. It is the gratuitous assumption that they live happily ever afterward that makes this tale of Dan Blair and the girl from his town so irritatingly inconclusive.

"In the Service of the Princess"

In the Service of the Princess, by Henry C. Rowland, is a rather curious concession to popular taste, when one remembers that it comes from the author of books of such grim power as *The Shadow* and *The Mountains of Fear.* Now, when an artist deliberately attempts to do a type of work that lies quite outside of his chosen field—as, for instance, had Milton attempted a limerick or Michael Angelo indulged in flamboyant posters, the one important question is whether they justify themselves by doing a good job—because there is nothing inherent in the lower type of art that justifies a really big artist in being ashamed of having attempted it. The only shame would be in having turned out a slovenly piece of work. *In the Service of the Princess,* far from being slovenly, is refreshingly clever. Indeed, it would be worth reading if only for the sake of discovering how triumphantly the whole *Prisoner of Zenda* and *Beverly of Graustark* genus of the Summer Novel family is capable of being reduced to a working formula. The haughty foreign princess; the dauntless and invincible American hero; the seething unrest of the Balkan peninsula; the jealousy and blunders of a rival woman; the smiling treachery of intriguing Turks; the blind fatalism of the Asiatics—all these ingredients are shaken together with a deftness which shows that in small matters as well as big Mr. Rowland is a conscientious workman.

Frederic Taber Cooper.



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EIGHT BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Admiral Evans's "An Admiral's Log"*

Nine years ago Rear-Admiral Evans, who had then just received the rank which he has since borne, published his very attractive volume entitled *A Sailor's Log.* The story that he told in it was of forty years of seafaring, and it was instinct with a vivacity and animation that justified the Admiral's popular title of "Fighting Bob." From the Civil War to the war with Spain, there was very little which this gallant tar had missed. He saw service under Farragut. He had cruised in Bering Sea at the time when Mr. Blaine was not quite sure whether a war between this country and Great Britain would be desirable or not. Moreover, he, in the little gunboat *Yorktown,* had held his own against the Chilians at Valparaiso, caring nothing for the odds against him and ready at any moment to blow the bottoms out of their torpedo-boats or to head a landing party to punish the ruffians who swarmed along the water-front. The book ended with the sea fight at Santiago. This new volume takes up the story at that point and carries it through to the Admiral's retirement from active service after the cruise of the fleet of battle-ships around Cape Horn, to Japan, the Philippines and then back to San Francisco.

The Admiral has lost none of his natural gifts as a story-teller. Much that he has to say is interesting just because it is so outspoken. Admiral Evans has a great deal to tell of what we are doing in the Philippines. He had an interview with the "Tiger Empress" of China not long after the Boxer siege. He entered Peking through the great East Gate which the Americans had captured and held. His terse account of what he saw deserves to be set beside the nervous, vivid pictures drawn by Mr. Putnam Weale. The Admiral says:

> As we passed through the gate—the wall is sixty feet thick—what we saw was most revolting. Lepers were lying about, their swollen, suppurating sores exposed to view, begging of those who passed; others sick with various diseases were in evidence; and beggars without number whined at our elbows and begged for alms. Dogs by the dozen barked and snarled, ugly, mangy curs of all breeds, that looked as if they had never had enough to eat—such dogs as one sometimes sees in a fevered dream.

It is a good thing to read these impressions, side by side with the account written by Mr. Weale, who seems to have a particular animus against the British minister and who said very little in praise of any one. Admiral Evans declares that the fiercest fighting was done around the American and Japanese legations, and last of all in the English compound. There is a curious comment upon the new legation buildings erected since the siege, which it would be well for our State Department to consider. According to Admiral Evans, the new English legation is almost like a fortress.

> A heavy loopholed wall has been built around the entire grounds, except in one place, where the old wall has been left intact. On this is inscribed in large black letters "Lest We Forget." *The new American legation is built out in the open, where the mob will have an easy time to capture it when the time comes!* The barracks for the company of the Ninth Infantry, which forms the legation guard, is close to the legation, and is without protection of any kind. The people of Peking have had their lesson—surely a very severe one—and foreigners will be safe there for a long time to come; but history has repeated itself so often in China that I think we may look for more trouble in the course of time.

From so outspoken a narrator as Admiral Evans it is interesting to know just what he saw and thought in the presence of the Empress. In the first place he describes her *entourage* as made up of persons with keen, tricky-looking eyes. "None of them, indeed, was the kind of man I would select for a post of trust, but . . . the fear of a deep well or of an opium pill may have been responsible for this." But what he has to say of the

*An Admiral's Log. By Robley D. Evans, Rear-Admiral, U. S. N. New York and London: D. Appleton and Company.

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Empress herself—that woman of violent passions, though already in her seventies, is curious:

She was seated on her throne, beautifully dressed, calm, and dignified. On a chair to her left, but not on the throne, sat the young Emperor, a young man who seemed to me deficient in mental make-up.

The Empress suddenly demanded that the Admiral come near her so that she might talk with him. He was somewhat disconcerted, but went so near to her that he could have put his hand upon her.

Then I looked into the eyes of this woman who ruled over four hundred millions of people, holding their lives and the destiny of her country in the hollow of her hand. Beautiful, appealing brown eyes looked back at me out of a face that must, at one time, have been strikingly beautiful. Every line of it indicated firmness and strength; the mouth alone suggested cruelty, if occasion called for it.

Their talk was carried on through an interpreter.

As the conversation progressed, the dark-brown eyes blazed and I felt them looking straight into my brain as well as my heart. If I had wanted to do so, I felt that it would be impossible for me to attempt to deceive the woman who was watching me so earnestly. Officially, she knew no word of English; but several times she started to reply before my words had been translated, which convinced me that she understood well every word I was saying. The rapid changes of expression on her face also led me to this conclusion.

The Admiral has some account to give of the vandalism of the foreign troops after the taking of Peking; and his notes on life in Chefoo and Honolulu are well worth reading.

In fact there is only one thing in the book that mars a little our appreciation of it and that seems more or less unworthy of so independent and gallant a sailor as Admiral Evans. When Prince Henry of Prussia visited this country the Rear-Admiral was, by the Kaiser's request, assigned to be the officer "attached to the person of his Royal Highness." Now this was all very well, and the Rear-Admiral might have taken it as a high compliment; but it was hardly necessary for him to plaster his pages with "His Royal Highness" and in fact to lose his head to a considerable extent. It was even worse when he met Prince Louis of Battenberg. We should not like to say that there is a touch of servility in what Admiral Evans writes, but it is certainly more than plain civility. He might have remembered that just before the outbreak of the Spanish war, Prince Henry at a public banquet had insulted the United States; and that a German squadron at Manila had behaved so vilely as almost to bring on a war with the nation which Admiral Evans has served throughout his life. All the same, there are many interesting bits, even in these parts of the book—about the blunder made at Harvard University in the diploma given to Prince Henry; about the interminable bores who fired off orations at the Prince on all occasions; about the cranks that beset him; and finally about the humorous features of the visit that were noted by the Prince himself.

As to the visit of "His Serene Highness," Prince Louis, we are glad to know that the Prince came out rather better than most persons think in his encounter with a New York dentist. It will be remembered that some friend recommended a dentist to the Prince while he was in New York for services requiring only a very short amount of time, and that the dentist sent in a bill for a thousand dollars. It has generally been thought that rather than create a scandal, Prince Louis paid this ridiculously extravagant amount. But apparently such was not the case. Admiral Evans says:

I advised the Prince to refuse to pay such an exorbitant sum and to turn the matter over to his Consul-General for settlement. A newspaper somehow heard of it, and when they were through with the gentleman, I think he was quite willing to accept a reasonable amount for his services. The advertising he received was not of the kind that dentists like.

We have indicated only a few of the attractive features of this book—attractive because what is told is told in a perfectly simple, natural way, and because it throws more than one significant sidelight on our recent history.

Richard W. Kemp.

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II

Clayton Hamilton's "The Theory of the Theatre"*

"Monsieur, the gist of your philosophy in two words!" demanded Madame De Staël at dinner of a celebrated philosopher. Mr. Clayton Hamilton, in *The Theory of the Theatre,* gives his in four, "A play is a story devised to be presented by actors on a stage before an audience." The rest of the book is devoted to explaining these terms. The interesting papers here collected might be better articulated and some few seem to have been admitted only because previously published, but the whole presents coherently a more substantial body of ideas on the subject than perhaps is elsewhere accessible. Any scientific exposition of the theatre must, of course, deal with well-known material in first establishing its premises, and must, in addition, cover ground well harrowed by that acute and scholarly critic, Mr. William Archer, and that suggestive one, Professor Brander Matthews; but Mr. Hamilton tells his facts more concretely and briskly than the former and with more valuable contemporary allusion than the latter. Many familiar things he puts more strikingly than before—as, for instance, when he calls the three steps in the evolution of the English theatre the drama of rhetoric, of conversation, and of illusion; and when he says that the catastrophe of modern tragedy is decreed not by fate or a man's own soul but by Mrs. Grundy.

Criticism of a play on literary grounds alone is, he announces, uncritical. Thus he disposes—but by implication only—of most of the criticism of Shakespeare and our other classics. In consideration of the vast amount of misunderstanding created about them by merely literary critics, one wishes he had been a little more emphatic on this point. On the part of the dramatist himself the problem is less a task of writing than of construction, and on the part of the audience they do not discern in a spoken sentence style but only emotional content. Style is, however, the preservative which secures a play to posterity once the theatre for which it was written has become obsolete. Action motivated by emotion rather than by intellect is the material of the drama and its standard method is to exhibit characters not through their thoughts or their influence, but through their objective acts. Its conventions at any period have always been determined by the physical aspects of the playhouse.

The present tendency toward naturalism, for instance, exaggerates the importance of stage-management at the expense of acting, and he might well have added of play-writing also. The scene painter, the stage-director, the actor may all blind an audience to whether a play is good or bad. But always the general English-speaking public has made no effort to distinguish the intention of the playwright from the interpretation. Indeed, no other artist is so little appreciated.

One of the most thoughtful papers is on the necessity of economising the attention in the theatre. It is because one must keep the audience from distractions which turn out in the end to be minor issues that surprises are avoided in plays and that familiar and conventional types are selected for the lesser parts. For this reason, too, the greatest plays have been star plays—a statement which without questioning the principle one may dispute. The actor equally must not distract by mannerisms of walk, gesture, or voice; and the stage-manager must avoid any novel or startling device when anything else of importance is taking place on the stage, as no audience can listen and look at the same time.

The social drama is the modern type of tragedy. It is based on the pre-eminently modern clash of the two ideas that the majority is always right and always wrong. Therefore, it has been obliged to select as its protagonist a character considered dangerous to society, and the task of finding justifiable outcasts has almost necessarily restricted its hero and heroine to sexual offenders. But a dramatist should deal with the problem of revolt without distorting the invariable laws of life, and the spectator should remember

*The Theory of the Theatre. By Clayton Hamilton. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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not to apply to life in general the ethical judgment the playwright is applying in particular to the people in his play. Both of these dangers, however, are always imminent in the problem play.

In tragedy and comedy the character dominates and controls the action, in melodrama and farce the action controls him. Because so much of life is casual rather than causal, it is discerningly stated, the theatre which represents life truly must always rely on melodrama as the most natural and effective type of its art. All we ask of melodrama is that it should tell us no lies, but we demand that tragedy give us some glimpse of eternal truth. While we may enjoy comedy or farce without believing it, we cannot fully enjoy a serious play without accepting the story. Mr. Hamilton does not go into the question that this dictum disposes of all the tragedies of Shakespeare, every one of the stories of which is unreasonable. If he did, he would probably retort that the eternal truth is there in spite of the story. Or he might as naturally reply that the audience has changed in this scientific age and is now demanding that a play get its emotion only by credible means.

But the illustration, answerable or not, serves to call attention to the fact that the author in trying to compare things so incomparable as our old plays and our new has fallen into the usual fault of stating the one case as well as possible and the other as badly, and of subjecting modern plays to tests which the old ones would not stand. A play is really bad only when the audience does not believe it, he says, and in a moment he asks us to believe the truth of *As You Like It.* If it is merely that this play sets before us an eternally true image of love, so does *The Music Master,* which he condemns as bad and false. In judging a modern play he says that when it is really about anything one should be able to state its theme in a single sentence. What, he asks, is *The Fighting Hope* about? One might ask in the same manner what is *As You Like It* or *King Lear* or *The School for Scandal* about? One can answer all these questions if he will make so large a statement that it includes everything and nothing. Even *Macbeth*—the most favourable case of "theme" in Shakespeare—is as much about the corrosion of the mind by supernatural belief as of the soul by unlawful ambition. *The Fighting Hope* is about the same thing as *Cymbeline*—that love endureth all things and thinketh no evil—and the story does not tell itself with a tenth of the violation of fundamental human laws. Again, he says that only the more commonplace of Ibsen's plays have succeeded, but the term commonplace when applied to Shakespeare means that he can understand all men and sympathise with them: one wonders if this means that Ibsen—who, he says, consistently commands unavoidable catastrophes—could not. Again, is there not a confusion of literary with dramatic values when he holds up Shakespeare as a model of direct speakable verse, regardless of the fact that on the whole no dramatist has ever been less colloquial and more condensed and obscure?

Mr. Hamilton gets down to the most significant part of his initial proposition when he begins to treat of the audience. A play, he says, is unlike any other work of art in that it is written not for the individual but for the crowd, and has thus to consult the characteristics of the crowd. Reformers who are busy with dreams of uplifting the stage forget this and the fact that the crowd goes to the theatre merely to have its emotions played upon. It is always comparatively uncultivated, credulous, sensuous, emotional, and unthinking. Thus the dramatist has habitually dealt with situations incredible or unreasonable to the individual, has entertained only commonplace themes and such as appeal only to inherited emotions. The crowd, too, is partisan, and thus the dramatist must always depart from strict truth to life and throw the balance of right strongly to one side. Victor Hugo said a play should have more action than passion and more passion than characterisation if it would appeal to everybody in the house. (He might have added that it can never possess really adequate characterisation without overbalancing the other more necessary qualities.) Since the crowd is

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thus by definition feminine-minded the great majority of modern plays have a woman for their principal part.

The book, however, is not only an acute analysis of the ingredients of stage appeal. In many cases the author seems to have felt the human need of making large and sentimental generalisations. Probably there is no art which allows a round statement less than the drama. Good plays almost as often fail as succeed; bad plays as often succeed as fail, and in them one warm pleasing element outweighs the gravest artistic faults. *The Benefit of the Doubt* is certainly in the same class with *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,* yet it promptly failed, and for no extraneous reason, as was the case with another great play of the same period, *Michael and His Lost Angel. The Professor's Love Story* is about a middle-aged dreamer who was in love and thought he needed pills—no idea could be more untrue or narrated with more slipshod technique, yet few plays have been more charming. How then arrange all these contradictory facts into a theory?

It cannot be done unless you put—as Mr. Hamilton seems to balk at doing—the chief emphasis not on the art but on the audience. The co-operation of a heterogeneous audience must forever keep any exposition of the theory of drama from being strictly dependable and the drama itself from being an art of which anything can with assurance be predicated. It may be, as Professor Matthews holds, the greatest of the arts, but it is one which has eternally let itself go at loose ends. There is practically no great play in the language which is not somewhere in the rough, and many, like *The School for Scandal,* show that they were abruptly altered at rehearsal and the parts never smoothed together again. Mr. Moody's play, *The Great Divide,* had the very keystone of its important last act removed to the confusion of the whole structure, yet the play was still successful. Of the continuous history of what other art can such a statement be made? Obviously the art of the playwright, like the art of the actor, is in a category by itself—the unappraisable quality of the latter is his personality, of the former his audience. A novelist, like a dramatist, may succeed without technique, but the drama seems to be the only art in which it is certain failure to be as artistic as the form allows. A picture or a book is called great only by those competent to judge; it does not matter how many others pass it by. This Mr. Hamilton asserts, but in admitting that a play must succeed with the many before it can succeed with the few, he will not acknowledge that an art proceeding by such a parodox cannot lend itself to a scientific synthesis. It is the audience then—or the manager or the actor judging for the audience—which is the final test of a play; and this audience must ever remain untrained in the very art of which it is supreme arbiter.

The answer to "what is a good play?" cannot thus be as authoritative as the answer to "what is a good novel or picture?" There seems, the ultimate purpose being considered, no other answer than this—a good play is one its audience cares about, since it is the only kind, be its technique good or bad, that achieves its purpose in appealing not to the critic but to the crowd. Consequently books on the theory or technique of the drama can never be decisive or tell us anything past dispute, and cannot permit themselves generalisations. They can be only suggestive and illuminating, and Mr. Hamilton's is both in definite and effective phrase.

Algernon Tassin.

III

A Plain Life of Shakespeare*

There may be several trustworthy biographies of Shakespeare. Nobody can assert that there are not, for nobody has time to read them all. During the past two years I have read in whole or in part some two score books about Shakespeare's life. None of them, except Halliwell-Phillipp's *Outlines,* seemed to me fact-tight. From some of them important facts had leaked away. Most of

*The Life of William Shakespeare Expurgated. By William Leavitt Stoddard (M.A., Harvard). Boston: W. A. Butterfield, 1910.

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them showed gaping seams through which floods of conjecture and of that murky fluid known as the "consensus of scholarly opinion" had poured in and dissolved the facts; so that it required a laborious experiment in critical chemistry to precipitate them again. In order to keep clear for my own uses what is known about Shakespeare of Stratford and what is only guessed or invented, I made a table of the facts with a list of books in which the facts could be found. If Mr. Stoddard's book had been printed then I should have been saved my labour.

Mr. Stoddard's ideal, admirably realised, is expressed in a note: "I have presented the life of Shakespeare unexpurgated in so far as I have included matter commonly omitted (as in the case of the Northumberland Manuscript), hitherto glossed over (as in the case of the Manningham story), or commonly relegated to a footnote (as in the case of the epitaph on Ben Jonson). But in the main I have presented the life of Shakespeare expurgated of all the tissue of surmises, doubts, likelihoods, and other text which tends to obscure the vision of one who is trying to select for himself the known facts and draw for himself his own conclusions." Mr. Stoddard's book is ninety-nine and one-half per cent. fact-pure. In eighty pages he gives all the documents and references to available books that contain the documents. After each record of Shakespeare or contemporary allusion to him, Mr. Stoddard notes whether, in his opinion, the record or allusion establishes, or goes toward establishing, a connection between Shakespeare of Stratford and the author of sundry famous plays and poems. In the two or three cases where Mr. Stoddard's private beliefs have led him to admit conjectures with which one may disagree, the conjectures are separated from the facts so that no one need be misled.

The book is so simple and honest that it is strange that no one has made such a book before. Yet it is just the simple and honest thing that is hard to do. The fact that this much-needed little book appears in the present year of grace is a sharp commentary on the general state of Shakespeare criticism. It leads one to hope that the younger generation of critics is not to be choked by the fogs of scholastic superstition with which the facts about Shakespeare and other Elizabethans have been clouded. Mr. Stoddard is announced by his publisher to have been formerly a member of the Harvard English Department. Whether he could have stayed in the English Department and written so intelligent a book, or whether he could have written so intelligent a book and stayed in the English Department is a little question that might be developed in a pedagogical seminar on Certain Weaknesses in our Universities.

The spirit of Mr. Stoddard's work may be contrasted with the spirit of three men who represent gowned authority and whose work has been rewarded with a considerable measure of popular interest and faith. A dozen years ago I heard three professors of English at Harvard recommend to their students the *Life of Shakespeare* by Mr. Sidney Lee. Apparently they did not know then, and many people probably do not know now, that Mr. Lee's book is a hodge-podge of facts, guesses, inferences, misstatements, suppressions, all garbed in the approved diction of the schools and pretending to be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

A few years before Mr. Lee's book appeared, Professor Barrett Wendell published his *William Shakespeare*. I quote two passages from that book:

> To whoever will sympathetically appreciate the motives which have made Englishmen what Englishmen have been, it [the career of Shakespeare] is not without its heroic side. We have had cant enough about snobbishness. A true-hearted Englishman always wants to die a gentleman if he can; and here, in the facts of Shakespeare's life, we have the record of an Englishman who, from a position which might easily have lapsed into peasantry, worked his way, in the end, to one of lasting local dignity. To put the matter perhaps extravagantly, what vulgar criticism would call grossly material success really involves a feat of creative imagination in certain aspects more wonderful than any other known to human experience; for while the creative artist is bound only to imitate the divine imagination

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which controls the universe, the man who achieves practical success is bound so to share that divine imagination as for a while even to share, too, the prophetic foresight of divinity.

Hence the Sonnets and the part that William Shakespeare played in an attempt to enclose the common lands in Stratford. The facts of this heroic career may be found in Mr. Stoddard's little book.

Recently Professor Charles W. Wallace found in the Record Office a deposition made by a William Shakespeare of Stratford in a lawsuit that had nothing to do with matters literary or theatrical. In his account of the discovery published in *Harper's Magazine* for March, Professor Wallace announces, as if he were the Charles Frohman of the great dramatist, "I have the honour to present Shakespeare as a man among men." The implication is that heretofore Shakespeare has been a ghost or a hermit. Mr. Sidney Lee does not like that implication, for Mr. Lee has already had the honour to present Shakespeare as a man among men. But both Mr. Lee and Mr. Wallace have also presented to us Shakespeare as a myth among scholars. Semi-literary professors will probably go on till the end of the race making rhetoric about Shakespeare. But there seems to be an increasing number of persons who will value a book like Mr. Stoddard's in which the rhetoric is all carefully scraped off the life of Shakespeare and the facts lie exposed. Until one has read many biographies of Shakespeare one cannot conceive what scholarship and literary criticism can do with a fact. In their efforts to find Shakespeare as a "man among men" and also as the author of *Hamlet,* most biographers remind one of the argument of Smith, the Weaver, in the second part of *Henry VI.* Cade, the pretender, says that his father was of royal parentage but was stolen out of his golden cradle and became a bricklayer.

"Sir," says Smith, "he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not."

John Macy.

IV

Miss Rowland's "The Right to Believe"*

This is a very clever and a very ingenious book. Its cleverness lies in its recognition of such typical classes of doubters as the college student, the professional thinker, the business man and the constitutional sceptic. Its ingenuity lies in its use of the argument of negative proof, the throwing of the burden of proof on the doubter: There are as many difficulties in science as there are in philosophy; if you don't like this world, try to suggest another better.

The right to believe starts with the right to doubt. We may be self-acknowledged "heathen" with no respect for authority or any conceivable thing. Once we believed in Santa Claus, but abandoned him; once we had primitive notions of science, but outgrew them without a pang. So now, to take up the postulates of practical reason, if we find a belief in God, freedom and immortality difficult and irrational, what possible compunction need we have in dropping the subject forever? Superficially we need have no compunction; actually we cannot escape the dilemma between belief and unbelief, for the life of action in the meantime is proceeding *as if* we believed one way or the other. Granting that we have lost religious faith because of honest doubt and perhaps positive disbelief, we cannot go from one unproved position to another: we must prove our disbelief as well.

With these introductory remarks the author has come to a veritable pragmatic test. Granted an indifference point, a state of comparative indecision, which is the best working hypothesis, belief or disbelief? The rational course is to choose the richer alternative with our eyes open. This openness implies that we place ourselves at the outset in a state of impartial doubt. Now take the first of the postulates, the existence of God. We must admit that He is, or that He is not, or, in other words, doubt His non-existence as well as the opposite. Here two types of doubters arise: the first says, I will not

*The Right to Believe. By Eleanor Harris Rowland. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1909. Price $1.25 net.

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believe in God if I cannot reach Him through sensation, and I will not believe in Him if I *can* reach Him through sensation; the second would be willing to accept God as he accepts an abstract law, if the formulation of the idea of God were clear enough to satisfy his reason. But he recognises that logical statement can be only in known and definable terms, and since the conception of God is confessedly too great for complete understanding, it is, therefore, outside the range of thought. These objections the author allows and claims that two points have been gained: we shall not look to the senses for evidence of God's existence, and we shall not look in the field of pure logic to prove a proposition confessedly outside its realm. What then is left? The sole answer is, Faith. We can *hope* for the existence of God, and thereby act as members of a universe created by Him. The will to believe gives the right to believe, and that is the conclusion of the whole matter.

This is the crux of this interesting book, and here, in criticism, it may be pointed out that the author appears to have fallen into the current drift, the drift of radical pragmatism. As in William James's *Will to Believe,* the dilemma between belief and disbelief is presented in the guise of a fit of giddiness, where the subject can save himself from falling only by a strong effort of the will. But it may be objected that such self-exertion is not the only test, for in so great stress upon the volitional the rational tends to be lost sight of. In its last issue the will to believe means that a proposition cannot be proved to the reason, but must be left to something else, to the test of action. To the pragmatist a thing is true because it works; he considers as false logic the converse proposition that a thing works because it is true. In the language of the schools that would put him among the objective realists, and sever the comfortable connection with the subjective idealists. Let us explain. To the realist the "workability" of an individual's hypothesis is no final test of fact, for the wish may be the father of the fact. Indeed, the mere will to believe leads to the suspicion that it is all make-believe. For example, take the primary problem of this book, the existence of deity. Is it any satisfaction to be told that objective evidences of such existence are metaphysical surds, like the square roots of certain quantities? This is asking us to have no more trust in ordinary sense-experience than in the fourth dimension. In short, to the realist it looks as if the will "to believe what we hope" were not the whole thing. It savours too much of the so-called New Thought which was long ago disposed of by the good old philosopher Kant. He said he would like to believe in the existence of a silver dollar, but unfortunately, on looking, he failed to find it in his hand. And so now the thoughtful public seems to be turning from this extreme subjectivism to more objective tests; there are at present signs of a revulsion from these "Just So" stories of the pragmatists to the more solid exactitudes of the scientists. Now what do the latter say as to this problem of the existence of deity? Are there evidences of cosmic design? What is the meaning of evolution? Is it only a fine spun theory, a mere eject of the subject, or as an hypothesis does it work because it is objectively true? Is it all a matter of faith, a formula that works because I will it to, or is it a matter of reason, containing in itself a discoverable pattern? Questions like these are in the air. They point away from the radical pragmatism implicit in this book; they point toward a more objective realism. In fine, this revulsion from the extreme individualism of the latter part of the nineteenth century presages in the beginning of the twentieth a return to nature and all that that implies.

I. Woodbridge Riley.

V

Winston Churchill's "A Modern Chronicle"*

A Modern Chronicle, the name that Mr. Winston Churchill has chosen for his latest novel, is not an inspired one, but

*A Modern Chronicle. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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it absolutely describes the story. I can hardly think that Mr. Churchill gave the book this name because, as has been insistently advertised, he runs to the letter C in his titles—*Carvel, The Crisis, The Celebrity, Conniston,* etc. It is only steamship lines that allow themselves these trade-mark names. The "ia" of the Cunarders and the "ic" of the White Star line are well known, but we must not be expected to see a Churchill novel in every volume of fiction having C conspicuously in its title.

Having made this perhaps captious criticism let me say at once that I have found *A Modern Chronicle* an absorbing story. It is not great, but it is interesting and shows infinite pains in the writing. It is not as near-great as *The House of Mirth,* of which it constantly reminded me.

Honora Leffingwell is of the Lily Bart type, but I do not find her as appealing as Mrs. Wharton's heroine. Lily Bart had more excuse for her conduct than had Honora. I could have wept over the sad fate of Lily, but the tragedies of Honora's life leave me cold. There was really no excuse for her goings on unless you set it down to temperament.

Everything went Honora's way, whilst everything went against Lily. Both of these girls had to live by their wits, at least if they accomplished what they set out to do, but things were much easier for Honora. When she was barely nineteen she had three proposals of marriage in one day, and all of them excellent. She did not take the best, perhaps, not knowing that the others were coming, but she took the first, and it turned out badly. Not only because her pink-shirted broker husband took her to the suburbs to live, but because he was too absorbed in business to keep pace with her temperament. The early chapters of this story make a terrible arraignment against suburban life. I would advise young brokers, particularly those of the pink-shirted class, to think twice before they take their brides to suburban homes. In the case of temperamental brides it is fatal.

Honora yearned for the attentions of her husband, but Howard Spence was one of those men who think that after they have paid a woman the compliment of marrying her she should be contented and need no further assurance of their love. Honora was not the sort to be so easily satisfied. She told her husband quite plainly that if she had known that he was going to settle down in Rivington and "get fat and bald and wear dressing-gowns and be a bear" (not in a Wall Street sense) she never would have married him. Of course, he did not have to wear dressing-gowns and be a bear, but was it his fault that he got fat and bald?

Honora was quite frank with him. She told him flatly that she had supposed that he was going to live in New York and "conquer the world"; that he did neither, at least not yet, angered her. "If you stay here," she told him, "it will be alone," adding, "I think I'll get married again." Can you wonder that her husband exclaimed, "Great Lord, what are you talking about?" Then she went on to tell him what sort of a man she would take if she made another try at matrimony. He would be an ambitious man and she would not "be fooled again." She assured him that she did not propose being tied to his apron-string, if he had an apron-string, when she might be the making of some man, and she knew of three who would marry her in a minute.

"Jehoshaphat!" exclaimed the dumbfounded husband, "I never heard such talk in my life!"

Alas, the inconstancy of women! When her husband got ambitious, when he gave her a town house and a house at a fashionable watering-place, she was no better pleased with him than she had been in the honeymoon days at Rivington. She was always dissatisfied. Howard could not please her, so he gave up trying, and she took to having affairs with fast men, such as Trixy Brent, who took her on a motor ride alone and not only told her that he loved her more than he had ever loved a woman before, but protested his love with kisses. After this declaration she "found herself fighting in his arms." Who can wonder that he so misbehaved. Hadn't she given him every reason to think that his conduct would be forgiven? That she said she would never forgive him meant little. And yet she seemed to think herself a perfectly good and proper wife. Trixton Brent was a brute of

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man, as also was Hugh Chiltern, with whom she had her next and more serious affair. Chiltern looked like a Viking and his life had been as wild and free as one of those unconventional gentlemen of the North. Curious enough, Honora took him for a Sir Gallahad, which was a serious mistake. He was nothing of the sort. He was simply a man of strong will spoiled by having too much money and too much idle time. I am not going to tell the plot of this story. It would be unfair to the author and the reader, for it is a plot that must be unfolded as it runs along. I will say, however, that I think that Honora got more than she deserved by way of reward, and I cannot help feeling that Peter Erwin was a man of great courage. When I think of the way fate pursued poor Lily Bart and how Honora Leffingwell won out I am filled with sympathy for the former.

Mr. Churchill has indeed given us a modern chronicle, and there is nothing about the way divorces are obtained that he does not tell us. I think, however, that he is mistaken in the attitude of "society" toward the divorced. Even when the post-divorce husband stands waiting at the church, society is seldom shocked if the contracting parties belong to its inner circle.

Mr. Churchill has written a well-worked out story and one that many readers will consider his best; certainly it is the most modern of any that he has given us. It is very true to certain phases of life as lived in America to-day, unfortunately too true. And it is a warning to husbands not to neglect their wives for business, particularly when their wives are young and attractive.

Jeannette L. Gilder.

VI

Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Lady Merton, Colonist"*

The call of the Land; of the wild mountains and forests, the lonely lakes, the far-stretching prairie, is the unexpected appeal in Mrs. Ward's latest book. It is a strange sequel to the drawing-room environments of her preceding novels, and it witnesses to a broader outlook and deeper sympathies than some of us were prepared for from this Englishwoman. The poetry of the Canadian wilds has got into her blood and into her pen. The stir and strength of the new life, of the great and simple and essential things, have found a response in her, a response of which this book is the sign and expression. The people of the story are pleasant and interesting; but the effect on Mrs. Ward herself of the primeval country, an effect evident on each page, is the most interesting.

Some one has said that every real woman has a wild heart; a heart that the soft chains of civilised customs have smothered and controlled, it may be, but which, given the opportunity, will dominate her life and overthrow the careful building of the centuries in a moment, proving itself stronger in that instant than all the powerful guardians of man's conventional wisdom. It is this wildness of the heart that sweeps Lady Merton from her Old-World moorings into the trackless path of the pioneer. A woman charming and intelligent, whose culture and finish are delicately set against the grand spaces of the wilderness, she drops all the unnecessary paraphernalia that up to then had made the essentials of her life, and thrills to something more vivid, more enduring, more intimately human than she has yet known either within herself here or without, for all her wanderings in France and Italy and the perfect surroundings of her ancient house, haunted by the prejudices and enthusiasms of vanished ancestors, as well as by the carefully chosen circle of her acquaintances, chosen not so much by herself as by the exigencies of caste and breeding.

The story is that of a pleasant group of English people who are travelling through Canada in a special car, and who are brought face to face with the problems of a new country and with the men who are trying to solve them—there is not a single definitely drawn Canadian woman—and of Elizabeth's love for one of these men. The somewhat gruesome

*Lady Merton, Colonist. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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details of Anderson's antecedents appear a little unnecessary, for it is as unlikely in Canada as anywhere else that a fine man should have a drink-crazed robber and murderer for his father; though doubtless the fact will not militate against him to the same extent there as in more convention-ridden countries. At any rate, the situation is the more sharply drawn and Elizabeth's test the more absolute. She is a brave and stedfast soul, and wins the reader early. She is more human than Mrs. Ward's heroines are apt to be, and if she is a bit too perfect for human nature's food out of a book, within one its digestion is stronger, and Lady Merton sustains this perfection lightly. The hero is attractive, with a savour of out-of-door spaciousness to him, and a faculty for doing the right thing in an unobtrusive but manly way that makes you take to him immediately. The other characters, most of them habitants of that world which calls itself great, are presented with all Mrs. Ward's customary polish and sureness. She knows them well, men and women, and introduces them with ease. They can hardly be called individuals, they are types, fashioned, father and son, in the same mould, fulfilling the same duties, thinking the same thoughts. They are England. Lady Merton is woman. And like her sisters through the centuries, the land of her lover is her land. That she recognised it before she met him is to be expected in a girl of the sensitiveness and responsiveness of Elizabeth; and her realisation of what life actually is begins then.

That Mrs. Ward writes well does not need telling. Her descriptions of the Canadian scenery are accomplished without redundancy or strain and succeed in arousing the reader's vision. One gets a picturesqueness and a sensation of enthusiasm—belonging not only to the men who, to quote one of the characters, "are making a great country out of a good one," but to the author herself. And if the view of Canada is an impressionistic one, this is, under the circumstances, almost necessary, nor is it to be deplored, since it gains in freshness what it may lose in precision; and we can get that elsewhere.

Hildegarde Hawthorne.

VII

Hamlin Garland's "Cavanagh"*

We have long come to look to Mr. Garland for truthful portrayals of the New West, not the romantic West of unbridled lawlessness and picturesque wildness, but the new Empire that is slowly carving itself out of the wilderness. And in such portrayals has Mr. Garland ever done his best work, that work which will long be remembered and will cling to his memory more than his excursions into other fields. For this son of the Middle West brings to his pictures of that part of our great country which he loves best an eye to see things as they are—not merely as they can be best used for fiction—and a brain which has seen the light of a great future for humanity.

In this, his latest novel, Mr. Garland places the scene of his story on that borderland where plain and mountain meet. Here meet also the Old West and the New West. The lawlessness of the Old West, whose most typical figure was the hard-riding, hard-shooting cowboy, and his master, the land-greedy cattle king, find here their last fastness to turn at bay on the New Order, whose outer symbols are the automobile and the telephone, and whose heart and soul are the feeling of Brotherhood, or the Rights of All, expressed in this book by the new Forest Service, by the new great principle of conservation of the national natural resources.

The theme at the heart of his book so absorbed the writer that he has not made the human story of it as interesting as he might have done. The slight feeling of dissatisfaction occasioned by this, holds good only of the first half of the book, however. Later on we get the swing of events of importance far beyond and above any personal interest in either hero or heroine, and that carries us on as it would were we there to watch these events ourselves. We are not half as much interested in the love affairs of Ross Cavanagh, the Forest Ranger, as we are in the thing he represents. And Mr. Garland has understood how to weave

*Cavanagh: Forest Ranger. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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the dangers and tribulations that beset the young ranger into a pattern which is national in its bigness. He has not made his hero a man in whom we are merely humanly interested as a human being. This is a fault perhaps, if we are to regard this book merely as a novel. But he has made his hero so typical of conditions which he wishes us to know and understand that we do not need the other interest. Readers who seek merely the human story will fall short of their reckoning here, either from the higher or the lower standard; for as a novel purely, this story is weak. But as a picture of very important phases of our national life, very timely phases now, it is of great interest and of great value. And giving the story the form of a novel widens its scope of usefulness, as it will arouse to thought many who might otherwise not take the trouble to read it.

The extreme timeliness of the story is one cause for criticism, as it is probably the cause of the many printer's errors and a certain carelessness in the writing. The resignation of Mr. Gifford Pinchot—who has written an introduction to the book—is part of the story, and the acuteness of the "Pinchot Question" doubtless induced a haste in issuing the book, a haste which has not been of advantage to it.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

VIII

Vincent Brown's "The Screen"*

This is one of the books which present a hard task to the conscientious reviewer. It is so evidently a serious well-meant effort to do more than merely entertain; it was so evidently the author's purpose to present a slice of life with impartial fidelity that one regrets having to say that the book just does *not* make good. It is irritating and hard to read. For, in spite of its sincerity of purpose, there is no sincerity of style. The writer flounders about in a laboured and studied endeavour to imitate two or three different models. Possibly it was not a conscious effort of imitation, but it does not seem possible that any man could write like that of his own free will. And yet there is a human story back of it all, when we dig it out from a mass of tiresome padding which has undoubted interest. The setting also, although dangerous for any writer to attempt, would have been a part of the interest in the hands of a master.

It is the mark of the master poet that he can interest us in the most intimate details of certain sides of life, certain sets and circles of people, with their petty professional intrigues and bickerings, which ordinarily, in our own persons, we haven't the faintest interest in. We would never read about them in a newspaper, for instance, but we'll sit for hours drinking in what Zola or Dickens, or one or two others, have to say about them.

It certainly would take a Dickens or a Thackeray perhaps to awaken any interest in the general reading public for the intrigues and bickerings, the sectional quarrels of the inner circle of Church people in England. The question of the difference between High and Low Church, the importance of the matter of Disestablishment or episcopal supremacy; what the Erastian leanings are, or the Lambeth opinion as to the ceremonial use of incense . . . all these matters have very little interest for the general reading public, even for that portion of it which goes regularly to church. And yet there are chapters and chapters in Mr. Brown's book of the most intimate professional discussion of just such details, of initiate jokes that send those to whom they are spoken into fits of laughter—but which send the average reader over to the next chapter in a hurry. For the author has made the mistake of having all these discussions held by people who do not come into the story at all, so that we would not care for their opinion even on subjects in which we are interested. His peculiar technic has the effect of making it as difficult as possible for us to get interested in the human story, which, as aforesaid, is not without value. But there is so much preparing of every little move in the narrative, so much working up to an effect (and the effect seldom makes good when it does arrive), that the whole thing reads like a puzzle

*The Screen. By Vincent Brown. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

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"Find the story." Possibly that is the intention. There is a long list of novels by the same author on the inside cover of the book. He is, therefore, no novice. The peculiarities of his style are presumably intentional.

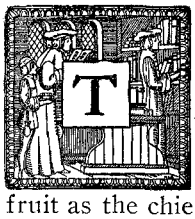
In this novel at least they are not commendable. The story back of it all was worthy a better treatment. There are flashes of insight, moments of humour, and over all the certain something that shows conscientious effort—but it leaves us with the regret that it was not better done.

J. Marchand.

THE TATTLER

CONCERNING STAGE VIANDS

II



HE rule of the drama, then, seems to be that though all may occasionally hunger, only the comedian may eat. But the gilded épergne heaped high with untempting fruit as the chief furniture of the festive board still remains to be accounted for. The official reason is simplicity itself. Nothing is so apparent as fruit, especially when in high-piled charactry. Since even if the pile were to be ravaged, none of it would there be eaten (and all providers have from time immemorial objected to fruit being taken from the table!), why not have a permanent pile? Thus the épergne and its fruit are one and indivisible, now and forever—they are papier maché. It is naught but the money-saving device of the manager and the labour-saving device of the property boy to escape the nightly marketing. When the Standard Edibles Syndicate is able to get Congress to pass a law prohibiting papier maché on stage-tables, one may be confident that the Associated Order of Stage Mechanics will be powerful enough to get it rescinded. For in the matter of food the second fundamental law of the drama is the Property Boy.

The disquieting trend toward realism begun by Herne and other obsessed disturbers of his peace, he has at least been able to check by ingenious shifts of well-nigh the longevity of papier maché. I recall a banquet table in a ducal hall whereon the perennial épergne which sufficed for our fathers was deemed by some objector in the audience inadequate to the growing demand for actuality. There must be some food capable of being toyed with if such silly people were to be silenced, and the manager thought a light salad of the escarolle pattern would be just the thing. This the property boy proceeded to mix as follows. Purchasing several yards of imperishable Bologna sausage, he minced a few slices at each performance and served them garnished with excelsior. These in individual plates with the communal and lordly épergne in the centre decked the table bountifully. The property boy surveyed the results of his ingenuity with satisfaction well merited; for the salad needed only dusting to be nightly serviceable, and when travelling the épergne and the sausage went together snugly packed in the excelsior. This banquet—although three of the characters on the stage upon being graciously summoned to supper by the duchess loudly proclaimed their hunger—sufficed unrenewed the season through. The star (not being a comedian) failed to be distressed by the languid appetite of her guests, but upon being reproached once more by some captious realist in the audience for the lack of verisimilitude, insisted that at least one of the actors eat of her generous fare. Whereupon the fertile property boy served the designated actor with three dried prunes, of which he afterward kept a bag in stock (which was simple enough, as it travelled also with

NOTE—The first part of this paper appeared in the April issue.

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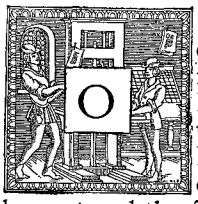
the salad), all ready for just such centres of culture where exacting critics might reside. "You can cut these up," he explained, "and they might be anything." It was true, for the beneficent prune has boundless powers of assimilation: upon the arrogant table of Camille it may become the mushroom and the truffle, or at the board of Louise it may simulate the humble goulash. But the property boy is not constantly engrossed in calculating how he may save his labour and his food allowance; he has his careless and his genial hours. I once beheld upon the stage three intrepid and clinking dragoons toss off a forbidden bumper to an exiled king. When the foremost, with a magnificent flourish, dashed down upon the floor his drained glass and the others followed suit, it was a spirited moment. But when he precipitately dashed himself from the room the effect was somewhat marred. The others held their ground, indeed, but they visibly contended with surprising emotions which they sought to contain. Long afterward the secret of their eccentric behaviour was made plain; by accident or sportiveness the property boy had flavoured their cold-tea with varnish.

Thus either from the nature of Art or the nature of the Property Boy, the theatrical appetite is destined to be thwarted. The question then arises, Why in this regard should not dramatists write with an eye upon the stage? Why should we not have in the theatre jam yesterday and jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day? As the actor (unless intentionally comic) must ever like Jealousy mock the meat he feeds on, why give him food at all? "Each heart hath its sealed chamber," says a heroine, and why not the stage? Let the dining-room door be barred, for when we enter it we leave illusion behind. If food must be, let it be laid out in the next room. Or if the table be needed for the setting of the stage, let the actors fall to only as the curtain falls; or—for the épergne is always there to lend atmosphere—let the meal be terminated by a messenger boy before ever the soup or even the useful celery. For this or any other *coup de grace* before meat all lovers of illusion will be truly thankful. Anything is better than the eternal listlessness of apparently healthy people in face of food.

"I do not believe," says Joseph Jefferson —who was by no means a lover of realism —"that the introduction of cabbage and potatoes in the banquet scene of *Macbeth* would make the play one bit more interesting." But the unfair illustration is not even pertinent. At the banquet in *Macbeth* no one is required to eat—it is interrupted before it really begins. The illusion is entirely preserved by the épergne as a coming event which throws its shadow before, and the guests depart ere its perfidy is disclosed. In his increasing dalliance with real life and common sense, let the modern playwright beware of banquets or even lunch baskets. They are but Barmecidal. Since no one may eat but the comedian—whose crammed cheeks do not provide an inextinguishable delight except in vaudeville—let him even reform food altogether, save that which can with reasonableness be nibbled. The food problem on the stage can only be settled by universal boycott.

Algernon Tassin.

MISS JOHNSTON AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE



NE does not look for the question of Woman Suffrage in the pages of THE BOOKMAN. Perhaps one takes it for that reason. But since the author of one or two "best sellers" has entered the fray, does this not lift the question from the region of dry polemics into the realm of real Literature, and hence into the pages of THE BOOKMAN?

For in the April number of the *Atlantic Monthly* there is an impassioned article called "The Woman's War," by Mary Johnston. Evidently, to this most earnest spinster, the giving of the ballot is of such moment, so vastly vital, so portentous in its import, that the usual language of the essayist is too humble. Save for the first few admirable paragraphs the whole essay is couched in that uplifted verbosity that hitherto has been left to the sweet girl graduate. There thunders in it the bombast of the coloured preacher,

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and the appeal to the Eternal Verilies of the very young theologian, tempered by the moral earnestness of an exceedingly serious-minded Kindergärtnerin. When one thinks of the peculiar series of questions and of apparently aimless repetitions that run through it, one cannot but feel that here indeed is the very Froebilisation of the case for Woman Suffrage!

I understand that such methods are employed with success by aforesaid Kindergärtnerins upon their innocent charges. But for grown-ups one would think that so great and just a Cause would carry conviction stated in the simplest possible terms.

Here we have some poetry, a great deal of italics, many capitals, various "verilies" and apostrophes and exhortations, "O my daughters!" "my friends," and the like, a great deal about (capitalised) Unborn Children, and Eternal Law, the sacred Temple of Life and so on, while various Biblical references tinged with a brand new Mysticism, and the most astounding phrases redolent of lately acquired scientific lore tends to put the whole question in a manner certain at once to attract and awe the youthful mind!

I wonder if any one can really explain (with some misgivings we presume the lady herself can) what is meant by "one great Sunday of the World when Altruism will wake to conscious unity with the Absolute"?

Let us cull a few more gems: "What is ancestor-worship? It is worship of what we were—we—we—we who tread the worship of posterity."

"What has this to do with woman? Much, oh, much! What has woman to do with this? More than you think, my friend, more than you think!"

And this: "The future—the future! What will be the religion of the future? It will be—the Future."

One wonders did the author of *To Have and to Hold* ever serve apprenticeship as a Reader of Palms, or a Mysterious Veiled Prophetess?

Now let us see what lies under all this. Is there any new argument, any new contribution to this vexed question? I confess I see none. I understand Miss Johnston is a recent convert to the "Cause." If so, it has not taken her long to bear all the earmarks. There is the usual admonition to the caricaturist not to laugh, for laughter has been sometimes misplaced in the past (sometimes it has, but sometimes it has not, and this the Suffragists forget), the usual excuses for having accomplished so little as a sex coupled with the usual prophecies of what will be accomplished in the future, the usual ingenuous belief in the efficacy of new and wonderful laws to be passed, the usual exhortation to take the spinster seriously, and above all, the usual, ever-recurring sex superiority.

For let us not be fooled by the apparent frankness with which Miss Johnston concedes the present inferiority of woman, the inherent superiority-if-you-but-give-her-a-chance is nevertheless part of her creed. After two paragraphs of humble pie comes this significant sentence, so inevitable it seems in all such discussions: "One generation of practical training, and as administrator she will be the equal of man; *two generations and she will be his superior.*"

This jaunty optimism is not far from Mrs. Catt's valiant promise, "Give us the vote and we shall run the city of New York for half what it costs you men."

But in nothing perhaps is she so completely the suffragist as in her selection of Woman as the symbolic "one great heartache" watching and waiting on her door-step for her erring dear ones to return. Oh! the tender, brooding, self-sacrificing, capable woman the suffragists do love to paint! How eloquent is that one description of the smug satisfaction, the blindness to their own faults, the placing of all the blame on the shoulders of the man.

I would that the capable housekeeper, the capable wife, the capable mother, were truly symbolic of modern womanhood! I should think the men would be terribly tired of the pen pictures of noble womanhood drawn of late. What laughs in their sleeves they must indulge in!

No, under all her meek acceptance of some of the faults of woman she is ready to "own up to," lies the usual aggressive "faith in woman." In a burst of eloquence she announces that she *is* a woman! It is to be regretted that this

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taking the reader into her confidence could not have been *viva voce,* for one misses the incomparable thrill of emotion that would have been its accompaniment. Pursuant to that "faith," she finds woman law-abiding and as proof mentions her "extraordinary respect for her policeman—*any* policeman." But Miss Johnston neglects to say what a woman wants a policeman for. Is it not often merely a desire to lean on the strong arm of the law to gain her own way? It is pretty hard to persuade a woman that her way may be unlawful.

But without going any further to pick flaws in the details, the entire article is based upon two assumptions, each one of which is entirely false: One, that this movement to obtain the ballot for women is identical with and not to be separated from all other movements for woman's progress; the other, that the ballot really amounts to very much in the hands of the men. Of course, the Suffragists present a rather imposing argument when they strengthen their position by corralling every effort that ever was made to free women from ignorance and superstition and injustice.

However, all struggles look alike on the surface, deep down they may be very different. The Suffragists have battled for suffrage the past forty years in America—on the whole with rather conspicuous unsuccess. Some of them—fewer by far than is claimed—also incidentally battled for other real reforms, but never without the help and enthusiasm of convinced anti-suffragists. The women who really blazed the paths of education and reform in this country were either outspoken anti-suffragists or at best lukewarm suffragists who were too busy doing their work to bother about imaginary wrongs. This confusion of the suffrage movement with every movement that made for advance goes merrily on, and few take the trouble to stop it. Not long ago I heard a college graduate declare that suffrage was justified alone by the fact that Massachusetts had taken sixty years to accomplish what Colorado did in one year. I wonder if a new suffrage State were to start now would some enthusiastic suffragist arise to say "it took New York over a hundred years to get flying machines—while the suffrage State took only one!" The analogy is perfect, as even in the actual race Massachusetts was a good deal ahead.

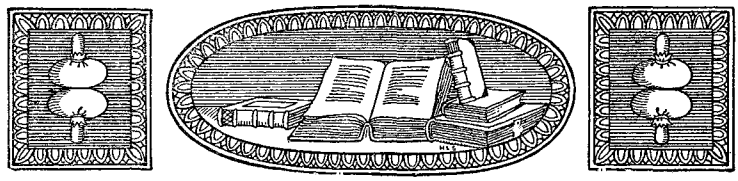
The concluding paragraph of Miss Johnston's article is about "that thing they call indirect influence."

I confess I never could quite understand it myself. To me a wife's influence or a mother's influence is about the directest "thing" I know—far more direct than the "thing" they call the ballot. Here is the end:

> Women are fighting. But their arms are antiquated. If they had even an old smooth-bore musket or a Revolutionary flint-lock! but they haven't any weapon at all. . . . The arm the women want is the standard one of tested efficiency. It is called the Ballot.

It is precisely here that the weakness of the whole suffrage argument shows itself. The joke of it is that among the very biggest and sanest of our statesmen the "tested efficiency" of the ballot (she capitalises it, and I do not, but we are really speaking of the same thing) lies very much under suspicion, and the arm already possessed by women—that of creating and moulding public opinion—is slowly coming into its own. The ballot is not a weapon, it merely registers—none too sensitively—the way the battle has gone. The power to wage that battle lies largely with the women.

Annie Nathan Meyer.



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MADE IN GERMANY*

HE woman with a "temperament" (the word is used here in the euphemistic sense which we have agreed to attach to it for obvious reasons) is beginning to be almost as much of a bore on the stage and in our fiction as the insipid heroine of the revolutionary romance became toward the end of her vogue. She is repeating herself with wearisome monotony in plays and novels innumerable, all of which resemble each other as closely as did the *variations sur un thème connu* that were the musical delight of our grandmothers. Strangely enough, this temperamental lady, who is as old as humanity itself, is seriously considered as an ultra-modern feminine development, a brand-new "problem," probably because, thanks to our newspapers, our books, and our plays, we talk and read and hear more about her than in the days when her ventures beyond the pale of social convention were ignored by common consent after they had happened. Then she was content to pay the price; now, grown more conventional, more timorous and sophisticated, less inclined to sacrifice, she would claim, not only justification, but absolution at the hands of society. She would have her cake and eat it, too, which is the lay interpretation of the "Higher Morality." Hence the whitewashing of Julias and the benefit of the doubt extended to other temperamental ladies of contemporary novel and stage, or touching death-scenes in the last act or the last chapter when the author has led them up a blind alley of life, and sees no other way out. Whereupon he craftily lays the blame upon "society." It is all as conventional as Hannah More, but we shall not recognise that yet for some time to come: this lady, like many of her predecessors that once were taken very seriously, will have to run her course. It is unlikely that this kind of novel and play does much harm; rather would it appear to be a sort of emotional safety-valve, a means of vicarious indulgence of imaginary "temperaments" for well-behaved, properly principled women who will under no circumstances ever dream of leaving Micawber. After all, the most satisfactory and comfortable way for a woman to "live her own life" (shibboleth of modernity!) is under the wing of an indulgent, prosperous husband.

The woman of temperament as fictional and dramatic material was discovered in France, whence she migrated to England, whose serious drama still lives on the *théâtre* of the younger Dumas. A first attempt to introduce her in this country was made some twenty years ago, and failed. To-day she is having her vogue. But it is in Germany that she has gone farthest, with a certain logical, philosophical brutality that balks at nothing. There she has frankly entered the domain of the eminent Austrian psychopathist whose name long since acquired an international literary connotation.

If Sudermann pointed the way with *Heimat, Sodom's Ende* and *Die Ehre*, Max Halbe may yet claim the credit of having opened the door to the later psycho-physiological movement in German fiction and drama with *Jugend*, which, in the light of subsequent developments, has come to assume an almost conservative aspect. Still, the first two of the four one-act plays by Sudermann, published under the collective and collectively appropriate title of *Roses*, are decidedly in the front rank of this modern tendency of the German stage. They are certainly amazingly frank under the cloak of the wondrous technical dexterity of this writer, who understands so well the part of the player in the impression to be produced, and therefore avoids over-emphasis in the written dialogue. Roses play their part in each of these four plays, the third of which, "The Last Visit," would appear to have the acting qualities of "Fritzchen," with its subtle

*1. Roses: Four One-Act Plays. By Hermann Sudermann. Translated from the German by Grace Frank. Charles Scribner's Sons.

2. The Powder-Puff: A Ladies' Breviary. From the German of Franz Blei. New York: Duffield and Company.

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suggestion of fear of revenge for treachery in the woman's last visit to the house of the man who has been killed for her sake, though she comes with the pious plea of a last farewell. "The Far-away Princess"—a title suggestive of Maeterlinck—is a light bit of comedy with some romantic charm, but of no especial importance.

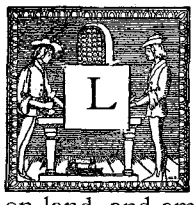
Franz Blei is a literary cosmopolite with a decided preference for foreign literatures. He writes in German, but one can hardly call him a German writer, whence, no doubt, the Gallic touch in the title and appearance of his book in English. Nor can one claim a large measure of originality for him. He has read extensively and produces what he has stored in his mind in a graceful, sparkling way. Occasionally he talks with all the annoying air of knowingness of an undergraduate who would give us to understand that he is a seasoned man of the world—rather! Again (but this is practically the same thing) he reminds us of the shallow cynicism of Mr. George Moore, of the paradoxical proclivities of Oscar Wilde, and, most of all, of the wicked pose of the *Yellow Book*. And, of course, he is thoroughly well grounded in modern French literature. *Das Ewig Weibliche* has no temperamental secrets for him; it has for no man at some time in his life, usually when he is very young. Herr Blei says many good things, however, and, if he be so persistently reminiscent, it is, no doubt, merely because German literature is sowing its wild oats only to-day, long after France and England had their fling. *Les beaux esprits se rencontrent.*

A. Schade van Westrum.

INSIDE VIEWS OF FICTION

IV—The Novels of the Sea

BY GEORGE McPHERSON HUNTER*



LIKE Robert Louis Stevenson, I always feel lost away from the sea. My life has been spent on all kinds of ships on all the seas of the world, among the men of the sea while on land, and among the books of the sea both while on the water and on *terra firma*. I believe I have read almost all of the better known works of the sea writers, and have discussed them subsequently with sailors the seas over. An "inside view" of sea fiction reveals not a little of interest.

There is a common saying among American men who follow the life of the sea that, if they pursued the directions of most writers of sea fiction as to managing their craft, they would never get any farther away than the Statue of Liberty. It is true that many of the class of authors in question know little of the true workings of a ship. They *slap on* a mass of "local colour" and *slip* on a mass of mechanical details. Most writers are like the London preacher who was invited to preach at a Seamen's Bethel and, of course, thought he had to talk "sailor" or his auditors would not understand him. In the development of his subject he worked a ship out of the English Channel into the Atlantic Ocean, then worked up a terrific storm with snowstorm, thunder and lightning, and other unheard of things. In the midst of the gale he pictured the captain on the bridge, the mate on the forecastle-head waiting to let go the anchor, which the mate subsequently did, and the ship safely riding out the storm. After the sermon he was asked by the chaplain if he had ever been at sea. Fortunately, his wit was better than his knowledge of the ocean. He saw

*Mr. Hunter is the editor of the *Seaman's Magazine.*

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that somehow he had made a great error and replied, "Never, unless when preaching that sermon."

Of the better known sea writers, Frank T. Bullen is probably the least approved of by the seamen themselves. His *Cruise of the Cachelot*, seemingly a good whaling story, is agreed by every one who knows whaling to be greatly exaggerated. Bullen writes in the superlatives of sea life. His ships are all either hells or paradises. He admits no middle ground. Richard H. Dana has all the qualities that Bullen lacks. His *Two Years Before the Mast* is a masterpiece. It stands every test. Although Bullen, with all his faults, writes splendid prose, he cannot compare with Dana even in the matter of sea descriptions. For landsmen, Dana is the best sea writer for this reason: He simplifies technicalities, explains them where necessary, and gives admirably faithful pen pictures of the men he has met in the forecastles. He never exaggerates and thoroughly understands the psychology of seamen. Bullen is a writer of unnatural and logic-lacking climaxes; Dana is not.

Kipling is the only writer who knows the so-called "tramp sailor." The others are merely guessers. Speaking of Kipling, one of this wonderful writer's favourite themes is to illustrate the affection of a captain for his ship and an engineer for his machinery. To landsmen, this often seems impossible and yet seamen know it is absolutely true. It is one of the contentions of purists that one cannot love anything incapable of returning affection in kind, but it is no stretch of the truth or license of language to say that the sea is fairly peopled with skippers who love their craft with such devotion that they prefer death with them to life without them. Such was the case with the British Admiral Tryon, who refused to be rescued when, some few years ago off Africa, the battleships *Victoria* and *Camperdom* came into collision with such disastrous results to the former, Admiral Tryon's flagship. There are those who will assert that a good ship and a good master come into closest understanding and affection for each other when they have long sailed together. The master is jealous of the care of his ship and that she shall have the very best treatment, while the ship apparently does her best to demonstrate that the kindly care is fully appreciated. Captain Marryat says that a ship will become sick and sullen and cranky under the hand of a new master after an old and kindly one has been removed from her. She misses the petting, and, according to the fashion of her sex, resents the deprivation. Captain Matheson, who died with his schooner, was a type of sailor who loves his ship and who will give his life for that love.

Every few months a story appears in one of the magazines that, under the microscopic eye of the seaman, proves to be utterly ridiculous. One of these stories, laid in the engine room of a ship, was printed several months ago and was so full of inaccuracies that it would have provoked hearty laughter on the part of any "insider" who might have read it.

Characterising some of the well-known writers concretely, I may say that, among the seamen, W. W. Jacobs is considered to be "the Dickens of the waterfront"; that Morgan Robertson, although not a great writer of the sea by any means, is regarded as one of the best writers of what we know as sea comedy; and that Jack London, in his story *The Sea Wolf*, has written the only true description of sealing life that has come to my attention. I spent a full year among the old British Columbia sealing fleets, and among the men in the fleets *The Sea Wolf* was looked on as a classic. Many writers believe a sailor is a sailor, or in other words, that all the sailors of the seven seas are alike. No greater mistake could be imagined. Each set is different. Take, for example, the Pacific Coast sailor. He is the *crême de la crême* of the sea, the most intelligent, best dressed, highest paid of them all. And yet some writers treat him just the way they would a sailor in a totally different sailing sphere. About thirty per cent. of the Pacific Coast sailors are Scandinavians. Inasmuch as a great proportion of the Northern Atlantic Coast sailors come from Nova Scotia and Northern New England, you may appreciate the difference that may exist in at least two sets of

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seamen which, however, some fiction writers have been wont to treat as one. Their psychology is as different, really, as one may well believe.

I may best give you an "inside" look at sea fiction by quoting some of the more recent works that have come to my notice. Lawrence Mott's *To the Credit of the Sea* and Morley Roberts's *The Flying Cloud,* for example, are two stories that succeed in standing a searching analysis. The first is true in its people and incident and the second reveals a truly wonderful description of the sea and its life. Norman Duncan's story, *The Adventures of Billy Topsail,* should not be skipped by in haste, although it may be assigned to the juvenile shelves. The going to sea of the sealing fleet in the latter part of the book reminds one of Jack London's description of the going to sea of the San Francisco sealer in *The Sea Wolf.* It is splendid. Incidentally, both writers, in these stories, perhaps unknowingly, have shown the difference between sealing on the Pacific Coast and on the North Atlantic. The going to sea of a Pacific Coast sealer, as I have learned from personal observation, is a debauch of brutality, while the going out of a Newfoundland fleet is the going out of strong, clean men to the hard tasks that are before them. Too often, Pacific Coast sealers go out like beasts, but Newfoundlanders always, at least almost always, go out like men.

It is quite evident that Rufus R. Wilsen, who wrote *The Sea Rovers,* is not a seafaring man. The story is full of errors in ship knowledge and technicalities, which errors even the book's simple purpose of amusing the immature cannot excuse. For example, the statement regarding the work in the engineer's department that "the officers and men receive liberty for the entire time the ship remains in port," their place being taken by a "special shore force," which remains aboard until sailing day, is absurd nonsense. A consummation of the voyage devoutly wished for but not practicable by any means. "A special shore force" is engaged up to the sailing day, but the liberty is confined to one day for each officer, as much as conditions possibly can give. The captain of an "ocean flyer" does not inspect the engine-room, as the author affirms, he has not the technical knowledge sufficient to make an intelligent inspection and he would spoil his clothes in the process. The chief engineer is on board for the purpose of attending to and inspecting the engine-room. The statement that it is impossible to get the command of an ocean liner "without having first been captain of a large sailing vessel" must cause a smile on the part of any one acquainted with the sea. No such regulation exists. Besides there are not sufficient sailing vessels to give prospective captains the opportunity to command them. The proportion of sailing vessels to steamers is about 1 in 30. The chapter on the man-of-wars-men begins with an erroneous statement, namely: New York City furnishes the largest number of recruits to the American Navy. Seventy-five per cent. of the enlisted men come from the West and South. Again, the term "Jackies" is repudiated by all seafaring men, especially naval men. "Jackies" is an appropriate term for "donkies" but not for seamen. And so it goes, and so one might go on indefinitely pointing out mistakes that even a cursory knowledge of the sea would have saved the author from committing. I have pointed out these errors because they are by no means confined to the particular book I have been discussing. You will find them elsewhere.

I have already referred to W. W. Jacobs's wonderful knack of describing the ways of the sailorman ashore and the great sailor town of London. His *Sailors' Knots* I can recommend freely and heartily both from an "inside" and "outside" view. A writer much less known, of whom sea things are to be expected, is Arthur Colton. Between the lines of his frankly frivolous story, *The Cruise of the Violetta,* one can see considerable possibilities for future sea fiction that will be entirely worth while. The limits imposed by space prevent me from going further into sea fiction. If I have succeeded in indicating what even a cursory "inside" glance reveals, I shall feel satisfied.

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READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

VERSE

Broadway Publishing Company:

California Songs. By R. A. S. Wade.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Message of Song. By William Grey Maxwell.

Following the brief essay on the inspiring influence of song is a selection of illustrative poems from English and German poets.

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

The Golden Press (Los Angeles, Cal.):

The White Flame. By Luke North.

A play in four acts. Revised author's edition of 240 numbered and signed copies. The play is based on the idea of reincarnation.

The John Lane Company:

Unmusical New York. A Brief Criticism of Triumphs, Failures and Abuses. By Hermann Klein.

Based on a lecture given by Mr. Klein at Bechstein Hall, London, in October, 1909, under the title of "The Truth About Music in America." With chapters on "New York as a Musical Centre"; "Amateurs and the Star System"; "Concerning New York Audiences"; "How Native Talent is Treated"; "Institutions and Their Exploiters"; "Autocrats of the Opera House"; "Genii of the Concert World"; "Music in the Churches"; "Musical Criticism"; "The Real and the Ideal."

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Manet and the French Impressionists. By Théodore Duret. Translated by J. E. Crawford Flitch, M.A.

A history of Manet and his followers in France: Pissarro, Claude Monet, Sisley, Renoir, Berthe Morisot, Cézanne, Guillaumin. The four etchings, the four wood engravings, and the thirty-two half-tone reproductions afford examples of some of the finest work of Manet and his school in France.

The Macmillan Company:

The Faith Healer. By William Vaughn Moody.

A play in three acts.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

William F. Fell Company (Philadelphia):

Horace Mann. Educator, Patriot and Reformer. A Study in Leadership. By George Allen Hubbell, Ph.D.

An account of the life of Horace Mann—a New Englander, a student in Brown University, a student in a law school, member of the Legislature, secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, member of Congress, president of Antioch College.

The Priory Press (London):

Omar's Interpreter. By Morley Adams.

A new life of Edward FitzGerald, with an essay on the Letters by Canon Ainger.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Dean Swift. By Sophie Shilleto Smith.

A study of eighteenth century life. Swift's activities in the controversies of Church and State and in the sphere of letters brought him face to face with many of the great issues of the day and with the men that represented them. Hence a study of his life involves a study of some of the most vital interests of the time. The volume contains many anecdotes and stories, as well as pictures of the influential world with which Swift became associated.

The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. The Unmutilated and Correct Version. Compiled and Edited, with Notes, by John Bigelow.

Printed in the text as edited by Mr. John Bigelow for the Collected Edition of Franklin's Works. It is said to be the only text of this famous volume which is based on the original manuscript, and which is given without mutilation.

The Torch Press:

Memoirs of Gustave Koerner. 1809-1896. Two volumes. Edited by Thomas J. McCormack.

Being life-sketches written at the suggestion of his children.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, POLITICS

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Hygiene of the Soul: A Memoir of a Physician and Philosopher. By Gustav Pollak.

Dealing with the life and works of Ernest Baron von Feuchtersleben, an Austrian writer whose principal work, *The Hygiene of the Soul*, first published in 1838, has proved to be one of the most successful attempts to present in a popular form the question of the power of the will to influence the mind.

The Dolphin Press (Philadelphia, Pa.):

The Life of Saint Clare. Ascribed to Fr.

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Thomas of Celano, of the Order of Friars Minor (A. D. 1255-1261). Translated and Edited from the Earliest MSS. by Fr. Paschal Robinson, of the same Order. With an Appendix Containing the Rule of Saint Clare.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

Psychic Control Through Self-Knowledge. By Walter Winston Kenilworth.

The author emphasises the need of a practical creed that shall make the soul conscious of realities which heretofore have been believed. The knowledge of what constitutes the Immortal Self of each animate and inanimate being is set forth. The spiritual consciousness which corresponds with spiritual knowledge is shown to be intimately identified with a moral consciousness.

Mental and Spiritual Health. By A. T. Schofield, M.D.

Four addresses in which Dr. Schofield discusses the relation of health to true Christianity.

Henry Holt and Company:

Men versus The Man. A Correspondence between Robert Rivès La Monte, Socialist, and H. L. Mencken, Individualist.

This series of actual letters between Mr. Robert Rives La Monte, Editor of *The Call*, and Mr. Henry Louis Mencken, of the Baltimore *Sun*, furnishes an interesting contribution to the discussion of Socialism and Individualism.

B. W. Huebsch:

The Poet of Galilee. By William Ellery Leonard, Ph.D.

A literary study of the authentic fragments of the discourses and sayings of Jesus as imbedded in the Synoptic Gospels; a psychological analysis and reconstruction of the imposing personality and genius of the great Galilean, rather than an abstract exegesis of his theology or ethic.

J. C. Jensen (Denver, Colo.):

A Square Look into Eternity. By J. C. Jensen.

Second revised edition.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Christian Unity in Effort. Something about the Religious Faiths, Creeds and Deeds of People of the United States and Elsewhere in their Relation to Christian Unity in Effort. By Frank J. Firth.

This work "represents a conviction that every man and woman should acquire by individual effort such simple religious knowledge and personal faith as is essential to a well-rounded life here and to a right preparation for what may be beyond; and that intelligent individual observation and thought will make plain the need for organised 'Christian unity in effort.'"

The Macmillan Company:

The Duty of Altruism. By Ray Madding McConnell, Ph.D.

The problem which Mr. McConnell sets for himself is that of finding a rational means of converting an egotist into an altruist. He shows that theology, ethics and logic are wholly inadequate as a means of conversion; that while psychology, physiology and evolution explain how some men have come to be altruists, they cannot make altruism obligatory. Finally, believing that most men are naturally good, Mr. McConnell concludes that morality resides within the individual and not outside in the commands of God, humanity, the State or nature.

The Pilgrim Press:

The Great Assurance. By George A. Gordon, D.D.

In writing briefly of his deep convictions concerning Jesus Christ the author takes up these three questions: "On what grounds do we believe that Jesus is alive to-day? How may we gain access to the mind and soul of Jesus now? What are some of the benefits to the human spirit from admission to the mind of Jesus and association with Him?"

What Life Means to Me. By William T. Grenfell, M.D.

Dr. Grenfell sums up his personal definition of life as follows: "That is what life means to me—a place where a Father above deals differently with His different children, but with all in love; a place where true joys do not hang on material pegs, and where all the time the fact that God our Father is on His throne lines every cloud with gold."

Presbyterian Committee of Publication (Richmond, Va.):

The Evangelical Invasion of Brazil; or, a Half Century of Evangelical Missions in the Land of the Southern Cross. By Samuel R. Gammon, D.D.

Besides dealing with the question of missions, the book gives much information as to the social and political life of Brazil. The author has been for twenty years a missionary of the Southern Presbyterian Church in the Land of the Southern Cross.

G. P. Putnam's Sons (Cambridge University Press):

An Elementary Treatise on the Dynamics of a Particle and of Rigid Bodies. By S. L. Loney, M.A.

The author's purpose has been to furnish "an elementary class-book on those

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parts of Dynamics of a Particle and Rigid Dynamics which are usually read by Students attending a course of lectures in Applied Mathematics for a Science or Engineering Degree, and by Junior Students for Mathematical Honours."

Function, Feeling and Conduct. An Attempt to Find a Natural Basis for Ethical Law. By Frederick Meakin.

Being a statement of the philosophy or general basis of morals as grounded in human nature.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Privilege and Democracy in America. By Frederic C. Howe, Ph.D.

A study of the growth and power of privilege to-day in America, its dangers and its cure.

The Sermons, Epistles and Apocalypses of Israel's Prophets. From the Beginning of the Assyrian Period to the End of the Maccabean Struggle. By Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D.

Volume III of "The Student's Old Testament." The subject-matter in this volume has been divided as follows: The Prophets of the Assyrian Period; Prophets of Judah's Decline; Prophets of the Babylonian Exile; Prophets of the Persian Period; Prophets of the Greek and Maccabean Period.

Modern Belief in Immortality. By Newman Smyth.

A discussion of the foundations for a belief in immortality and particularly of the new reasons for that belief, drawn from the scientific discovery and research of to-day, which have supplanted the older arguments.

Revelation and Inspiration. By James Orr, M.A., D.D.

A new volume in the series known as Studies in Theology. The aim of this series is to bring all the resources of modern learning to the interpretation of the Scriptures, and to place within the reach of all who are interested the broad conclusions arrived at by men of distinction in the world of Christian scholarship on the great problems of Faith and Destiny. When completed the series will consist of twelve volumes. Titles of volumes previously issued are: *A Critical Introduction to the New Testament; Philosophy and Religion;* and *Faith and Its Psychology.*

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

D. Appleton and Company:

A History of the People of the United States. From the Revolution to the Civil War. By John Bach McMaster.

Volume VII of Professor McMaster's history. It brings the work up to 1852. The history will be complete in eight volumes.

The Century Company:

A Vagabond Journey Around the World. A Narrative of Personal Experience. By Harry A. Franck.

A story of a young university man's fifteen months' wanderings around the globe, without money save what he earned by the way. His account of these wanderings affords a vivid picture of native life in strange corners of the world. In regard to his journey Mr. Franck writes: "The chief object of investigation being the masses, I made no attempt during the journey to rise above the estate of the common labourer. My plan included no fixed itinerary. The details of route I left to chance and the exigencies of circumstances. Yet this random wandering brought me to as many famous spots as any victim of a 'personally conducted' tour could demand; and, in addition, to many corners unknown to the regular tourist."

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

China and the Far East. Clark University Lectures. Edited by George H. Blakeslee.

Being lectures delivered during the second decennial celebration of Clark University. Twenty-two addresses on China, Japan and Korea have been included.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

In Closed Territory. By Edgar Beecher Bronson.

Mr. Bronson's present book is based upon his recent experiences in South Africa, hunting big game in the "closed territory" south and west of Nairobi, recently covered by Colonel Roosevelt. Mr. Bronson was ten months on the trail and brought home with him a magnificent collection of skins and heads.

L. C. Page and Company:

Susan in Sicily. Her Adventures and Those of Her Friends During Their Travels and Sojourns in the Garden of the Mediterranean. By Josephine Tozier.

Told in a series of letters to her sister in America. The letters describe the Sicilian people, their customs, the Sicilian towns and landmarks, and many other interesting things. An account of the late earthquake is also given. The volume contains thirty-two full-page plates in duograve.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Mediterranean Cruise. Describing all Mediterranean Points Usually Visited in a Winter's Cruise in Europe, Asia and Africa. Compiled by Bruce Millard.

The volume aims not only to interest the casual reader, but to instruct the

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traveller, whom it supplies with all the data requisite for a trip to the regions in and about the Mediterranean. Containing many illustrations chiefly from original photographs.

EDUCATIONAL

American Book Company:

Germelshausen. Von Friedrich Gerstacker. Edited with Notes, Exercises and Vocabulary by A. Busse, Ph.D.

A favourite text in elementary German classes in high schools and colleges.

Selections from Early German Literature. By Klara Hechtenberg Collitz, Ph.D.

A reader designed to acquaint students of German literature with the chief authors of the Old and Middle High German periods. The specimens cover the early pagan and Christian writings, the chief works of Early Middle High German, the popular, court and beast epics, and the Minnesingers. Each group of selections is preceded by a historical and explanatory paragraph.

Mary of Plymouth. A Story of the Pilgrim Settlement. By James Otis.

A supplementary reader giving the story of the Plymouth colony from the viewpoint of a child.

Ruth of Boston. A Story of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. By James Otis.

A supplementary reader which tells the story of the early days of Boston as seen through a little girl's eyes. For third-, fourth- and fifth-year pupils.

Stories of American Discoveries for Little Americans. By Rose Lucia.

A supplementary reader for the third grade. It gives fifty short stories about discoveries and explorations in the Western Hemisphere, from Columbus to Hudson.

Pepita Jiménez. By Juan Valera. With Notes and Vocabulary by C. V. Cusachs.

For the second and third year in the study of Spanish.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Idols of Education. Selected and Annotated by Charles Mills Gayley.

Being a plea for common sense in the management of our educational system.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Student's Edition of a Standard Dictionary of the English Language. Abridged from the Funk and Wagnalls Standard Dictionary of the English Language by James C. Fernald, L.H.D., Francis A. March, LL.D., and Associate Editors.

Designed to give the orthography, pronunciation, meaning and etymology of over 60,000 words and phrases in the speech and literature of the English-speaking peoples, with synonyms and antonyms. Containing also 1,225 pictorial illustrations, an appendix of proper names, foreign phrases, etc., etc. Thin paper edition.

Henry Holt and Company:

A College Course in Writing from Models. Arranged, with Introduction and Notes, by Frances Campbell Berkeley, A.M.

Selections in Exposition, Description and Narration.

Herein! First German Readings. Edited by Philip Schuyler Allen.

Pierrille. Par Jules Claretie. Edited, with Introduction, Notes and Vocabulary, by Hugh A. Smith and Casimir Zdanowicz.

For students beginning the study of French and suitable for reading in the first year of college classes and in the first or second year of high school.

La Mariposa Blanca. By D. José Selgas Y. Carrasco. Edited, with Notes and Vocabulary, by Herbert Alden Kenyon.

A brief Spanish novel for use as a reader in schools and colleges.

Exercises in German Syntax and Composition. By Marian P. Whitney, Ph.D., and Lilian L. Stroebe, Ph.D.

For advanced students.

An Outline of Logic. By Boyd Henry Bode.

The aim is "to give a concrete discussion of ambiguity, to simplify the study of casual connections and to treat with greater detail than is usually done the type of inference called circumstantial evidence, the nature of proof, and the postulates of reasoning."

Composition in Narration. By Joseph Russell Taylor.

With chapters on "The Facts"; "What the Facts Mean"; "Telling the Truth"; "Description"; "Imagination."

Lichtenstein. Von Wilhelm Hauff. Abridged and Edited with Introduction and Notes by James Percival King.

Hauff's popular story as a text-book for the German student.

Theme-Book in English Composition. By Alfred M. Hitchcock.

Being subjects suggested for the practice of various forms of writing.

FICTION

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

By Inheritance. By Octave Thanet.

This story of American life to-day deals with the negro problem. Agatha Danforth, a wealthy young woman of Boston, has her own theories in regard

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to the rights and the proper training of the negro. She is about to complete arrangements for the establishing of a school in the South when she receives word of the serious illness of a relative down in Memphis. She hastens to this city, and during her stay in the South she learns many things concerning the negro problem which greatly upset her pet theories. She comes to believe that higher education is not the immediate need of the negro.

The Carleton Case. By Ellery H. Clark.

A tale of mystery and crime. Jack Carleton's father, deeming his son unfit to take proper care of the fortune he had amassed during his life, at his death leaves everything to his own brother, a man who bears an estimable reputation in social, political and business circles. Henry Carleton, however, is the villain in disguise, and all but ruins the life of his nephew by his endeavour to prove him guilty of a miserable crime.

The Beauty. By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

"The Beauty" of the story is Perdita Carey, a Southern girl who marries Cresswell Hepworth, a wealthy bachelor of nearly fifty. After the newness of the unaccustomed luxuriousness of the life she has entered upon wears off Perdita becomes dissatisfied. An artist cousin, who had always been her chum and with whom at times she fancied herself in love, comes into her life again. Her husband's one wish is to make her happy. He determines to go away for a few months and thus give her time to decide between himself and the artist. This state of affairs leaves Perdita still dissatisfied, and she feels that she must accomplish something. She creates a business establishment in order to teach women to beautify themselves through the proper attention to the colour scheme, etc., in the matter of dress. This is a shock to the people of her set, but it is while thus occupied that Perdita comes to know herself and to realise that her husband is the man she loves and needs and not Eugene Gresham, whose unworthiness she sees plainly when she discovers that it is her beauty he is in love with and knows that were she to become free he would be unwilling to marry her if she refused a money settlement from Cresswell Hepworth.

The Day of Souls. By Charles Tenney Jackson.

The scene is in old San Francisco, and the story deals largely with politics and political corruption, the hero being a leader among the "grafters," and with the Bohemian side of life in that city. John Arnold, who, from one bad deed to another, descends about as far down the ladder as a man very well can and still retain the spark of manhood within, is the author's interesting subject. His downward path continues until a friend whom he had unintentionally misled in regard to a bet on a horse race commits suicide. His eyes are opened to the dreadful consequences of his deed and he begins to see the life he has led in a new light. With this awakening comes the desire and longing for a higher life. Then his struggle is begun, and the title the author has chosen, *The Day of Souls,* the name given by the Japanese to one of their feasts, in the preparation for which men are expected to strengthen and purify their thoughts, signifies the cleansing of John Arnold and his struggle upward with a woman's help.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Serpent's Trail, or Memoirs of Harold Bagote, Physician. By F. B. Cullens.

A tale of the South and of Cuba.

The Century Company:

The House of Mystery. An Episode in the Career of Rosalie Le Grange, Clairvoyant. By Will Irwin.

Doctor Blake first meets Annette Markham in a Pullman car. His interest is aroused by the mysterious manner of the girl and by her elusive personality, but when they meet again the physician falls in love with Annette. He discovers that her life is a tragedy and that she is controlled body and spirit by Madame Paula, a spiritualist. Dr. Blake, determined to find out the secret of this "house of mystery" and to rescue Annette from the influence of her aunt, engages a professed clairvoyant, Rosalie Le Grange, to help him out. She enters the home of Madame Paula as a servant and keeps Dr. Blake informed as to the doings of the household.

Mr. Carteret and Others. By David Gray.

A collection of six short stories: "Mr. Carteret and His Fellow-Americans Abroad"; "How Mr. Carteret Proposed"; "Mr. Carteret's Adventures with a Locket"; "The Case of the Evanstons"; "The Matter of a Mashie"; and "The Medal of Honour Story."

Cochrane Publishing Company:

Country Sketches. By Emery West.

Containing six short stories.

Guilty? By John W. Arctander, LL.D.

The story of a great murder trial. The accused is a young Norwegian woman, wife of an old farmer living in the West. At his sudden death she is suspected of having poisoned him. She secures the services of a very able lawyer from the East, who not only establishes her innocence, but points out the guilty

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act of her husband's brother, who had been her enemy and accuser.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Losing Game. By Will Payne.

John Pound and Emma Raymond, partners in running a number of bucket shops, succeed beyond their wildest hopes for a time. They marry and lead a congenial life until John meets another woman, with whom he falls in love. The result is that Emma is divorced and Eileen takes her place. The clever and far-seeing Emma maintains an outward appearance of indifference, but works steadily to bring about John's failure and ruin in the bucket-shop business. It is not until she has thoroughly accomplished her purpose, however, that John Raymond realises that his former partner has been the cause of it all.

In Old Kentucky. By Edward Marshall and Charles T. Dazey.

A story of the bluegrass and the mountains. Founded on Charles T. Dazey's play.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Eleventh Hour. By David Potter.

Love and war run hand in hand in this new story by Mr. Potter. It is set in the time of the Mexican War, and the daring hero is Captain Grant, who serves his country well and at the same time looks after his own affairs, having fallen in love with a beautiful senorita and finding that he has a rival, in one of her own countrymen, who has to be reckoned with.

Harper and Brothers:

Jude the Obscure. By Thomas Hardy.

The third volume issued in the new Thin Paper Edition of the novels of Thomas Hardy.

Henry Holt and Company:

Quaker Idyls. By Sarah M. H. Gardner.

An enlarged edition, containing two new idyls: "A Homely Tragedy" and "An Unconscious Disciple of Thespis."

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Professional Aunt. By Mary C. E. Wemyss.

Dealing with the experiences of a charming young woman whose married sisters have made her a "professional aunt." It also portrays the ways of children, their moods and manners.

The Godparents. By Grace Sartwell Mason.

Jane Merriman and John Durand, when acting as godparents for William Gordon, had no thought of ever having to perform the duties involved. But about ten years later each is surprised at being called upon to go to the rescue of Billy. Miss Merriman is on a steamer about to sail for Europe, but when John Durand rushes aboard she is forced to give up the trip, despite the desperate protest on the part of Angélique, her maid. They go at once to Pennsylvania and try in every way to win Billy so that they may send him away to school. The boy runs away, and it remains for them to go into the mountains and hunt for him. They find Billy camping out with his pet dog and a monkey. It is decided that they will take up camp life themselves and thus meet the boy on his own grounds. Durand and old Henry, who acts as guide for the party, make all preparations for camping out for a few weeks, and at the end of this time Billy is not only won over to their side, but a charming love affair has developed between his two young godparents.

Charles H. Kerr and Company (Chicago):

Prince Hagen. A Phantasy. By Upton Sinclair.

In the form of a story the author discusses capital and labour and shows what a great protection for the capitalist are the wage-worker's religious feelings, moral scruples and fear of the law.

The John Lane Company:

Indian Dust. Studies of the Orient. Including a Biographical Appreciation of Laurence Hope. By Otto Rothfeld, B.A., F.R.G.S.

A new edition. Ten short stories, some of which originally appeared in *The Times* of India.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Red House on Rowan Street. By Roman Doubleday.

Although Hugh Burton travels many miles for the sole purpose of interceding with the beautiful Leslie Underwood in behalf of his friend, Philip Overman, whom she had already refused to marry, he takes it upon himself to unravel the mystery which surrounds Dr. Underwood and his home, and in the meantime falls in love with Leslie.

The Snare of Circumstances. By Edith E Buckley.

The report of the death of Peter Somhers, and the efforts for three years to solve the mystery surrounding it, form the basis of the story. Somhers's nephew, who inherits his wealth, is accused of the murder, and although eventually acquitted, public sentiment remains very much against the young man. It is not until Harry Bliss, a clever young reporter, is engaged by a strange man, Philander Summerfield, to work upon the case with the promise of a $20,000 fee if successful that the mys-

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tery is cleared. Dual personality is the theme. In reality Peter Somhers is not the murdered, but the murderer. Subject to fits of anger amounting almost to insanity, he decides to hire some one to impersonate him and remain at Overlook while he travels in the hope of acquiring a normal condition of mind and body. Philander Summerfield is the man chosen for the purpose, but unfortunately he comes upon Somhers in one of these spasms of anger. In some way, for which Somhers is afterward unable to account, he finds that he has taken the life of the man who was so nearly like himself in appearance, who had acquired his manner and learned much about his affairs. He so arranges things, becoming himself, to all appearances, Philander Summerfield, that the natural supposition is that Peter Somhers has been murdered.

The Macmillan Company:

Lost Face. By Jack London.

Seven tales dealing with the struggle for existence in the wilds of Alaska. The title story is an account of how a captured Russian saved himself from torture at the hands of Alaskan savages.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Cardinal's Pawn. How Florence Set, How Venice Checked, and How the Game Fell Out. By K. L. Montgomery.

A tale of the Florence and Venice of the Renaissance. The Cardinal's pawn is a girl of wit and daring. In order to save her brother from death at the hands of a faithless wife, who wishes to be rid of him so that her social ambitions may be realised, the girl enters the Cardinal's game disguised as the brother she would save.

Hopalong Cassidy. By Clarence E. Mulford.

Hopalong Cassidy, who will be remembered as the daring hero of Mr. Mulford's *Bar 20,* now appears as the centre of interest in the author's new book on life in the cattle lands of the West. Hopalong takes an active part in the range war between the "Bar 20" and the "H 2" outfits. He falls in love with the daughter of the foreman of the rival ranch.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Messenger. By Katharine Holland Brown.

A story of how one woman who had suffered became through her splendid faith the bearer of hope and comfort to another. Reprinted from *Scribner's Magazine.*

The Lifted Bandage. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews.

A story of the power and faith of spiritual insight. It tells of a man in great grief over the death of a son whom he also believes to have been guilty of committing a murder and how the bandage of agnosticism is suddenly lifted from his eyes and he beholds a new light, which brings happiness into what he had thought to be a ruined life.

The Glory of His Country. By Frederick Landis.

Old Milton Shanks, a boyhood friend of Lincoln, is the chief character in this story of life in the small village of Happyville, in Indiana. The old man led an isolated life, shunned and despised by his neighbours because in the days of the Civil War he had joined the copperheads and thus earned for himself the name of traitor. He bears it all in silence until he is dying, when he tells his own story for the first time. His friends are surprised to hear that at the outbreak of the war Lincoln had called Shanks to Washington, and in response to the latter's expressed willingness to even die for his country, had asked him not to enlist, but to join the copperheads and to keep the Government informed of their doings. The old man reads to his friends a letter from Lincoln written just before his assassination. This clears him of the reputed treason and his friends are more than ready to ask his forgiveness.

The Torch Press:

The Passing of the Word. By Helen Henshaw.

Described as "a romance of college life." It deals mainly with the psychological development of the principal character, Marian Mansfield.

JUVENILE

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Owls of St. Ursula's. A Story for Girls. By Jane Brewster Reid.

The story tells of the pranks and escapades, the joys and disappointments of the five girls who occupy the owl-tower of St. Ursula's School.

Harper and Brothers:

A Holiday with the Birds. By Jeannette Marks and Julia Moody.

In the Story-Told Science Series. In the course of a children's story the authors tell of the birds' plumage, their song, nesting and their daily habits.

B. W. Huebsch:

Meida's Little Shop. By Inez Haynes Gilmore.

Maida has all that money can buy, but is still unhappy because she has never known what it is to enjoy good health. She conceives the idea that she would like to keep a shop, having seen a quaint little one, which took her fancy, while motoring in the country. Believing that

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this will give her a new interest in life, the indulgent father purchases the little shop, and a sign bearing the word's "Maida's Shop" appears outside. Here Maida makes many friends among the boys and girls who patronise the shop, and the experiment proves a great success in that it changes the delicate, listless Maida into a strong and healthy little girl able to enjoy the pleasures of other children.

Newson and Company:

Panama and the Canal. By Alfred B. Hall and Clarence L. Chester.

A history of Panama and the Panama Canal set forth in a manner which will be interesting and intelligible to young readers.

MISCELLANEOUS

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Golden Treasury from Gifted Minds. Selected and Arranged by Stella Hadley Hickman.

A volume designed for use in Reading Circle work, Women's Literary Clubs, Mothers' Circles, or wherever Roll Call is given with a quotation from an author.

Through Library Windows. By F. C. Hubbard.

Being studies in Nature, Literature, Art and Experience.

Essays. By Edith Frank.

Containing twenty-six brief miscellaneous essays, such as "The Spirit of the Woods"; "Influence of Personality"; "The Narrow-Mindedness of the Public"; "Gentler Virtues."

Harper and Brothers:

How Americans Are Governed. In Nation, State and City. By Crittenden Marriott.

Written for young Americans. The plan is to picture the government as it is, instead of devoting much space to historical origins. Practical powers of the government are explained over tariff, coinage, railways, trusts, post-office, etc. The author also discusses the Inter-State Commerce Commission, the question of rebates and the relations of trusts to the public. He gives attention to the legislative powers as regards war, public lands, persons, patents, copyrights, public service commissions, conservation of natural resources, etc.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Personal Power. Counsels to College Men. By William Jewett Tucker.

Containing a number of addresses which Dr. Tucker gave to the Dartmouth students on such themes as "The Estimation of Power"; "The Distribution of Personal Power"; "The Morally Well-bred Man"; "Moral Maturity"; and "The Recovery of Personal Power." There is also a group of four addresses given at the opening of successive college years, 1905-1908: "The Training of the Gentleman"; "The Training of the Scholar"; "The Training of the Citizen"; and "The Training of the Altruist."

English Literature in Account with Religion. 1800-1900. By Edward Mortimer Chapman.

A study of the debt of English literature, through the past century and a half, to the religious impulse. "The path of literature leads primarily to that of religion," says Mr. Chapman; "they are brethren of one blood, interdependent and necessary to each other." In this relation Mr. Chapman illustrates from the literature he studies, taking up in order practically all the important English writers from Cowper to the present day.

The Jewish Publication Society of America:

Philo-Judæus of Alexandria. By Norman Bentwich.

The author announces that his purpose in this book "is frankly to give a presentation of Philo from the Jewish standpoint." He maintains that "Philo is essentially and splendidly a Jew and that his thought is through and through Jewish."

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of March and the 1st of April:

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

Fiction

1. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.40.
3. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Interrupted Friendship. Voynich. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Thief of Virtue. Phillpotts. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Human Cobweb. Weale. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

Fiction

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.

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3. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Top of the Morning. Tompkins. (Baker-Taylor.) $1.50.
5. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Personal Conduct of Belinda. Brainerd. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) $1.50.
6. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Medicine. Huckel. (Crowell.) $1.00.
2. Nerves and Common Sense. Call. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. Song of Our Syrian Guest. Knight. (Pilgrim Press.) 50 cents.
4. Daily Strength for Daily Needs. Tilton. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Old Glory Series. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop.) $1.25.
3. Tom, Dick and Harriet. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
4. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Personal Conduct of Belinda. Brainerd. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Carteret. Gray. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Fascinating Mrs. Halton. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The German Element in America. Faust. (Houghton Mifflin.) $7.50.
2. Loyalists of Massachusetts. Stark. (Clarke.) $5.00.
3. Religion and Miracle. Gordon. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.
4. Vehicles of the Air. Lougheed. (Reilly & Britton.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. For the Stars and Stripes. Tomlinson. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
2. Indoor Book for Boys. Adams. (Harper.) $1.75.
3. On the School Team. Earl. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. The Red House on Rowan Street. Doubleday. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
3. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
4. The Spell of Italy. Mason. (Page.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.

Fiction

1. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.40.
5. Margarita's Soul. Bacon. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Fiction

1. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Seventh Noon. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. John the Unafraid. Anonymous. (McClurg.) $1.00.
2. Utility of all Kinds of Higher Schooling. Crane. (Crane.) $1.00.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Vehicles of the Air. Lougheed. (Reilly & Britton.) $2.50.

Juveniles

1. Donkey John of Toy Valley. Morley. (McClurg.) $1.25.
2. The Boys' Book of Airships. Delacombe. (Stokes.) $2.00.
3. Winning His Shoulder Straps. Brainerd. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Fiction

1. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Flaw in the Sapphire. Snyder. (Metropolitan Press.) $1.25.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Fiction

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.40.
5. The Seventh Noon. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
6. The Day of Souls. Jackson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Imagination in Business. Deland. (Harper.) 50 cents.
2. Essays on Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Poets of Ohio. Venable. (Clarke.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Wonderful Adventures of Nils. Lägerlof. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Kipling Stories and Poems. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Fiction

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
4. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Little Men. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) $1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

Fiction

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (Fitz-Gerald.) $1.20.
3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) $1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

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DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
3. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) $1.50.
2. The Crossways. Martin. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Through the Wall. Moffatt. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. Essays on Modern Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Glenlock Girls. Remick. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. Longshore Boys. Stoddard. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. Four Corners Abroad. Blanchard. (Jacobs.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Fiction

1. The Day of Souls. Jackson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Glory of His Country. Landis. (Scribner.) $1.00.
3. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Essays on Modern Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Promise of American Life. Croly. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. Problem of Human Life. Eucken. (Scribner.) $3.00.

Juveniles

1. Child's Garden of Verse. Stevenson. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Barbour Books. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Fiction

1. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) $1.50.
4. Cab No. 44. Foster. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. The Living Mummy. Pratt. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Passion Play. Moses. (Duffield.) $1.50.
2. Essays on Modern Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Melting Pot. Zangwill. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Pinnocchio. Collodi. (Ginn.) $1.00.
3. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Fiction

1. Happy Hawkins. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
4. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.40.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Recollections of Lady Cardigan. (Lane.) $3.50.
3. Vehicles of the Air. Lougheed. (Reilly & Britton.) $2.50.
4. The Promise of American Life. Croly. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

Juveniles

No report.

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LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. Phoebe Dean. Lutz. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. The Diamond Master. Futrelle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Clue. Wells. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Cash Intrigue. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Martin Eden. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Dan Merrithew. Perry. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Cab No. 44. Foster. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. In After Days. Howells and others. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Essays on Modern Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Messenger. Brown. (Scribner.) 50c.

JUVENILES

1. A Holiday with the Birds. Marks and Moody. (Harper.) 75 cents.
2. Child's Guide to Biography. Stevenson. (Baker & Taylor.) $1.25.
3. Handy Book for Girls. Paret. (Harper.) $1.75.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
4. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of Italy. Mason. (Page.) $2.50.
2. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Religion and Miracle. Gordon. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Wild Flowers Every Child Should Know. Stack. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Bunnikins Bunnies in Camp. Davidson. (Houghton Mifflin.) 60 cents.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
3. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Ann Veronica. Wells. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Old Wives' Tales. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.50.
6. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. John the Unafraid. Anon. (McClurg.) $1.00.
2. Astronomy with the Naked Eye. Serviss. (Harper.) $1.40.
3. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
4. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Danger Trail. Curwood. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Fiction

1. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
2. The Man Outside. Martin. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
2. A Wanderer in London. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
3. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
4. The Opera Goer's Guide. Melitz. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

Juveniles

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Sara Jane. Otis. (Estes.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

Fiction

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Cardillac. Barr. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Pool of Flame. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Virginia's Attitude Toward Slavery. Munford. (Longmans.) $2.00.
3. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
4. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.

Juveniles

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
3. The Crossways. Martin. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. A Son of the Immortals. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
5. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
2. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
3. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
4. Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Historic Boyhood. Holland. (Jacobs.) $1.50.
3. Ginger and Pickles. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Fiction

1. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.40.
4. Sally Bishop. Thurston. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Interrupted Friendship. Voynich. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Life of Sheridan. Sichel. (Houghton Mifflin.) $7.50.
3. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
4. Viva Mexico. Flandran. (Appleton.) $1.25.

Juveniles

No report.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Fiction

1. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) $1.50.
2. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (FitzGerald.) $1.20.
4. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Murder Point. Keewatin. (Doran.) $1.50.
6. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Mosby's Rangers. Williamsons. (Sturgis & Walton.) $2.50.
2. Pittsburg Survey. Butler. (Charities Pub. Co.) $1.50.
3. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
4. Homans' Auto Educator. Homans. (Andel.) $2.00.

Juveniles

1. Scientific American Boy. Bond. (Munn.) $2.00.
2. Winning His Shoulder Straps. Brainerd. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. U. S. Midshipman in China. Stirling. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.40.

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4. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Crossways. Martin. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
4. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of Italy. Mason. (Page.) $2.50.
2. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Greek Lands and Letters. Allinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.
4. Historical Essays. Rhodes. (Macmillan.) $2.25.

JUVENILES

1. Flutterfly. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.
2. On the Trail of Washington. Hill. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. First at the Pole. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (FitzGerald.) $1.20.
2. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
5. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Personal Conduct of Belinda. Brainerd. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. The Red House on Rowan Street. Doubleday. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Danger Trail. Curwood. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Day in Court. Wellman. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
2. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Scientific Nutrition. Brown. (Stokes.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The Man Outside. Martin. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. The Seventh Noon. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
5. Strictly Business. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Francke. (Century Co.) $3.50.
2. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. The Person and Place of Jesus Christ. Forsyth. (Pilgrim Press.) $1.50.
4. Day in Court. Wellman. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Games for Playground, Home and School. Bancroft. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Maida's Little Shop. Gilmore. (Huebsch.) $1.25.
3. Dorothy Brown. Rhodes. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

Fiction

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Burt.) 60 cents.
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. The Melting Pot. Zangwill. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. Pocket Edition of Meredith. (Scribner.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. The Rover Boys. Winfield. (Grossett & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Motor Boys. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. The Boys of Liberty. McKay. 25 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Fiction

1. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
3. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Ann Veronica. Wells. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
2. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
4. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Suitable Child. Duncan. (Revell.) 60c.
3. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Fiction

1. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.40.
2. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. Strictly Business. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Idols. Gayley. (Doubleday, Page.) 50c.
2. Luther Burbank. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.
3. The Shadow on the Dial. Bierce. (Robertson.) $2.00.
4. Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.

Juveniles

1. Boy Pioneers. Beard. (Scribner.) $2.00.
2. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Peeps at Many Lands. (Macmillan.) 75c.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. A Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (FitzGerald.) $1.20.
6. A Son of the Immortals. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.
2. A Day in Court. Wellman. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. Rubaiyat of Bridge. Wells. (Harper.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. Jack Hall at Yale. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
4. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

SPOKANE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (FitzGerald.) $1.20.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. The Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
2. The Habitant. Drummond. (Putnam.) $1.25.
3. The Columbia River. Lyman. (Putnam.) $3.50.
4. Hayes' Litho Booklets. (Hayes Litho. Co.) 25 cents.

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JUVENILES

1. Lettie Lane Paper Families. Young. (Jacobs.) $1.00.
2. When Mother Lets Us Cook. Johnson. (Moffatt, Yard.) 75 cents.
3. The "Oz" Books. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. White Magic. Phillips. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
3. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Briggs.) $1.25.
4. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Musson.) $1.25.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Sowing Seeds in Danny. McClung. (Briggs.) $1.00.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Fascinating Mrs. Halton. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Open Country. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
3. The American People. Low. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.25.
4. Cook Book. Farmer. (Little Brown.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Great Sea Horse. Anderson. (Little, Brown.) $2.00.
2. Nursery Rhymes. Wiedersheim. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Ginger and Pickles. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
6. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Letter from a Father to His Son. Swain. (Yale Pub. Assn.) 35 cents.
2. Bird Guide. Reed. (Reed.) $1.00.
3. From the Bottom Up. Irvine. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Flutterfly. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.
2. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foreging list, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	193
2. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50	145
3. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50	120
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35	98
5. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20	90
6. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50	79

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A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF NEW NOVELS

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH

BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO

	NO. LISTS
Tower of Ivory	9
The Kingdom of Slender Swords	8
The House of the Whispering Pines	5
White Magic	4
The Calling of Dan Matthews	4
The Fortune Hunter	4
The Rosary	4
Lord Loveland Discovers America	3
The Foreigner	3
The Furnace of Gold	3
Passers-By	2
A Girl of the Limberlost	2
When a Man Marries	2
Ann Veronica	2

EAST

NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER

	NO. LISTS
The House of the Whispering Pines	8
Tower of Ivory	7
The Rosary	7
Lord Loveland Discovers America	5
The Kingdom of Slender Swords	5
Song of Songs	4
Tess of the Storm Country	3
Hopalong Cassidy	3
The Duke's Price	3
Interrupted Friendship	2
When a Man Marries	2
The Fortune Hunter	2
A Girl of the Limberlost	2
The Personal Conduct of Belinda	2
The Fascinating Mrs. Halton	2
The Red House on Rowan Street	2
The Danger Trail	2
The Crossways	2
White Magic	2

SOUTH

ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND

	NO. LISTS
The Kingdom of Slender Swords	5
When a Man Marries	4
White Magic	3
Tower of Ivory	3
Bella Donna	2

WEST AND MIDDLE WEST

CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO

	NO. LISTS
The Kingdom of Slender Swords	8
Tower of Ivory	5
The Calling of Dan Matthews	5
The House of the Whispering Pines	4
The Fortune Hunter	4
Lord Loveland Discovers America	4
Tess of the Storm Country	3
Song of Songs	3
A Certain Rich Man	3
When a Man Marries	3
The Seventh Noon	2
The Day of Souls	2
The Duke's Price	2

"No. Lists" indicates the number of times the book appears on lists sent to us from various cities. Books mentioned only once not included.

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A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF JUVENILES

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, and Toronto	EAST New York City, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Providence, Pittsburg, Rochester, Washington, and Worcester	SOUTH Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Richmond	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Omaha, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Toledo
Glenlock Girls	The Flopsy Bunnies	The Sarah Jane	Donkey John of Toy Valley
A Holiday with the Birds	For the Stars and Stripes	Anne of Avonlea	Kipling Stories
Captain Chub	The Great Sea Horse	Betty Wales & Co.	Boy Pioneers
The Road to Oz	Nursery Rhymes		Double Play
Betty Wales & Co.	Old Glory Series		Captain Chub

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF BOOKS—NON-FICTION

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, and Toronto	EAST New York City, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Providence, Pittsburg, Rochester, Washington, and Worcester	SOUTH Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Richmond	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Omaha, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Toledo
The Blue Bird	The Spirit of America	The Human Way	The Blue Bird
The Spirit of America	Peace, Power and Plenty	A Wanderer in Paris	Idols
The Spell of Italy	An Admiral's Log	An Admiral's Log	John the Unafraid
John the Unafraid	England and the English	Why Worry?	Imagination in Business
A Wanderer in Paris	Life of Sheridan	The Opera Goers' Guide	The Spirit of America

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LONDON "PUNCH" CONGRATULATES MARK TWAIN ON HIS OXFORD HONOURS

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THE BALL TO THE PRINCE AT THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC

From a copy of the "London Illustrated News" of the period

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